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THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART

JULY 1896



ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE $2.00 YEARLY

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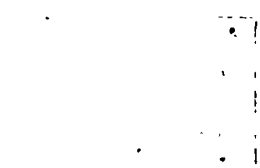
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ST. IGNATIUS.

(E. Bottoni, Rome.)

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THE MESSENGER
OF THE
SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXI. JULY, 1896. No. 7.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES."

CONSIDER how the lilies grow;
Not an anxious care they know,
Nodding gaily to and fro,
Through the summer hours.
Toiling never,
Trusting ever,
Happy, favored flowers.

Feeding on the rays of light,
Drinking in the dews of night,
Growing ever pure and bright
And so wondrous fair.
Toiling never,
Trusting ever
Their Creator's care.

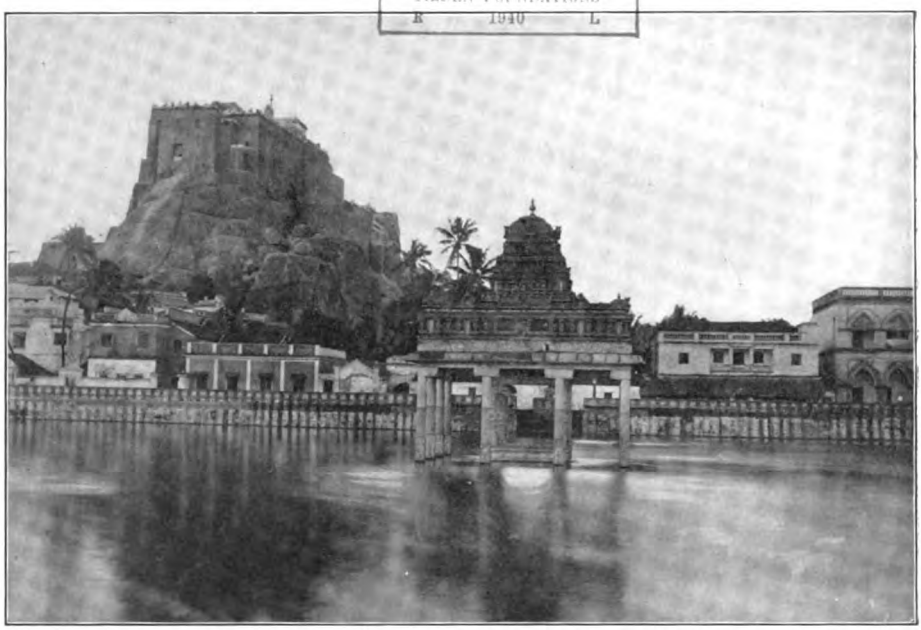
Ah, my soul, in peace abide;
He doth feed thee, He doth guide,
And for all thy wants provide,
Far more tenderly.
Doubt Him never,
For He ever
Loves and cares for thee.

—*St. Mary's of the Woods.*

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ROCK AND PAGODA OF TRICHINOPOLY FROM THE POND.

CONVERSIONS OF BRAHMINS.

By Rev. L. Lacombe, S.J.

IN 1543 St. Francis Xavier wrote from South India: "We have in these parts a class of men among the heathens who are called Brahmins. They keep up the worship of the gods and the superstitious rites of religion, frequenting the temples and taking care of the idols. They are liars and cheats to the very backbone, their whole study is how to deceive most cunningly the simplicity and ignorance of the people, and so on."

The saint goes on exposing the tricks by which the Brahmins manage to live at the expense of the devotees of the gods, and relates how, in a certain pagoda, 200 Brahmins, after having recognized and confessed the truth of the Catholic religion, avowed that the sole motive that prevented them from becoming Christians was the fear that their change of life would set people talking about them, and put an end to the offerings of persons of lower castes, and consequently deprive them of the means necessary for their maintenance.

St. Francis Xavier could not convert more than one Brahmin, and it is said that once, when he was on the coast of the Fisheries, he disappeared into the interior of the country for a week, and on his return said that those people (who were mostly Brahmins or high caste people) were not yet fit for the kingdom of God. Nothing more was ever known about the saint's excursion into the Madura District.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Father Robert de Nobili, S.J., seeing that one of the greatest obstacles for the diffusion of the Gospel in the Madura District was the contempt felt

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for the *Pranguis* (Portuguese), in consequence of their eating meat, drinking wine and liquor, and so forth, contempt which recoiled on their religion, resolved to strike at the root of this obstacle. He said: "I will become as a Hindoo in order to save the Hindoos,"—following the example of St. Paul and making himself all to all to win all to Christ.

The life to which he condemned himself was most severe, his whole food was milk, rice, herbs and water, once in the day; his dress was a long robe of yellowish cotton, covered with a surplice of the same, a cylindrical cap crowned his head, and on his feet were wooden soles, resting on props two inches high and held on by a peg, passing between the great toe and the next. The Brahmins, attracted by the spectacle of this austerity and the holiness of life of Father de Nobili, came and conversed with him on religious matters. The consequence of these conferences was that a good number of Brahmins and of other persons of high caste, seeing that the religion of this *Saniassi* (religious or ascetic) was the true one, and could be embraced and followed without however becoming a flesh eater and spirit drinker, became as they called themselves, the *disciples* of Father de Nobili and received baptism.

Several events, which for want of time and space cannot be recorded here, attracted the attention of the Brahmins to the fact that the religion preached by Father de Nobili, was the same as that of the *Pranguis*, and the movement of conversion was stopped. No heathen had the courage to bear the shame of being called *Prangui* when embracing Christianity, and those who had already been regenerated in the waters of baptism were at once rejected by the other heathen members of their caste, and, so to say, excommunicated. From that day there were very few conversions among the proud Brahmins, and the few who had the courage to renounce the worship of the idols, being abandoned without any help in the midst of persons of inferior castes, lost more or less the influence they might have preserved, if they had kept the customs prevalent among the persons of their own caste.

It may be said that, in our mission, up to the year 1894, there was not a single Christian Brahmin. There have been quite lately, however, a few conversions of Brahmins at Vizagapatam and at Hyderabad (Sindh.) For those who know what influence the Brahmins have in this country, almost entirely given to the worship of the devil, it will at once be evident that, if the Brahmins remain heathens, there is no hope for the entire conversion of the other castes of India. It follows also that the conversion of these priests of the false gods, will necessarily be followed by the conversion of the castes inferior to them. The people belonging to these castes (*Sudras* and *Pariahs*) consider the Brahmins almost as their gods; they call them by the name of *Swami* which means *Lord*, and many pious heathens consider the giving alms to Brahmins as one of the best works of mercy.



TURKISH MOSQUE NEAR THE COLLEGE.

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There is a Sanskrit proverb well known in India, which has become as the formula expressing the power of the Brahmins: Dêvâd'hînâm jagatsarvam mantrâd'hînam taddêvatâ Janmantram Brâhmadâd'hînam Brâhmana mama Dêvatâ—which may be translated: "All the universe is under the power of the gods; the gods are subject to the power of the Mantras [prayers]; the Mantras are under the power of the Brahmins, the Brahmins are therefore our gods."

The extraordinary influence of this caste in India is not the mere result of a superstitious belief. Being Europeans and descendants of the Aryans, they have the distinctive features and the intellectual superiority of this branch of the great Japhetic family. Their color resembles that of copper, or, perhaps more nearly, that of a very bright infusion of tea. It is not rare to see white Brahmins, and one can find in the south of France, in Italy, or in Spain, persons as dusky as the greater number of Brahmins, and perhaps more so. Their intellectual superiority may be ascertained by the fact that they generally head the list in the university examinations and other competitions.

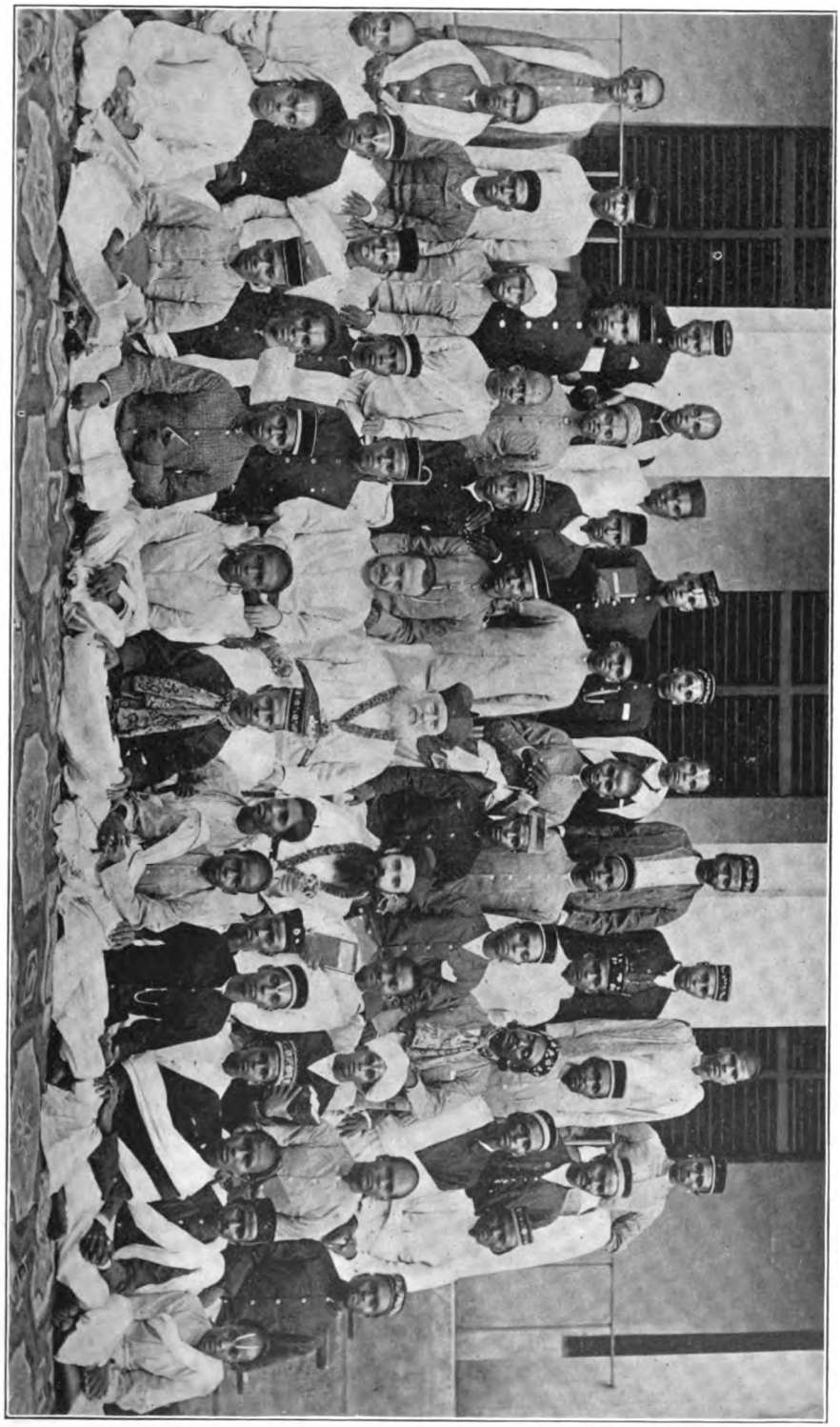
After what has been said, it is easy to conceive how difficult—some have said *morally* impossible—was the conversion of the Brahmins up to this time. To become a Christian for them was the same as to become a Pariah, nor was it possible to remove from their mind this prejudice, which they had imbibed with their mother's milk. For them western ideas and western people were not worthy of consideration, and nothing could have induced them to approach the missionaries and receive instruction from them.

But a new era seems to be at hand. Colleges have been opened, and in these colleges which prepare for the university examinations, Brahmins have flocked in great numbers. It must be admitted, that in most of the colleges opened and managed by the Government Protestant Societies, nothing but a work of religious destruction goes on, and that the students educated there become skeptics in religious matters. Side by side with destruction there should be construction, and it is for this reason that the Holy Father has strongly recommended to all the Bishops of India to open colleges for the instruction of the Indian youth. Here in our College of St. Joseph, at Trichinopoly, out of 1,800 students last year, 900 or 1,000 were Brahmins. These young men, by their permanent contact with the missionaries, cannot but be impressed by the purity of their life, their disinterestedness and their self-denial. They are enabled to see that the Catholic religion does not consist in eating meat and drinking liquor, and many of them, when they are sincere, confess the truth of our teaching.

It is from among the students of our college that our Lord has chosen some faithful servants in these last years. In August, 1894, three young men of the Brahmin caste, who for a long time had kept in the secret of their heart an ardent desire to embrace the true faith, were obliged to confess publicly their feelings, and they were given the alternative, either to perform heathen ceremonies, or to declare publicly their convictions and their determination of becoming Christians. God gave them the strength to do their duty, and they courageously avowed their convictions.

A great crowd of Brahmins and other heathens flocked together at such a declaration, and one of the catechumens was placed on a cart and forcibly carried away to a place distant from Trichinopoly, where all his relatives and friends tried, but in vain, to change his dispositions. The other two were assailed in the same manner, insulted, buffeted and severely ill-treated. One of them escaped and took refuge in our house; it was then nine P. M. The other being dragged before a hideous idol and asked to worship it, refused, and it is hard to say what might have happened if one of

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MEMBERS OF THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY OF THE COLLEGE.

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his Hindoo friends under the pretext of convincing him by his arguments, had not given him a refuge in his own house.

We went to the collector, and strict orders were given to the police to prevent another attack. A rich Christian *Sudra* provided them temporarily with a house in the Christian *Sudra* quarter of the town, and helped them as well as he could.

It would take very long and be difficult to relate what these Brahmin neophytes had to go through on account of their fidelity to the service of our Lord. I have omitted to say that the first, who had been taken forcibly to a place distant from Trichinopoly, together with his wife, managed to escape; unhappily his wife remained in the clutches of the enemies of their souls. This poor creature has been so much persecuted and influenced by her relatives, that since then she has obstinately refused to come and live with her husband.

Some days after this open declaration, our three young men, with the wife and child of the eldest among them, were baptized secretly in order not to renew the excitement that had been produced when they publicly confessed their attachment to the Catholic faith. In the meantime the heathens changed their tactics, and tried all they could to soften and to deceive our neophytes. Frequent visits, tears, promises—nothing was spared to induce them, if not to renounce their faith, at least to separate from one another. It was a very clever plan, which, had it succeeded, would have caused their perdition.

The mother of the new Christian young woman came and succeeded in inducing her daughter to accompany her on a two days' visit. A week passed and the poor girl was still in her heathen parents' home. Called once by her husband, but terrified by her parents and chiefly by her elder brother, whose power over the rest of the family is very great in this country, she showed apparently no sign, no desire of returning to her husband, who was henceforth prevented from speaking to her.

For more than four months our three young men were alone and helpless, obliged to cook for themselves (for the meals of a Brahmin cannot be prepared except by a Brahmin), a thing to which they were far from being accustomed, since they belonged to respectable and rich families having servants and all commodities of life.

For brevity's sake I omit to relate in detail an interesting episode of the story of their conversion. The youngest of the three, aged twenty years and unmarried, having been caught by his parents and taken to Tanjore was beaten and ill-treated by his father and other relatives, who at last resolved to take him forcibly to Travancore, where the English police could give him no help. He managed to escape during the night, being almost naked, and he remained in this state and fasting the whole day in the hollow trunk of a tree. When night came again he was rescued in quite a providential way by a Christian friend of the *Sudra* caste who brought him back to Trichinopoly.

In the middle of February, 1895, the husband of the captive Christian wife received a postal card from her, which may be translated thus: "This evening at ten o'clock I shall pass through the railway station; I am being forcibly taken to Rameswaram."—Rameswaram is a famous pagan pilgrimage, in the island of Pambar, where those who have been defiled by baptism, or by their contact with Christians or Mahometans may, after performing some ceremonies, be restored to their original purity.

Our young man resolved to make a last effort to deliver his wife from the clutches of the devil. With some of his friends he went to the railway station and on the arrival of the train soon found the carriage where the poor young woman was surrounded and watched by Brahmin gentlemen and ladies. In spite of the

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efforts of her guardians this faithful wife handed over her child to her husband, who gave it to one of his friends, and she got out at once. The Brahmin gentleman to whom she had been entrusted by her elder brother followed her and tried to bring her back to the carriage, but he was stopped by some courageous Christians, and the poor persecuted girl was free and under the protection of her husband.

In the month of May, 1895, there was another conversion. A Brahmin student of our college, aged sixteen, after having gained the consent of his mother, who is a widow, declared his convictions and was baptized. The other Brahmins, furious at the sight of another defection did what they could to get him back to their flock. The courageous boy received a severe thrashing from some of his relatives and other Brahmins. He was forcibly carried away to his village, eighteen miles from Trichinopoly, and carefully watched. But, following the example of his friend already mentioned, he escaped during the night and came running to Trichinopoly. His mother, notwithstanding her previous consent, being influenced by her relatives, then filed a suit to obtain that her son, being a minor, should be prevented by the police from going either to the house of the new converts or coming to our college.

The boy, seeing the danger, fled away to Pondicherry and it was only two months after, when his mother had withdrawn the suit, that he came back to Trichinopoly. He is now in our college and living with the other Brahmin neophytes.



ONE OF THE GATES OF THE PAGODA OF SHOUNGAN.

At one of the most critical periods of these conversions we made a vow to the Immaculate Heart of Mary that in the event of the perseverance of our neophytes we would build a chapel in her honor in the future Christian Brahmin quarter.

This chapel has been begun and some alms have enabled us to build a home for our neophytes close to the sanctuary.

The building of a new Christian Brahmin quarter is altogether essential. If we wish to make the conversion of members of this caste possible, we must enable them to keep the customs of cleanliness and the vegetarian diet which people of this country consider as a requisite of good breeding.

If our neophytes, for want of accommodation elsewhere, were obliged to live in a pagan Brahmin quarter, their lives or their faith would be in continual danger. If they lived in a Christian

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FIRST COMMUNION BOYS OF 1893, TRICHINOPOLY.

quarter mixed with people of inferior castes, as are all the Christians, their reputation for good breeding would become suspected and they would not be regarded any more as Brahmins. Thus their conversion, far from encouraging others to imitate their example, would rather be a hindrance to new conversions. It is of the utmost importance to prove to the Hindoos that religion does not interfere with purely civil social customs and that one may become a Christian without being obliged to eat meat and drink liquor; that one may have a neat house, neat though poor clothes, and adore the true God.

It is, no doubt, hard for our American readers, with their democratic ideas of equality and with their want of distinctive titles of rank, to understand fully and appreciate the strong feeling between members of the different castes in India. But the missionary must accept things as they are and not try vainly to combat against the prejudices of many centuries and which in themselves are not sinful. Consequently he must condescend to the weakness of poor human nature in things which do not affect the faith.

It follows that a fund to build houses for the new converts, who by the grace of God will not be wanting, if we would save them from degradation, is altogether necessary; we must also have funds to help the new converts in the beginning of their conversion, to pay the expenditure of lawsuits, which are unavoidable, and to replace the help of their families as long as they cannot support themselves. They lose everything for the love of God; so for the love of God Catholics should consider them as their brethren. Our three first neophytes belong, as I said, to honorable and rich families, and since their conversion they have not received a cent from their parents, and have been put in great straits to find a living for themselves and those dependent on them.

We, therefore, ask the kind readers of these lines, in the name of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, to help us to continue this important work for the conversion of India.

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COMMUNITY OF THE COLLEGE OF TRICHINOPOLY.

LETTER FROM PALAMCOTTAH.

By Rev. P. J. Brun, S.J.

I HAD lately the happiness of baptizing at Tirukurangudi fifteen families of Maravars, whose excellent disposition gave me great hope for the conversion of that little town.

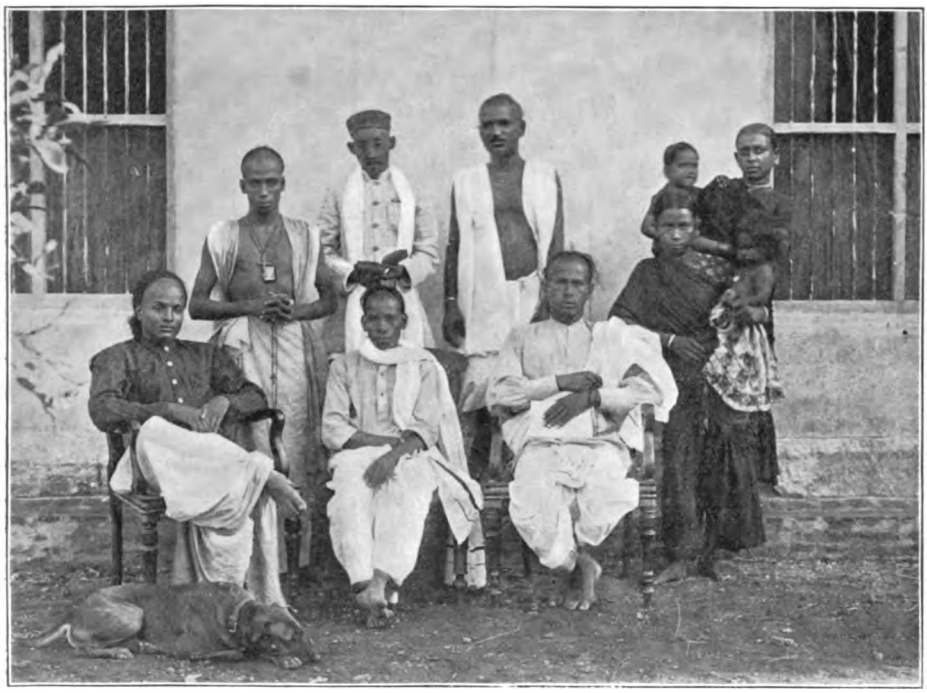
The town of Tirukurangudi, inhabited by people of high castes, was till lately wholly given to idolatry. Its immense pagoda attracts every year countless pilgrims to its annual feast, when the colossal car of Nambi Rayen, their idol, is drawn in great pomp all around the town by the devotees.

The government has established at Tirukurangudi a police station, a post office, a hospital, and for Europeans a travellers' bungalow. All this is a fair proof of its importance. It is in this centre of pagans that the Sacred Heart has enabled me to plant the standard of the cross by affording me access to the Maravars of whom there are altogether sixty families.

Three years ago it so happened that a relative of theirs, still a pagan, fell dangerously ill. It occurred to him to have recourse to St. Sebastian. He suddenly recovered, received baptism, and set to work for the conversion of his relatives. All his efforts, however, were in vain: the hour of grace had not yet come. He had spoken to me of those sixty families, and I had an eye upon them. The credit enjoyed by their caste and the importance attaching to their town made me look forward to the day when I should gain them over to Jesus Christ.

At length, a little more than ten months ago, my catechist after many a discussion succeeded in carrying conviction home to ten families. During the celebration of their feast, when they formerly would have been the first to help to draw the car, the chiefs of those families came to tell me they had made up their mind to become Catholics This was a strong

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BRAHMIN CONVERTS, TRICHINOPOLY.

proof of generosity on their part; and indeed they had sore need of it to face the persecution they were to undergo. Directly the other chiefs became aware of their conversion, fanatics that they are, they set themselves to force them into apostasy. They persecuted as much as they could without being guilty in the eyes of the government, sparing neither threats nor insults—in fact, no kind of ill-treatment. They forbade the barber and the washerman to offer them their services. One of those chiefs dismissed a youth who had been long in his service, for refusing to return to the worship of idols. I could buy no lands belonging to the pagans. One of the catechumens offered me his house: the chiefs had him arrested on a charge of theft; happily for him he could prove his innocence. I called some carpenters to turn that house into a provisional chapel: they were forbidden to go. I then sent for others from Vadacouncalam: they soon took alarm and went away leaving the work half done. All the same I had it completed by other carpenters. Disappointed at this, and unable to prevent me from getting a footing among them, the chiefs threatened to set fire to my house.

One of the catechumens had, by dint of hard labor for over ten months, transformed a barren piece of ground into a fertile garden: the chiefs to whom it belonged turned him out. They deprived other catechumens of the lands they had been given to cultivate. Thus they reduced them to misery, and rendered the conversion of other families next to impossible. But grace proved more powerful than they. In a short time five more families joined the first ten, and all prepared themselves for baptism with a fervor which astonished me no less than it consoled me. The persecution however continued. Duraimuthu Thalaivan, the worst of the chiefs, the one who had done most harm, was suddenly carried away by cholera. The others, seeing in his death a chastisement of the God of the Christians,

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were struck with terror, and left us for a time in peace.

On the ninth of September I set up in the provisional chapel a statue of the Sacred Heart, and the next morning I said Mass there. How great was my joy! It was the first time that the Holy Victim was offered up in that town, till then wholly under the thraldom of the devil. That day the Sacred Heart took possession of it. It has shown clearly, by the blessings it has deigned to shower upon those catechumens, that it desires to set up its kingdom in that place. They have given proofs of rare constancy and faith.

I appointed the first of December for their baptism. Forthwith they proceed to make preparations for the feast, so as to render it as great as possible. They call musicians, get garlands ready and adorn the chapel as well as they can. "The whole world should know," said they, "how happy we are; that to-morrow we shall become the children of God, and will renounce Nambi Rayen for good and all."

All received baptism with extraordinary faith. A good widow, the mother of five children, devotes herself to good works, and has become the apostle of that town. She has converted five more families. One day I told her that I reckoned on her to leave none of her caste in the hands of the devil. "Father," replied she, "not one of this town, nor even of Perumpalenchi, Ervadi and Palioor will remain pagan." Two other neophytes gave me the same hopes, and went about sowing the good seed. A woman complained one day of her poor condition. "Mamma," said her child, "why complain? The good God has made Himself poor for us. He wishes us to be poor like Him. Must we not then be content?" The child was but eight or nine years old. A youth hearing some pagans uttering, as they often do, bad words, remarked to the other neophytes as follows: "Now that we are Christians, woe to us if ever we should utter an unbecoming word!" The Sacred Heart, I am convinced, has there chosen generous souls for itself. They are the tiny mustard seed, but that seed will develop itself into a great tree.

Round about here there is a marked movement towards our holy religion. A good church would be admirably calculated to keep up that movement. Erected in front of the pagoda and close by it, that church would be a continual and highly efficacious sermon. It would raise our holy religion in the esteem of the pagans who judge of everything by appearances. A poor and wretched chapel would make them believe that our religion is likewise poor and wretched. I should also like to have some lands at my disposal to give to the most needy neophytes for cultivation. Thus they would be rid of the tyranny of the chiefs and the other great pagan proprietors. The church and the lands would require a pretty large sum of money; but it will be amply repaid by the good that is to result therefrom. Who knows but the other castes may listen to the call of grace? Brahmins and Vellalas daily hold discussions on religion. They admit the truth and necessity of the Catholic religion; but shackled by passion and personal interests, they seek to smother the voice of grace, persuading themselves that it is sufficient for each one to adore God in his own way. I am sorely in need of some thousands of francs. Who knows but they may be the means of gaining as many souls?

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BLESSED BERNARDINE REALINO, S.J.

By Rev. J. Moore, S.J.

I.

STUDENT LIFE. 1530–1556.

BLESSED Bernardine Realino was born in the town of Carpi, about ten miles from the city of Modena, on December 1, 1530. He was the eldest son of Don Francis Realino and Donna Elizabeth Bellintani, both of whom were of ancient and noble blood. With the grand-nephews of the newly beatified the family of Realino became extinct, but the Bellintani are still well represented in Modena.

At the time of his birth Don Francis was absent in the service of Prince Don Louis Gonzaga, consequently the baptism was delayed for his return till the feast of the Immaculate Conception, when he gave him at the sacred font the names of Bernardine and Louis; the latter out of respect to the Prince of Gonzaga, and the former out of devotion to St. Bernardine of Sienna, concerning whom the tradition existed that when he was preaching in Carpi he was hospitably lodged by the family of Bellintani.

The young Bernardine was blessed with a good disposition and with such fine qualities of mind and heart that his father had the highest hopes of him. On account of his being compelled to be away from home the greater part of the time, he had to confide the early training of his son to his wife. That she did her part well we have the best proof in the after life of Bernardine, who, even in old age, used to recall her memory with tears and thank God that he had been blessed with such a loving and solicitous mother. When he was of an age to go to school he was sent to one kept by two able masters in his native town, where he was so well grounded in the Latin and Greek classics that he could write both prose and verse with remarkable ease and elegance. He was a retiring boy, and took no part in the recreations of his young companions. We are told that when he left his home it was to go to school or to visit some church or religious house. In appearance he had a noble and refined air, was slight of build and amiable in manner and speech. There was always about him an air of decorum and reserve which revealed the purity of his soul, while it won for him the love, reverence, and respect of his school-fellows and companions.

When he was sufficiently advanced in rhetoric he was sent to the University of Modena, then in a very flourishing condition, to study philosophy. A distinguished professor was lecturing there at the time on literature, and Bernardine at once became his most devoted scholar. He was now in his eighteenth year, and the brilliancy of his parts, combined with his graciousness in word and act, soon won for him hosts of friends. It is said of him that no one ever took it in bad part to be overcome by him in argument, which we may well suppose was as hard for human nature to bear three hundred years ago as it is now. He used to say that no one had a right to be called a gentleman who, in his dealings with others, did not strive to be kind and gentle. The carrying out in his conduct of the true idea of a gentleman was no doubt what conciliated to him the hearts and affections of all.

The fame of the young student soon reached the ears of the Cardinal of Trent, Christopher Madrucci, in whose service Bernardine's father then was. To give him greater advantages the Cardinal proposed to pay his expense at the University of Pavia. The friendship he had contracted with the professor of rhetoric and the advantage he was deriving in

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BLESSED BERNARDINE PROMISES TO PROTECT FROM HEAVEN THE PEOPLE OF LECCE.

his literary studies induced him to decline this generous offer. Soon after he had occasion to repent his decision, for some young libertines planned his ruin in revenge for the tacit reproof his virtuous conduct gave their free and easy ways. He luckily discovered the snares they were laying for him, and thus escaped them. He wrote to the Cardinal to obtain for him permission from the Duke of Ferrara to go to Bologna to continue his studies. While

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studying there he had to interrupt his course to return to Carpi to assist and comfort his mother during a dangerous attack of asthma, which, after some months, carried her off, November 24, 1550.

When his course of philosophy was finished, it was his intention to study medicine, but he took up law instead, following the advice of a noble lady named Clara, who then lived in Bologna in the repute of sanctity. This was one of the intellectual women for whom Bologna has been so famous. She had studied philosophy with success, and was moreover a poetess of some merit. Bernardine came to be acquainted with her from seeing her rapt in her devotions in church after she had received Holy Communion, and a mutual attraction soon made them fast friends. Both being proficients at turning verses many were the pieces that passed between them, all treating of the love of God and virtue. When Bernardine made known to her his design of studying medicine, she counselled him to take up law instead, as more suitable to his bent of mind. She made this so clear to him that he set himself to work at once under the guidance of a famous lawyer. His father was so well pleased when he heard this that he sent him forthwith a handsome sum of money to provide a set of law books.

The law student threw himself so eagerly into his new studies that it needed the kind offices of his room-mate to make him take his necessary food and recreation. His love of literature made him join a literary academy where he often read his compositions. In pursuance of his taste in this line he translated the whole of the Odyssey and a comedy of Aristophanes, which he annotated with erudite notes. At the request of his brother he wrote for his guidance a treatise on how to choose a wife, in which he strove to prove to the young man that the surest road to a happy marriage is to look for good moral qualities in his life's partner in preference to gifts of nature or fortune. During this time also he wrote several other essays, as well as notes and commentaries on the works of Plato and Sallust. Only one of his productions was given to the press, and that was the poem in which Catullus celebrates the marriage of Peleus and Thetis. It was printed in Bologna in 1551, and dedicated to Cardinal Madrucci. In after life it drew many a bitter tear from his eyes, shed in regret for the valuable time he spent on such a theme. His life was as blameless in Bologna as it had been in Modena and Carpi. When he sought a little relaxation from his studies, he generally made an excursion to the monastery of the Olivetans at San Michele in Bosco, or that of the Gesuati outside the city where he was always a welcome guest.

Finally, on June 3, 1556, he took his degree as Doctor of Canon and Civil Law, and his student life was brought to an end. Shortly before this an event occurred which had a good deal to do with shaping Bernardine's future career, as well as humbling him and bringing home to him the need of self-control. His father had become involved in a lawsuit at Ferrara, and his son went thither from Bologna to give him the benefit of his newly-acquired skill in legal matters. While he was studying up the case his father decided to submit it to friendly arbitration. The arbiter selected was a kinsman of the opposing party, upon whom it was enjoined that before coming to a decision he should consult some distinguished jurist. In spite of this very wise proviso, the decision was full in favor of the relative and the very opposite of what Bernardine considered just and equitable. Before returning to Bologna he visited Carpi where he met the faithless arbiter, from whom he demanded the grounds of his decision. Conscious of his inability to bolster up his crookedness, he poured out a torrent of abuse which so completely carried away a hot-blooded young man like Bernardine that

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he whipped out the rapier which he carried as a gentleman of the house of D'Este, and wounded him lightly in the face. The fact soon became known at court, and the Duke allowing justice to take its course, banished Bernardine from his dominions. The offender was so abashed at letting his anger overcome him, that for a time he was ashamed to appear in public. Then, having made due satisfaction for his fault, he set himself to subdue his fiery nature, with such success that he came in time to be regarded as one of a phlegmatic temperament. Thus God permits His servants to fall that they may rise up stronger and humbler.

II.

PUBLIC LIFE. 1556–1564.

As Bernardine was banished from the Duchy of Ferrara, his father decided to take him to Milan, where Cardinal Madrucci was Governor. On his way thither he made the acquaintance of the young Charles Borromeo, who even then gave promise of his future high sanctity. The friendship then formed lasted as long as Bernardine lived. He reached Milan on October 8, 1556, where he received a very cordial welcome from the Cardinal, who gave him the rights of citizenship, and promised him the first post that fell vacant. During the two months which intervened he was a guest in the palace of one of the nobility who had come to know his worth. He made friends wherever he went, but especially in the noble family of Sfondrati, where he formed a fast friendship with Nicholas, a scion of the house, and a youth of angelic disposition, who afterwards became Bishop of Cremona, then a Prince of the Church, and finally mounted the Pontifical throne as Gregory XIV.

The first appointment that fell to him was that of Mayor (Podestà) of Felizzano, which he held for a year to the satisfaction of all. When his term was up he aspired to a post of higher trust, but just then his patron and protector, Cardinal Madrucci, was removed from command by Philip II. of Spain, who appointed the Duke of Alba in his stead. He was naturally much depressed at finding himself out of office and his chief support removed. It brought home to him the instability of human favor and "how wretched is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors." One day when completely dejected it seemed to him that our Lord appeared to him and said: "Cheer up, my son, take heart and turn your prayers to that Royal Majesty from whom the wretched may hope for comfort, and do not be despondent." Interpreting those words in their material sense he turned his thoughts to his Catholic Majesty, Philip II., to whom he wrote a letter petitioning to be taken under his protection.

Nothing came of that letter, that we know, but it seems that God took pity on his weakness, for the keeper of the Fortress of Milan, who well knew his merits, had him promoted to the office of Fiscal Advocate of Alessandria in Piedmont. He held that office for two years to the satisfaction of all parties. Returning to Milan, he was made Mayor of Cassine, which kept him employed for another two years, 1560–61. In 1562 Don Ferdinand D'Avalos, Marquis of Pescara, sent him with full powers to Castel Leone, his feudal estate, a thickly populated district between Crema and Cremona. Factions and feuds were at their deadly work on the estates, and it needed a strong and skilful hand to restore law and order. Realino's rule was so just and humane that at the end of his two years of office a deputation was sent up to petition his reappointment for another term.

During those years that he was employed in governing others he was not neglectful of himself. His private life was more like that of a religious in the cloister than that of a man living in the world. He was a father to the poor and the orphan, and that he was just and upright in his charge we have one of the best proofs in the fact that at the end of

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his term of office he found himself burdened with debt, of which he gave his father an account.

About this time, letters from Bologna brought him tidings of the death of the noble lady Clara, in the repute of sanctity. He was so intensely afflicted at the news of her death that it needed but a little reflection to make him feel the folly of fixing his heart's affections on persons or things that must pass away with time. Soon after, Clara appeared to him on three occasions, surrounded with light, and exhorted him to begin a holier life, to detach his heart from the things of the world, and to give it entirely to God. These visions made a deep impression on him, and he forthwith begged of God in prayer, light and grace, to do His holy will.

The Marquis of Pescara was so well pleased with Bernardine that he took him with him to Naples, to set him over all the possessions he held there, making him his auditor and lieutenant-general. He enjoined on his successor at Castel Leone to follow out the plan of government, which he had Realino commit to writing, for the guidance of others who governed for him in a like capacity. Whilst he was devoting himself with all assiduity to his new charge, God planted in his soul the first seeds of a religious vocation. It came about from the following incident: One day he noticed two young men, dressed as religious, whose air of modesty made such an impression on him that he followed them quite a distance. Upon inquiring to what Order they belonged, he was told that they were members of the Society of Jesus.

He had had hitherto no dealings with any of its members except once in Bologna, when he went to confession to the Rector of the College. Desirous of becoming better acquainted with the newly founded Order, he went on the following Sunday to the Jesuit Church in Naples, where he arrived just as Father John Baptist Carminata was ascending the pulpit to preach. The sermon must have made a deep impression on him, for he hastened home and shut himself up in his room, where he spent three days preparing to make a general confession of his whole life. He then went to the college and asked to see the Father, who had preached on the preceding Sunday, whose name he had not yet learned. The porter went to call the Father, whom he found busily engaged with a sermon for the next day, and who was about to excuse himself, when suddenly, on second thought, he told the porter to show the stranger up to his room. Before beginning to hear his confession it occurred to the Father to ask him if he would not like to make the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius for a few days by way of preparation. He readily assented, and followed them for eight days, after which he made his confession with great compunction.

That was but the beginning of the good work wrought by the *Exercises* in a soul so well disposed. They impressed him, moreover, with a true idea of the vanity of earthly things when not directed to their true end, and filled him with a desire to leave the world and become a religious. From the light derived from the *Exercises* he was most inclined to the Society of Jesus, but to be the better assured he redoubled his prayers, the frequentation of the Sacraments, and the reading of spiritual books, especially the works of Ven. Father Louis of Granada. In the presence of this resolution he was fiercely assailed by the devil, who represented to him the pain and displeasure it would cause his father, now enfeebled with age, to be abandoned by the son he so loved. Could he not at least wait till after his death to devote himself to God in religion? The combat lasted several days but he came out of it determined to listen to the voice of God before that of flesh and blood. Heaven crowned the victory in a manner that filled his soul with comfort. As he was reciting the

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rosary one day, the Blessed Virgin appeared to him, holding the divine Infant in her arms, and, looking most lovingly at him, bade him enter the Society of Jesus at once, and then disappeared. With a heart bounding with consolation he went straight to Father Carminata, and begged him to use his influence with his Superiors to have him admitted into the Society. The Father, who knew nothing of the vision, put a number of difficulties and objections, but was met with such satisfactory answers that he presented him to Father Alphonsus Salmeron, one of the first companions of St. Ignatius, who was then Provincial of Naples. After an interview with him, he wrote to Father James Lainez, the General of the Society, asking him whether he should keep in Naples or send to Rome a candidate of such remarkable parts. The General answered that he should receive him into the novitiate at Naples, and afterwards send him to Rome for his studies.

Having received the desired permission, he resigned his charge to the Marquis of Pescara, wound up his affairs, and wrote commending his aged father to the care of his brother. With a portion of the money realized from the sale of his effects he bought up all the copies of the poem of Catullus he could find for sale, and burned them, and on the thirtieth of October, 1564, he entered the novitiate at Naples, being then in his thirty-fourth year.

III.

RELIGIOUS LIFE. NAPLES, 1564–1574.

Bernardine began his noviceship by devoting himself for a month and a half to the *Spiritual Exercises;* after which, clad as he still was in his secular dress, he was sent to the kitchen to help the cook. This *chef* was a good, simple lay brother, who straightway produced a black canvas blouse to replace the costly raiment of the lieutenant-general. The little speech he improvised for the clothing is perhaps worthy of record: "Take it," he said, "for it is the wedding garment in which you shall go to the nuptials of the heavenly Lamb." The novice added solemnity to the ceremony by going on his knees to receive the vesture, which he kissed and pressed to his bosom with the greatest devotion. He had learned in the *Spiritual Exercises* that it is in the school of humiliation we have to learn humility. During the six months he spent in the kitchen he showed how he prized the virtue by the way he even chose for himself what was lowliest and most trying to nature. His Master of Novices asked him one day whether he was ready when his two years of noviceship were up to leave himself in the hands of his superiors either to be applied to study and be ordained priest, or to continue all his life as a lay brother. This elicited the candid answer that he had, on entering religion, determined to bid adieu to letters, and that he believed that Father Salmeron had accepted him chiefly on account of his healthy appearance and his robust strength. The Father then inquired his motive for preferring the lowly state of a lay brother, and was answered that it was because he considered himself unfit for anything higher, and that he would have more time to devote to the saying of the rosary. That these were his true sentiments was manifest from the way he treated his fellow novices, whom he considered his superiors in everything, though for the most part they were mere boys.

Reticent as he was about the heavenly favors he received during this time, it was discovered years after that our Lord once appeared to him and checked him for some negligence in the performance of his duty. At another time the Blessed Virgin appeared to him while he was reciting the rosary all alone in a chapel of the college and granted him the signal favor of being ever after free from the temptations of the flesh, as he afterwards revealed to one of his Superiors under promise of secrecy while he lived.

Superiors were so well satisfied with

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the progress Bernardine had made in religious perfection and union with God, that they determined to apply him to study before the end of his two years of probation, despite his earnest petition to be kept as a lay brother all his life. He had so well concealed his acquirements that he was first set to study logic, to which he applied himself as if it were a study that was wholly new to him. When his two years of noviceship were up he took his vows, and was ordered by Father Salmeron to begin the study of theology and to prepare himself for ordination, which he received at the end of his first year from the hands of the Archbishop of Naples. "I am a priest," he wrote to his father, "a thing which you would never have thought I should be; neither was it for this I took the habit of the Society; but man proposes and God disposes."

The esteem in which he was held on account of his virtue induced his superiors to appoint him, while still a student, to the offices of Spiritual Father, Confessor of the house, and Master of Novices. Not only the young, but even the old Fathers sought his guidance in their spiritual life, and went away filled with admiration at the wonderful light God had granted His servant. St. Francis Borgia hearing the great things told of him, contrary to custom, exercised his prerogative as General to admit him to the profession of four vows before he had yet finished his four years of theology, May 1, 1571.

When his studies were over, his sphere of activity was widened. During the ten years he spent in Naples his zeal found plenty of scope both in the college and in the city. He was Spiritual Father of the students, preacher in the church, and director of a sodality for men which continued for 200 years, until the suppression of the Society of Jesus, in the fervor of spirit which he had infused. He had a large field for labor in the hospitals and prisons; the preparation for baptism of the Turkish slaves brought to the port of Naples by the Christian corsairs, and in the equally difficult work of strengthening the spiritual life in convents. His reputation for sanctity was so great that many times people cut pieces from his habit whilst he was hearing confessions in the church, and distributed them as relics.

IV.

APOSTLE OF LECCE. 1574–1616.

The city of Lecce lies midway between Brindisi and Otranto in one of the remotest confines of the kingdom of Naples. Though well provided with religious houses, and though religion was in a very satisfactory state, the fame of the good wrought by the Society of Jesus in Naples moved its people to petition Father Salmeron to open a house among them. Just then a faction was rife in the city, the principal object of one party being to contradict and oppose the other, consequently the city council fulminated a decree forbidding the Society to accede to the wishes of the promoters of the petition. In the midst of this commotion Father Marius Fabrizi, S.J., arrived, and from the September of 1572 to the Easter of the following year, labored with such zeal that, when he was invited to the neighboring dioceses, the city council met and annulled its former decree and sent a letter to Father Everard Mercurian, the General of the Society at Rome, praying him to send a number of Fathers to found a Professed House in Lecce, as they were not yet able to found a college for them. This inability evidently did not arise from want of money, for, in three days, more than 3,000 ducats were collected to buy the house. Father Mercurian sent word to Father Salmeron to provide for the place, and he sent Father Realino there as Superior of the new foundation along with a Father and a lay brother.

On December 12, 1574, amid the tears of all, Father Bernardine left Naples and arrived a week later at Lecce where he spent the remainder of his life, forty-two

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years, illustrating it with the splendor of his virtues and his many miracles. Father Fabrizi had made known to the people the worth of the man who was destined to become the apostle of their city during life and its protector after death. A grand reception was prepared for him. Men were posted to announce his coming, and when he was still some miles away he was met by a numerous cortege of citizens, lay and ecclesiastic, with the mayor at their head, to conduct Father Realino to the city, where they found the streets, the windows, and the balconies, crowded with people.

Having reached the house, he was received by some of the highest nobles with every mark of respect. The next day he went to offer his services to all the clergy of the town, beginning with the Bishop, begging to be regarded as the servant of all. His time was wholly spent in works of piety and zeal. A movement was soon started to buy a more suitable house with a garden attached, to which the Bishop added the little church of the (Annunciation) *Annunziata* that others might come to help him. As this proved too small, a Bishop who was very devoted to the Society, and had another church and house in his gift, placed them at Father Realino's disposal to pull them down and rebuild. The first stone of the new church was laid September 21, 1575, just nine months after his arrival. Four noblemen superintended the work, and in two years the transepts and part of the nave having been finished, it was opened and dedicated to the Holy Name. The canons of the cathedral celebrated with great splendor the first Mass, and Father Realino preached the sermon.

Just as the good Father was put in a position to work more effectually for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, his career was very nearly brought to an abrupt termination by the perverseness of a hired servant. The Father and lay brother who had lived with him up to this time had been sent to the neighboring city of Alessano, and so he was left to the tender mercies of a miscreant who would allow entire days to pass without giving him even a crust of bread to break his fast. He bore all the harsh treatment he received at his hands long after patience ceased to be a virtue, until nature gave way under his severe privations and labor and he had to yield himself into the hands of his physician, who, aided by the devoted attention of his many friends, restored him to his wonted health and strength. At the end of two months, he was able to resume his labors in which he was assisted by two Fathers who had been sent to his aid.

Such success and favor attended the ministrations of Father Realino and his companions that the people of Lecce soon founded a magnificent college where the youth of the middle and upper classes were taught all the branches of learning from grammar up to dogmatic and moral theology. The church was in keeping with the grandeur of the college, and there were as many as seven sodalities of the Blessed Virgin for different classes of people.

To form an estimate of Father Realino's character, we shall first view him in his quality of Superior over his community, and then in his dealings with those among whom he exercised his ministry. During the greater part of the forty-two years he spent in Lecce he was rector of the church and college. The declaration he made to the assembled community on his first appointment, gives the keynote to his manner of government, for he told them that they were to regard him not as a superior, but rather as the father and servant of all, and to have recourse to him with full confidence in all their wants. Many a time he supplied their needs in the same way that St. Ignatius fitted out St. Francis Xavier when sending him to be the apostle of the Indies, by taking the clothes from his own back to give to them. In his tenderness to the sick and in his loving care of all who

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were committed to him he was a faithful imitator of the great founder of the society. The result was that he gained the love and reverence of all, and was able to lead them on in the way of perfection.

While Father Realino was thus the light and life of his community, it was all the while his ardent desire to be sent on the mission to the Indies, where the successors of St. Francis Xavier were reaping such a golden harvest; but God had designed that his apostolate should be confined to the sanctification of a single city. He had it ever uppermost in his mind to defend and propagate the glory of God and to procure by every means the salvation of souls. To the ministry of the confessional he had naturally a repugnance, but two things gave him strength: "Obedience, which," as he used to say, "makes us will and do that which otherwise we would never either will or do, and an intimate love of Jesus Christ, which makes us rejoice to be made co-operators with Him in the divinest of works, the salvation of souls."

He was all kindness to his penitents, and abominated as a pest all rigor and austerity; the least evil of which he considered to be that it makes people hate, and consequently shun, the sacrament. Being asked one day whether a confessor could refuse absolution to one who falls frequently into the same fault, he answered frankly that he could, but that he should not, since we have every reason to believe that one, who conquers the shame and confusion every one feels to lay open his soul to another, does so by the grace of God, and that it is his guardian angel that has led him to the feet of the confessor, where a little charity and patience will supply whatever else is wanting. "Let there be worthy confessors," said St. Pius V., "and behold, you have the reformation of all Christians." That the sacrament properly administered has this wonderful reforming power we have abundant evidence in the lives of the penitents of Father Realino.

Penitents flocked to him even from distant parts, and many were the intricate cases of conscience, especially concerning benefices, contracts, and exchanges, which were submitted to him in writing. A volume of answers to these are still preserved, which show the enlightened counsels of the servant of God. It was the common belief that he was illumined by God and could read the secrets of consciences, as was often proved by experience. Hence he was consulted on all important matters, and his advice and decision were regarded as the voice of God. In Lecce, as well as at Naples, the Mahometan slaves brought in the galleys were conducted to him to be instructed and baptized, and it was noticed that although they spoke different languages and dialects, all understood him speaking Italian, which was evidently a repetition of what we are told of St. Francis Xavier in the Indies.

In spite of his many occupations and his broken health—for at fifty he had white hair and his strength was completely shattered—he found time for what Cardinal Manning used to call "the apostolate of letter-writing," as the many volumes of his correspondence preserved to us attest.

It would take us beyond the limits of this sketch to give a just idea of the inner life and the gift of miracles which God bestowed on His faithful servant.

Suffice it to say that it was the common remark that it should be regarded as a miracle when Father Realino did not work miracles, so many were the wonders he continually worked from the time of his coming to Lecce. Like the Curé D'Ars with St. Philomena, he worked many of his miracles through the intercession of St. Irene, V.M., whose relics were preserved under one of the altars of the church. Towards the end of his life and after his death things that he had used or that had been sanctified by his touch were the means of working even the greatest prodigies. This was especially true of the cane he

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carried when old and infirm, which was indued with miraculous virtue, so that many devices were employed to have as many as possible sanctified by his using them even once. Perhaps it is for this reason that we generally see him represented carrying a staff. In his pictures he is also represented holding the divine Infant in his arms on account of the many times the Blessed Virgin granted him that favor. We have remarked already how devout he was to her and the singular favors he received at her hands. One of the reasons he assigned for wishing to remain all his life in the humble state of a lay brother was that he might have more time to tell his beads. In the last years of his life, when blind and confined to his room, he used to recite the fifteen mysteries of the rosary as many as a dozen times a day. The *Ave Maria* was his favorite prayer, for which he assigned the following three reasons: First: because it was composed by the most Blessed Trinity, since the Angel Gabriel in his quality of ambassador could not have delivered any other message than that which he had been commissioned. Second: because the words of which it is composed were first pronounced by an angel of the supreme hierarchy. Finally: because it was an embassy sent to the Mother of God, and only grand things become grand personages. He was accustomed to say that the Our Father and the Hail Mary, according to the opinion of many theologians, have virtue and are meritorious of themselves, *ex opere operato*, and apart from the merit or piety of the one who recites them. For this reason he set great store on their recitation, and when any one promised to say a Hail Mary for him he took it as a great favor.

We have noticed that Father Realino was never removed from Lecce even once after going there. This is worthy of note in view of the fact that his Superiors at various times wished him, and had actually ordered him, to go elsewhere; but every time some impediment arose, that rendered it absolutely impossible for him to leave the city. At one time it was a sudden and severe illness, at another the elements interposed, and at another the city authorities forbade under severe pains and penalties any one to furnish him with means of travel, or who, coming to know of his attempted departure, did not make it known to them. Such was the esteem in which he was held that, in 1615, he was chosen by the twenty-four aldermen who then ruled the city, as the Protector of Lecce. This was a twelvemonth before his holy death, when he was in his eighty-fifth year, and had been for the five years preceding a confirmed invalid, the combined result of a serious accident and his advanced age. He survived a year longer, till July 2, 1616, when he died mid the tears and lamentations of the people, for whose spiritual and temporal welfare he had labored for forty-two years.

Father Realino was truly an extraordinary man, for the sanctity and innocence of his life, his burning love of God and his zeal for the salvation of his neighbor. Simple and polite in manner, and most affable in conversation, he made little account of himself, just as he was full of thought and consideration for others. He won the esteem and love of all with whom he came in contact, while he was adorned by gifts and graces above the ordinary by God. His long life was illustrated by every kind of Christian and religious perfection. We have seen that as a student in the universities and as a ruler of men, he was a mirror and model of uprightness, justice and prudence; and in religion, whether as a Superior or a subject, a model of perfect observance to all, of zeal and charity: a man, in short, whose memory is in benediction and whom God has crowned with the glory of His saints.

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THE BEATIFICATION OF BLESSED REALINO, S.J.

By P. J. Ch.

HIS BEATIFICATION.

THE morning of Sunday, January 12, was raw and chilly as we set out for St. Peter's, to be present at the Beatification of Ven. Father Bernardine Realino, S.J. The sky wore an ominous look that boded snow—yet in spite of the unfavorable weather we found the immense hall over the loggia of St. Peter's densely packed, though admission was by special ticket.

Fortunately, our ticket admitted us to a tribune or side gallery, which commanded a full view of the altar. The first sight of the immense hall was dazzling, it was as though we were gazing on some scene of Oriental splendor. Thousands of lights shone from arch and ceiling and cornice, through the whole length of the hall, the brilliancy being increased by the richly gilded vaulting. Above the altar was a mass of clustered lights, revealing the glories of an immense canvas stretching from altar to ceiling, representing angels of colossal size descending from heaven to earth, encircled by rays of glory. At a considerable height above the altar this canvas had an oval opening, in front of which hung a curtain, concealing the picture of the Beato.

Soon after ten A. M., the canons of St. Peter's, the prelates of the Pope's household, the members of the Congregation of Rites, the clergy who were to officiate at Mass, and the cardinals present in Rome (some fourteen in number, each with his secretary and attendant), advanced in procession up the centre of the hall, and took their appointed places in the sanctuary—the cardinals on the Gospel, the canons of St. Peter's on the Epistle side.

It was an impressive sight, but one longed to see the Holy Father, who, unfortunately, was not allowed by his physicians to be present at the morning service.

The ceremony opened with the reading of the Decree of Beatification, by Monsignor Luigi Tripepi, from which we quote the following passage, comparing B. Realino in his apostleship with the great apostle of Rome, St. Philip Neri:

"Leo XIII. for perpetual memory. It is not without a merciful design of divine Providence that the Christian people have been able, in a short space of time, to venerate the memory of two holy personages who, called to the ranks of the Blessed in the heavenly country, have left upon earth rich examples of virtue. We have only just completed the august solemnities of the tercentenary of St. Philip Neri, when we have been allowed to raise to the ranks of the Blessed Bernardine Realino, S.J., who was almost the contemporary of St. Philip Neri, and whose life presents, with that of this saint, wonderful traits of resemblance. Both loved their neighbor with glowing charity, especially children, with whom these holy men became children again, and whom they did not cease to train up in the precepts of the Gospel until an advanced old age. Both signalized themselves by the fervor of their devotion towards the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God, and by their zeal to promote her worship. Philip was called the Apostle of Rome; Bernardine bore the name of Apostle of Lecce, God ordaining that neither should leave for a single day these two towns, which had once for all welcomed their ministry."

The reading of the Brief of Beatification occupied some three-quarters of an hour, and on its conclusion the curtain before the picture of B. Realino was

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drawn aside, revealing a charming representation of the Beato kneeling at the feet of our Blessed Lord with angels grouped around. Encircled by lights and rich with gold and color, the picture looked like a glimpse of B. Bernardine's glory in heaven.

Immediately the *Te Deum* was intoned by the officiating prelate and taken up with thrilling effect by the famous Papal choir of the Sistine Chapel, the clergy and people singing the alternate verses. The rich and admirably trained voices of the choristers, the swelling notes of the organ, the solemn tolling of St. Peter's bells, the brilliancy of the hall, the glad circumstance that had evoked all this festive display, combined to produce a thrill of joyous emotion, which once experienced is never forgotten.

Solemn High Mass followed, which was sung by His Grace, Monsignor Casali del Drago, Patriarch of Constantinople, the Mass being the one appointed for the newly beatified, whose intercession was solemnly invoked by the Church for the first time.

The first tribune on the Epistle side was occupied by the Very Rev. Father General of the Society of Jesus, and the Fathers assistant of his Paternity: the opposite tribune was reserved for members of the Roman nobility.

The music by Palestrina, exquisitely rendered by the Sistine choir, was not unduly long, and the morning service ended soon after midday.

We left the brilliantly lit hall, the scene of so glorious an event, to encounter a sharp north wind and whirling snow.

The afternoon service began soon after three. The hall was illuminated as at the morning service, and the attendance seemed even larger than in the morning.

A hum of distant voices, which gradually swelled as it approached into a continuous cheering and finally a tumultuous burst of *evivas*, announced the approach of the Holy Father. He was preceded by the canons of St. Peter's, the camerieri, the cardinals and other prelates, and surrounded by the noble guard, being borne on the sedia gestatoria and blessing the assembled crowd as he passed. The enthusiasm with which he was greeted baffles description: it was as though each one present wished to console him by the heartiest of welcomes for the cruel captivity in the Vatican of which he is the victim. The Holy Father is wonderfully thin and worn, yet there is the brightness of youth in his eyes, and his lips have a winning smile, such as no picture can reproduce. He alighted from the sedia gestatoria at the entrance of the sanctuary, and walked quite easily, without any support, to the prie-dieu prepared for him in front of the altar.

The Blessed Sacrament being brought in, he remained for awhile absorbed in prayer, his face covered with his hands. He next venerated the relics on the altar of the newly beatified.

He then took from his pocket a large pair of rosary beads, and *rosary* was said. This is the second time I have had the privilege of saying the rosary with His Holiness and I could not help thinking of all that Leo XIII. has done to impress this devotion on the faithful.

Then followed solemn Benediction. His Holiness rising from his place, putting incense into the thurible, advancing to the foot of the altar, and incensing the Blessed Sacrament with an ease that surprised me in one of such advanced years. The music as in the morning was by the choir of the Sistine chapel.

At the end of Benediction the Blessed Sacrament was removed, and the Holy Father allowed those who were near him to approach and kiss his hand.

The Very Rev. Father General, accompanied by Father Armellini and others then knelt at the Pope's feet to present relics, and a portrait of the newly beatified with other prescribed gifts. His Paternity then introduced the Provincials of Venice and Naples, represent-

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ing respectively the Provinces where B. Realino was born and had labored. The Holy Father spoke a few kind words to each, then turning to Rev. Father General, said: "Now it is time to proceed with the beatification of Father de la Colombière, and the canonization of B. Antonio Baldinucci." With each of the cardinals present he exchanged a few friendly words, and taking a last look at the picture of B. Realino over the altar, he ascended the sedia gestatoria and was borne away amid the renewed enthusiasm of the crowd.

B. Bernardine Realino thus solemnly beatified is the last addition to a long list of Saints and Blessed of the Society of Jesus, the number of Saints being thirteen, of Blessed eighty-nine, of Venerable nearly ninety.

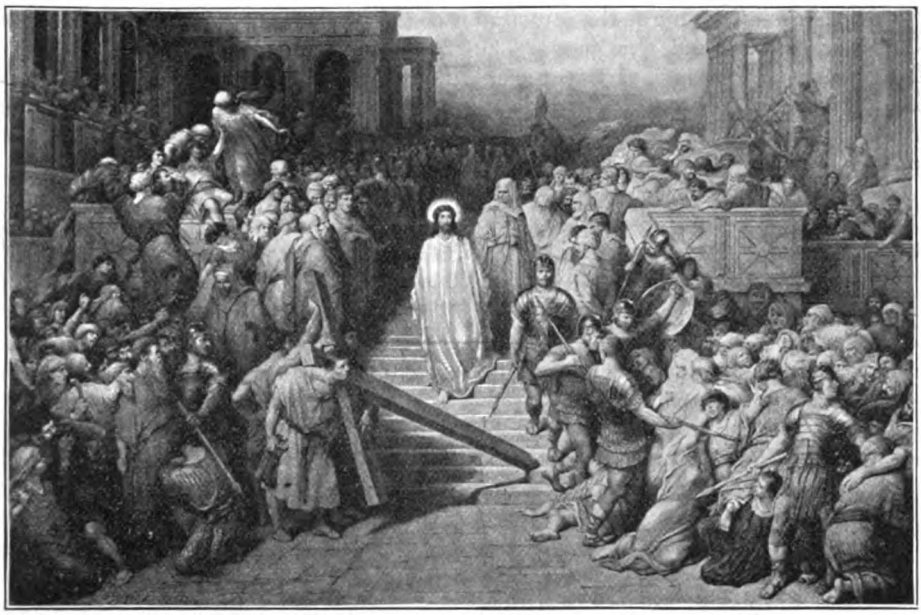
"IN THE FACE OF CHRIST JESUS."

(*II. Cor. iv, 6.*)

By E. R. Wilson.

This is the Face without a flaw,
Which angels in amazement saw
Encrowned with thorn.
The Face which seraphim adore,
And men once spat upon of yore
In utter scorn.
This is the Face, which from the tree
Bent down so sad and wearily
While men blasphemed.
Yet from that throne of shame and pain,
Whereon in death began His reign
O'er His redeemed,
He raised to God a twofold prayer,
For murd'rers and for mourners there
Whom He esteemed.
This is the Face, the perfect Face,
The matchless power of whose grace
Holds me in thrall.
Aye, this the Face, the tender Face,
Which from the Cross a little space
Bends down to win my poor embrace,
While blood drops fall.
It pleads with dying lips so pale:
"Faint not beneath thy grief nor fail
I know its pain.
Lean on My Cross, now thine; 'tis strong,
It hath upheld the weary long
And will sustain.
If by its weight of pain and shame,
I bid thee, faint heart, share the same,
Canst thou complain?
I hang 'twixt heaven and earth, the sign
By which to draw all hearts to Mine
In them to reign."

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CHRIST LEAVING THE PRETORIUM—DORÉ.

BEZALEEL.*

By M. A. Taggart.

(*Concluded.*)

III.

NIGHT had fallen and deep silence rested over all the countryside. The three stars from which the new day was reckoned had long since appeared in the sky; it was already the fifteenth of Nisan, according to the Jewish division of the days, the Friday of Passover week.

The full moon was shining brightly over the hilltops of Judea, and an occasional bend of the road crossing over Olivet disclosed the Temple flooded with its white light and shining in distant beauty.

As Bezaleel with his little retinue drew nearer to the city the road led them past the garden of Gethsemane, its noble olive trees darkly defined against the clear sky. From its depths came the hum of voices, the tread as of many feet, while numberless lights gleamed among the shadows of the olives, as if torches were held aloft by many hands.

Wondering at this sight in such a peaceful hour and spot, Bezaleel drew aside the curtains of his litter to see more plainly, and spied a Roman soldier standing sentry close to the road. Bezaleel questioned the man as to the meaning of the presence of a crowd in that unfrequented garden and on the festal night. "Part of the cohort has been called out to seize a malefactor," answered the soldier shortly, and Bezaleel passed on eager to arrive at his destination.

Entering the city by the gate at the north of the Temple they went speedily to the house of Bezaleel, where his mother welcomed him with tears of joy at his restoration, and grief at his worn and altered looks.

Utterly tired and exhausted, Bezaleel

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sought his chamber and slept through the first hours of the night the profound sleep of weakness and weariness. The light had penetrated his apartment when a deep and continuous murmur reached his brain, entering into his dream, and at last arousing him into half-waking consciousness. Steadily, with angry threatening sound it arose and fell, and Bezaleel lay listening, fancying it to be the roar of the waves, till as he realized where he was, the conviction flashed upon him that the sound he heard came only from human throats, that the dull roaring was the voices of a mob.

"An insurrection in Jerusalem!" The thought flashing upon his mind banished all traces of sleep, for the sound came from the direction of the Pretorium, and Bezaleel hastily threw on his garments, forgetting weakness in his excitement, and hurried to his mother to ask the meaning of what he had heard.

Naarah arose to meet him as he entered, clad as she had been on the preceding night; evidently she had not slept. Saluting her Bezaleel said: "My mother, what is happening in Judea? There is a mob raging over between the house of Caiphas and the Pretorium. Their voices awakened me, threatening angrily, and twice their roaring became articulate to my ears. Once they shouted: 'Barabbas, Barabbas,' and again: 'Crucify him, crucify him.' Has Barabbas, whom I well remember as the murderer taken at the time of the revolt against Pontius Pilate at the aqueduct, again offended, or is it possible that the Zealots have headed an insurrection against the governor, and are clamoring for his death."

"Not either, my son," said Naarah sadly. "Be seated, you are too weak to stand. They are determined on the death of quite another than the guilty Barabbas, or the procurator. It is Jesus of Nazareth for whose blood they clamor."

"Jesus of Nazareth!" exclaimed Bezaleel, starting to his feet with a cry.

"Even so," answered Naarah, rising too, and laying her hand on her son's arm, for he trembled with horror. "This has been a strange week to the Rabbi; let me tell you. I have it from your uncle that ever since Lazarus of Bethania was reported raised from the dead, the Sanhedrin has determined to put Jesus to death. But only on the first day of this week the Rabbi and His followers entered the city to keep the feast, and this very multitude whose cries for His death have aroused you went before Him casting palm branches in His way, chanting: 'Hosanna to the Son of David, and now—'" A louder shout from the mob in the street completed Naarah's sentence.

Bezaleel shuddered. "How dares Pilate so outrage a Jewish teacher, a rabbi of stainless life?" he demanded.

"Bezaleel, it is not Pilate," answered his mother. "Did I not tell you the Sanhedrin had resolved on His death? It is His own nation that hates Him. If He is condemned, Pilate but obeys this demand."

"But what has He done? How has He changed in these few weeks to call forth such hatred?"

"My son," said Naarah gravely, "it is a shame for me, a Jewish woman to say; a shame for you, a Jew, and the descendent of a priestly line to hear, but Jesus will die because He is innocent; they hate Him as evil must hate good. His existence is condemnation of the rabbis, reproach to the Pharisees, besides He has openly chided them; can their pride forgive that, particularly as He spoke the truth? The rabbis cannot put Him to death without giving a reason, however false, so they accuse Him of being seditious, and force Pilate to condemn Him by threatening to denounce the Procurator to Cæsar as treacherous to the emperor, and Pilate will never dare resist such a threat. God has withdrawn His hand from us, and suffers us to sink beneath the burden of our own sin and blindness."

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Bezaleel had listened with impatience, and, when his mother ceased speaking, said at once: "I am not without influence in Jerusalem; I will go out and try to save Him even now. I will go to Gamaliel, and my uncle; I am known, and my father was known to Annas and Caiphas; even with Pilate I have influence, I must do all that I can to avert this crime, both for the sake of Jesus and my people. Let me go, my mother."

"Bezaleel, it is too late," answered Naarah. "He is already condemned; He was condemned weeks ago. You do not know, you cannot fathom the hatred of the Pharisees for this just man. Your impulse is good, my dear child, but you would be but a straw opposed to the relentless ocean.

"You are too ill to battle with that mob, and believe me, the emperor himself could scarce save Jesus. Rest here with me; do not go into Jerusalem's streets to-day, for God's curse, I fear, will follow those who even look on to-day's crime."

"Let me go, mother," said Bezaleel again. "I can but try. God will bless any one who is on His side in this fallen city. Mother, let me go, I say; I must go," and he unclasped the hands that held his mantle.

"Once Jesus called me to follow Him in the peaceful roadside in Perea. I did not go, I refused to obey the call, who, though He was poor and homeless, He had the love of those around Him. To-day He stands alone in the midst of those wolves, and no hand is raised to help Him. Now I will answer the call I received then; now, at last, I will follow Him, though death and disgrace await Him. Unhand me, mother." And running as he had run that morning in Perea, again Bezaleel set out to meet Jesus.

He went out into the street and walked a short distance toward the palace of Herod, where Pilate had his abode, but he had proceeded only a little way when he saw a great crowd coming down the road, Roman soldiers in the midst keeping pace with them, a shrieking, clamoring mob of all conditions of Jews, who had come up to Jerusalem for the Passover. Sickening with fear that his mother had spoken truly, and that it was too late, Bezaleel stood still, clinging for support to a column near at hand, waiting the coming of the awful procession.

On they came, and soon Bezaleel discovered the figure he sought. Surrounded by the cruel soldiers, who goaded and struck Him by the worse insults and cruelty of His own nation, Bezaleel saw Jesus.

The contrast between the meeting in Perea and then went through his soul like a sword: he tottered and would have fallen but for a hand laid on his arm by some stranger standing by. He bent beneath the heavy cross on His bruised shoulders, disfigured, broken; His garment saturated with blood, His face streaming from the wounds in His forehead, made by the great thorns in a crown pressed on His tangled hair. Was this the Master he had gone out to meet, standing in kingly beauty in the early sunshine of that morning, but a few weeks past?

Coming from the opposite direction Bezaleel saw a few people advancing as if to meet the procession. A woman with her face veiled in her mantle came first, leaning heavily on the arm of a young man, in whose suffering features Bezaleel could scarce recognize his acquaintance, John, the son of Zebedee.

As the two came up with Jesus the woman straightened herself as by a great effort, threw back her mantle, and disclosed a face so like the face of Jesus, as he had seen it before, that Bezaleel at once knew her for His mother.

Vainly Jesus tried to raise His head to greet her; the cross prevented, but their eyes met, and in that look of love and anguish Bezaleel saw once more the Master whose gaze had read his soul.

Turning, Mary and John and those with them followed Jesus on His way to death, and the procession, with its horri-

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ble accompaniment of cursing, vociferous hatred approached the spot where Bezaleel stood.

Powerless to move he waited; nearer and nearer they came, till at last, as He was passing, Jesus raised His eyes to the young man's face, and through the mist of blood Bezaleel saw the compelling love that had drawn him, the invitation repeated, joined with a loving reproach for his failure. "Yes, Lord Jesus," he cried, starting forward with outstretched hands, but even as he spoke, he fell fainting and Jesus passed on to Calvary.

When Bezaleel recovered consciousness, he was lying on his own couch, his mother anxiously watching him. He opened his eyes for a moment, and closed them again, lying silent for an hour. Then his mother brought him wine, and slowly the events of the morning came back to his memory. He lay looking at Naarah, whose face he could see but dimly.

"How long have I been here?" he asked at last.

"You went out at the fourth hour, it is now the eighth," answered Naarah.

Bezaleel was silent; through the gloom of the room he could not distinguish objects, and again he spoke. "My mother, I cannot see; even your face, so close to me, is hidden. I am blind; mother, is this death?"

"Not your death, Bezaleel," said Naarah, "unless it be the death of all mankind. You are not blind; the darkness is over the face of the earth, increasing steadily since the sixth hour. Oh, my son, what awful thing does this day portend for us, and all Judea?"

"The darkness real? Over all the earth? Not my failing eyes?" cried Bezaleel, starting up with sudden strength. "It is the hand of God, the light of Israel is withdrawn, this day she crucifies the greatest of her prophets. In His eyes to-day I saw the light of heaven through the shadow of death. They have closed those eyes of the Master, and Jerusalem is in darkness. Once more I will go out to learn what occurs in the city, I cannot rest," and Bezaleel arose, groping his way through the courts into the outer darkness.

The streets were deserted; all who had not joined the crowd that went up to Golgotha had hidden affrighted in their houses, and Bezaleel, spreading out his hands to avoid contact with a possible passer-by, stumbled through the blackness without meeting a human being. Death seemed to preside over the doomed city, and powerless to go farther, Bezaleel stood still.

The Roman sentry at Pilate's house, trained to perform his duty through whatever came, still continued his march, and in the utter darkness his voice rang out calling the ninth hour.

A cold blast of wind swept over Bezaleel's face, a shudder passed over the earth, and Jerusalem was shaken from gate to Temple by an earthquake that seemed in the deepened blackness the end of all things.

Human endurance has its limit; in that moment of supreme horror it was reached. The overstrained brain gave way, reason was unseated. Raising his voice to a wail that echoed through the silent streets like the concentrated woe of Judea, Bezaleel cried: "God is dead. The God of Israel is crucified in Jerusalem," and fled through the darkness mad.

IV.

In the month that followed that awful Friday Naarah had no thought of the events passing around her, nor ear for the rumors that were whispered about Jerusalem, filling the guilty city with uncertain terror.

For her the world narrowed itself to the four walls of that room where her only child lay in the struggle for life with the fever in his brain, and all events, even in her beloved Judea, faded into insignificance as she waited the issue of the struggle.

On the day of Jerusalem's doom Bezaleel had been found lying exhausted be-

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fore the rent veil of the Temple, whence all who in that dreadful hour had instinctively sought refuge in the Temple of God, had fled in horror when the earthquake had shaken even that mighty structure, and by rending the veil had thrown open to the public gaze the Holy of Holies.

It was evening when the terrified priests entered the Temple, which was deserted save by one man, whom they took for dead, lying prostrate before the profaned altar. Raising him they recognized Bezaleel, the honored son of an honored race, and they laid him on a litter to be conveyed to his house. As the men who bore him passed through the narrow streets, going aside from the direct way to avoid the crowd beginning to collect to discuss the events of the day, a small band was coming slowly down from Golgotha. The sun, which had burst resplendent from the darkness, enveloping it at the zenith, was setting in a blaze of crimson and gold, tinting the whiteness of the Temple and illumining the houses of the Upper City as Bezaleel's bearers passed by. Its last rays fell on the face of Bezaleel on his litter, beautiful in unconsciousness, and at the same moment lighted the little band descending from Golgotha, resting on the face of Jesus, to which the mysterious power of the touch of death had restored the lost comeliness, and the effulgence that fell on those sealed eyelids lighted also the pallid brow of the Jewish youth for whom they had that morning been raised in loving summons.

And as the mother of Jesus laid her Son in the tomb, Naarah again received Bezaleel, whom she had begun to mourn as dead.

Since that day all other thought had been swallowed up in the absorbing one of Bezaleel's life or death. A month had passed, and youth and nature had conquered; the fever left him a shadow of himself, frail and white, and helpless as when he had been first laid in her arms, but with grateful heart Naarah knew that Bezaleel's life was won.

Then for the first time she listened to the account that her brother-in-law, the Rabbi Eliel, brought her, of how, in spite of the Roman guard, the disciples of Jesus had contrived to break open the sealed tomb, roll the heavy stone at its mouth away, and steal the body of Jesus, giving out that He had risen; that an undefined and nameless terror filled the minds of many, that multitudes went out to see the empty tomb, which to the unthinking confirmed the tale, and that a suppressed excitement pervaded the minds of all who talked upon the subject. As he ended he reminded Naarah of the influence the seditious teacher had exercised upon Bezaleel, and begged her to convey her son away from Jerusalem, that he might spend the days of his convalescence where these rumors should not reach him, for their effect might be dangerous, weakened as he was by sorrow and pain.

To this Naarah utterly refused to listen. Bezaleel was a man, capable of judging for himself. His place was in Jerusalem to bear his part in her thought and life. She would not take him away, nor could she justly do so if she would. In vain the rabbi argued, threatened and appealed to her husband's memory, and her duty to her son. He found the gentlewoman as firm as himself, and he left the house in anger, declaring his suspicion that she covertly sympathized with the false prophet, and that he should know how to deal with them both, should she and his nephew disgrace their blood.

And so Bezaleel remained in Jerusalem, making swift strides towards recovery. Two weeks more passed by, when, for the first time, he took his mantle and walked slowly out in the streets of the city.

The circumstances of the last time, six weeks before, that he had passed through those streets, came back to him, and a great sadness flooded his heart.

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No word of the rumors that filled Jerusalem had reached his chamber. He had not spoken to his mother of the events of the day on which he had fallen ill, and with the reticence natural upon a subject much thought of, she had not told him what his uncle had said. Accordingly it was with discouragement for himself and his people Bezaleel thought of that dreadful day when he had seen Jesus going to death. Upon that cross had been nailed the hope, not only of Judea, but of the world. If this teacher was dead, this heaven-sent mission come to naught, where was the hope of the race, groaning under the burden of sin and misery, the cruelty of the great, the suffering of the poor? Where was his hope of a higher spiritual life than Judaism could give?

It was the first day of the week, beautiful in early summer. The days of Pentecost were accomplished, the year was at its height, and nature seemed to be triumphing in an exultant mood out of accord with Bezaleel's heaviness of heart.

He noticed for the first time the crowd hurrying in the direction in which he was going, but he did not ask the meaning. Listlessly he went on, till he saw a group of men, that made him hasten. One was speaking, but Bezaleel did not know him. He was a man past middle age, bronzed by exposure, a strong, rough man, with a ringing, trumpet voice. Eleven men stood behind the speaker. It was the sight of one of these that made Bezaleel quicken his steps, for he recognized John, the son of Zebedee, whom he had last seen leading the mother of Jesus in the procession to Golgotha.

The speaker was just closing a long quotation from the prophet Joel as Bezaleel approached. He heard the words: "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." But what was this following?

"Ye men of Israel, hear these words. Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you, by miracles and wonders, and signs which God did by Him, in the midst of you, as you also know; this same being delivered up by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, you by the hands of wicked men have crucified and slain. Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the sorrows of hell, as it was impossible that he should be holden by it." Bezaleel's brain throbbed, he scarcely heard the words of David that followed, but the words burned into his soul. "Foreseeing this, he spoke of the resurrection of Christ. For neither was he left in hell, neither did his flesh see corruption. This Jesus hath God raised again, whereof all we are witnesses. Being exalted therefore by the right hand of God, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, he hath poured forth this which you see and hear."

Hastening to John, trembling Bezaleel pulled his sleeve, not speaking except in his imploring eyes. John turned, the two young men gazed at each other, strangely alike in their pale pure faces, but John's face was suffused with light and peace, and Bezaleel's was eager and distressed.

"Why, Bezaleel," said John gently, seeing his agitation.

"Tell me, John, is it true? Who is he?" gasped Bezaleel.

"Peter, who followed our Lord and Master," said John, "whom He commissioned to feed His sheep. Yes, Bezaleel, it is true; Jesus has arisen. I have seen Him, heard His voice, touched Him, eaten with Him, with these eyes saw Him ascend into heaven. It is true, Bezaleel, whereof we are indeed witnesses that Jesus is the Son of God, who rose again as He promised."

Bezaleel turned away without a word. The eleven made way for him to pass, he fell at Peter's feet. "What would you, my son?" asked Peter.

"Baptize me also, Peter," said Bezaleel, and on that June morning, the day of Pentecost, Bezaleel was baptized.

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On the following day Naarah, too, received baptism, and Bezaleel's great wealth was divided among the poor, and thus at last he obeyed fully the injunction received in Perea. Selling all, he followed Jesus.

Nor was the road an easy one; the rage of the Sanhedrin that this sect which they sought to suppress found new life in the death of its founder, was bitter and vindictive. Persecutions began at once, and the Rabbi Eliel vowed vengeance on his nephew who had thus disgraced the line of which he had sprung and foiled his uncle's plans.

Stephen first of all laid down his life to prove his faith, and it was at his martyrdom that Bezaleel met again Saul of Tarsus, who had been his fellow pupil in the school of Gamaliel, and his chosen, well-beloved friend. But Saul would not listen to Bezaleel's eager exposition of the truth, nor could the constant affection the elder man bore for the younger stay him in the fierce pursuit of the followers of Christ in which he was engaged.

"Your words are of no avail, Bezaleel," said Saul determinedly. "I will not deliver you up because I love you, and in that I am weak, and yielding to temptation, but there shall not remain a follower of Jesus in Jerusalem if my poor strength can root them out."

So, saddened, Bezaleel left his old friend to shed the blood of these, his brethren, until there came from Damascus the tidings that Saul, the persecutor, had become Paul, the Apostle, and Bezaleel's heart rejoiced with all the fervor of his great love for Saul.

When the Emperor Tiberius died, Caligula succeeded to the purple, and demanded divine honor to be paid him, which the Jews being in conscience obliged to refuse a persecution against them broke out in the hitherto peaceful province of Judea. Thus united for a time by a common danger, Jew and Christian consulted together for relief, and an embassy was appointed to wait upon the emperor to protest against the cruel injustice of his demand, and explain the reason of the Jews' refusal to accede to it. Upon this embassy, as a man of station and influence, Bezaleel was sent, and it had set out when the death of the emperor ended the trouble in its cause. Knowing full well that as soon as their own danger was removed the Jews would once more fall upon the Christians, that his uncle's deadly hatred would sooner or later single him out for special persecution, Bezaleel did not return to Jerusalem, which had become abhorrent to him since he had seen the Messiah driven to death through its streets, but went on alone to Rome, where Naarah speedily joined him. No longer an Israelite, exiled from his land by the blindness of those high in her councils, Bezaleel gave himself heart and soul to the work of his life, and merging all national love into a love for the nations became a devoted disciple of his friend, the Apostle of the Gentiles. He was welcomed in Rome, where his father's name was well-known, and it was deemed best that he should offer himself to the emperor, that by strengthening his already favorable position in the city he might best be able to further the cause nearest his heart, and be ready when the time of trial should come to lend efficient aid to the apostles in their work in Rome.

Accordingly, Bezaleel the Jew no longer, but Bezaleel the Christian, he entered into the service of the emperor, was raised in a short time high in the regard of his imperial master, who was wise in recognizing a noble character if not happy in illustrating one, was made a Roman citizen, and admitted to the councils of Cæsar, in whose palace he and his mother had apartments.

Noble Roman ladies smiled on him, the seductions of the most luxurious and profligate court of the world offered themselves to the handsome youth, and it was a favorite jest of the Roman world that Bezaleel was no Jew, but a divinity who scorned the attractions of

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mortals, and had appeared among them, as Castor and Pollux had appeared at the battle of Lake Regillus, for purposes of his own, which accomplished, he would disappear into Olympian heights.

Unmoved by jest or smile Bezaleel passed through the luxury of Roman life unstained and pure. He served the emperor faithfully, was ready with kind word and deed for all around him, was beloved by women for his courtesy and beauty, by men for his honor and strength as well as for the fact that he never sought the rewards for which they strove.

Still there were many who hated him because his life was a reproach to the vices of his age, because in his pure presence the ribald jest and song sank into silence as before an angel, and these waited for a chance to unseat the favorite, who gave them no opportunity to vent their dislike, as he had no ambitions and did his duty.

Unknown to court or emperor, Bezaleel taught the lesson Judea had learned of one God and spiritual worship, and many souls in Rome heard first from him the name of Jesus, and the beauty of holiness.

In him pagan Rome learned the loveliness of Christian charity. Better than the court or emperor knew him was he known to the oppressed and poor, whose wretched lives, lived only for their master, found their first ray of light in the pity of the dark-eyed young stranger, who visited them and shared with them his last sesterce, or the jewels showered on him by the imperial hand. The mystery of Bezaleel's use of the riches that fell to him through his office was an additional theme for gossip and conjecture, and many and wild were the tales circulated to account for it, of which his life was sufficient refutation, but none dreamed that the explanation lay in distant Judea, in an injunction received in the early morning in Perea. So years went by, and the youth Bezaleel was a youth no longer, but a man whose whitening hair told the passage of time. More than thirty years had passed; Naarah, in the phrase of that early Christian day had "fallen asleep" and had been laid to rest beneath the warm Italian sun, by the yellow waters of the Tiber, in the capital of the new faith, far from the ancient holy city which had been its cradle and her own.

Nero sat upon the throne of the Cæsars, and for two years Bezaleel's heart had been gladdened by the presence in Rome of Paul, with whom, during this period, he was united as in the days of their youth in Jerusalem, in the school of Gamaliel.

Christianity had grown quietly but surely, and in the house of Pudens, among those simple Christians, Bezaleel met daily his early friend, and heard from his lips the story of his sufferings in Jerusalem and among the Gentiles, and learned the results of his labors, now so nearly accomplished. When Peter too came to Rome, teaching publicly and receiving the converts, Bezaleel's joy was full. He was ordained deacon by the hand that had baptized him, and served the apostles as none other could by virtue of his power at court and the favor of the emperor.

At last the hour of trial came; the burning of Rome had been laid to the Christians' charge, and a fierce persecution broke out; Peter and Paul were seized, and cast into the Mamertine prison, where Bezaleel visited them daily, smoothing, as far as his influence enabled him to do, the road to death.

It was the last day of June, the heated air scarcely stirred beneath the burning sun of an Italian summer. In the palace of the Cæsars the fountains played and lofty palms waved their green branches in vain attempt to cool the court yards. Within the marble walls a refreshing coolness met the senses; coming in from the sultry noon-day heat the contrast was almost overpowering.

Bezaleel stood in the emperor's presence; around him were gathered the

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parasites and flatterers that followed him, Nubian slaves fanned his bloated face, which gleamed to-day with malice unworthy a Cæsar. Lictors stood in the background, soldiers outside marched up and down the atrium. Nero spoke: "Come here, centurion. Relate to me the farce of yesterday." A centurion obeyed the summons, bowing low before the emperor, his sword ringing on the pavement.

"It was as your divinity ordered," he said. "My men"—he waved his hand toward the soldiers in the atrium—"led out Paul to the third milestone on the Ostian way. There was nothing of interest; he prayed, his God did not answer, I cut off his head, I believe some of his followers secured the body. The other blasphemer of the gods, the Jewish fisherman, they crucified. He had a strange taste, the fellow, he preferred crucifixion head downward. I should suppose the other way better, but perhaps that is the manner of the provinces," with a sidelong glance at Bezaleel.

"He was in haste to peep into the elysian fields, or perhaps he was modest; his face was not so beautiful he need desire to show it to the people," said Nero, and when the laugh which never failed to follow an imperial jest had subsided, he reached out his hand for the sword.

"So you cut off Paul's head with this?" he said. "Well, if he had worshipped the gods they would not have played him such a trick. Impiety is a great sin," added the imperial moralist.

"Why do you think the other man chose to be crucified head downward, Bezaleel? You are a Jew, and should understand their ways."

"Because he did not account himself worthy to suffer as his Master suffered," answered Bezaleel.

"You speak like one who very well understood," said a Roman standing near the emperor, whose garments proclaimed him of noble birth, and whose dissolute life even among those dissolute Romans was a subject of remark. "Am I mistaken in my information that you visited those men repeatedly in the Mamertine?"

"Your information is correct, most worthy Maximus," replied Bezaleel.

Maximus whispered to his master. Nero started. "I do not believe it," he said aloud.

"Ask him, my liege," said Maximus.

Nero started up. "Take this sword," he said to Bezaleel, who stepped forward to obey. "Say after me: 'I thank the gods and your divinity that Paul has suffered the fate he deserved, and I offer to the gods on this sword the libation of his blood and this incense.' Hand Bezaleel the incense."

"I cannot, sire," answered Bezaleel.

"Cannot? I command! Why cannot you, forsooth?" exclaimed Nero angrily.

"I, too, am a Christian," said Bezaleel, amid the silence of the room.

With an oath Nero sprang to his feet, the purple veins swelling in his coarse, animal face. He poured out upon Bezaleel a torrent of abuse, and when he had exhausted his vocabulary, he give him in charge to the centurion.

"Here, centurion," he said, "take this man. He needs no trial. Here are witnesses, and he stands self-convicted, treacherous to his master, an enemy of the State. He merits torture, but he is a Roman citizen, and we can only kill him as we kill the vermin that crawl and strive to sting. Treat him as he deserves. He is stripped of all honor—he is merely Bezaleel, a renegade Jew. See that you hold your tongue; let there be no crowd of friends to wait on him nor enemies to spur his pride. To-morrow, early, let this sword, which disposed of his countryman, also an unworthy Roman citizen, deal with him."

Waving his hand, Nero dismissed them, and with a bow Bezaleel turned, as one in a dream, forever out of the presence of the emperor, and the honor of the world.

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So quickly was it over, so simply had the end come, of which he had dreamed, for which he sighed. Back to his mind, through this last night on earth, came the face of his mother, the streets of Jerusalem, the home of his youth, and his childhood days. But most clearly of all came the inn at Perea, the night of his watch, when as now he was to go out to meet the Master at dawn.

Once more he saw the divine face tenderly smiling and calling; once more he heard that voice bidding him leave all and follow Him. And he had obeyed fully. To-morrow, poor as the poorest of his brethren, he was to die, following truly even to martyrdom.

He was aroused by the tramp of the soldiers. They led him out when the sun had scarce reddened in the East. Out toward the Ostian way they went, no crowd following, none to cheer him. No one passed him but a few merchants, thus early setting forth to the port to look after their ships, and a handful of drunken sailors, reeling back to their vessel, after a night's orgy in the city, and to accompany him none but Roman soldiers, steeled to pity. Pity! but not for him. A pæan rang in his heart, the foretaste of victory. Was he not going out by the roadside again to meet Jesus?

Arrived at the third milestone where but two days before his friend and teacher had suffered, Bezaleel knelt on the dewy grass. The sword that was bathed in Paul's blood flashed brightly in the clear Roman sunlight, and once more, and for the last time, in the sweet calm of that early morning, Bezaleel went out to meet his Master.

THE END.

TALKS ON ETHICS.

By Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J.

"Good or evil in moral matters means agreement with or divergence from reason."
—*St. Thomas.*

HOW are we to reach our last end? Reaching is a question of journeying—of travelling—a something to attain by certain actions, by movement. What are these actions? Remember, there is a question of *reaching* our last end, not a question of *being carried* there, which last happens only in the case of infants. When a man has had the eyes of reason opened, he must travel himself toward his destiny. By what kind of acts is that journey made?

By the acts which form the material of the whole discussion of moral philosophy. Moral philosophy is that science which directs the acts of man towards righteousness.

What are the vehicles in which a man travels towards his goal? What do we understand by the actions that are considered in moral philosophy? I know I am repeating, but repetition in some cases is emphasis.

They are the actions that a man is free to perform and not to perform. We call them *human* actions, because they are the actions by which a man is distinguished from all other beings. I mean, therefore, by human actions, actions done by the agency of two faculties—the reason and the will. These two faculties are requisite for every responsible action. If there is no knowledge, there is no responsible action. If freedom of will is wanting, there is no responsible action.

Now it does not follow that every action a man performs is a human action. Those actions only are human that are deliberately performed, those

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actions that depend upon man's reason and will. There are two kinds of will actions, as I may call them. There are actions that are begun and completed in the will—elicited actions. For example, the action by which I say "I will do it" or "I will not do it." The action by which I utter a desire is an action which is begun and ended in the will. There are commanded actions, that is to say, my will dictates to my other powers. I cannot go here or there without using my feet, for example. The motion by which I reach that point comes under the empire of the will, and is called commanded action.

In philosophy they have the term voluntary and the term free. Some actions are voluntary but not free; that is to say, actions in which the will fully concurs, but in which the will cannot help concurring, in which the will is compelled to do what it does and finds the compulsion sweet, but cannot refuse.

That strangeness of action takes place not in this world, but hereafter with God. Present the object that completely makes our nature happy, and the will rushes to the seizing of that object, and there is no power potent enough to draw the will away.

Therein we have an instance of the will acting voluntarily but not freely. The whole will is in it, but cannot help being in it. That, theologians tell us, is the condition of the blessed in heaven. There is nothing that can take them away from God. They are compelled to remain there, because they see He is all goodness, and outside of Him there is nothing to desire, outside of Him there is no charm. They are controlled by the infinite goodness and the infinite perfection of the Deity; but though there is compulsion, though they cannot help clinging to Him, the whole will is in motion, and the action is voluntary.

Now we can easily understand the difference between a free action and a voluntary action. We cannot doubt it with regard to beatification in heaven, but we are pagans, guided by our reason only. We can understand that an action may be more or less voluntary on account of attending circumstances. The action may be voluntary in itself or the cause. A man may be responsible for certain actions that he is only indirectly cooperating in. For example: A man knows that when he is intoxicated there is no crime he will stop at—murder, anger, quarreling, stealing—anything at all, it makes no difference. He knows that the first glass of wine he takes means a long spell of drinking—his first glass is his spree. He may not recognize, except in a confused way, that he is going astray; but in his cups there is nothing he will not do. Now the question comes up, is a man responsible for everything he does when in a state of intoxication? He is responsible if he has deliberately gone to excess. Why? Because it is voluntary; he wilfully puts the cause into action that is going to bring about these crimes. Human law judges that way. A man cannot put forward the plea that he was intoxicated. The law has decided that he is responsible. Anything that takes place —the perpetration of burglary or of murder is to be laid at the door of the man.

Are there any conditions that affect the freedom of men's acts—because man is responsible for acts that are free, the acts that are his? What are the two faculties at work in the performance of every action?

The intelligence and the will. It follows that if any circumstance dims the intelligence or fetters the will, there is more or less responsibility.

What affects the intelligence? Ignorance. There are three kinds of ignorance; there is invincible ignorance, vincible ignorance, and crass ignorance. What is ignorance? Ignorance is the absence of knowledge. If a man does not know the existence of a law, or if he suspects there may be such a law existing, but cannot find out whether it exists or not

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by using reasonable measures; if by using all his efforts a man finds himself in the impossibility of correcting his error, that man is not responsible for his action. This applies to religion as well as to everything else. Suppose a man in the impossibility of finding out the true religion. He may have the suspicion that there is a true religion, but has no means to discover it—it is a pitiful and woeful ignorance—but he is not responsible. The Lord would not take him to account for not knowing the true religion. There is no voluntary act where the intelligence is affected. That makes for our teaching. It is called invincible ignorance, because it cannot be vanquished.

Vincible ignorance is that ignorance which, by using ordinary measures, can be overcome. A man doubts about the existence of a certain law. It would take him about five minutes to go to an individual who can inform him, but he does not want to go to that trouble. That man is in vincible ignorance. Take this example. To-day is a fast day, and you doubted it was a fast day; you could find it out by asking a mother or a friend. It would take about three minutes, but you do not care to put yourself out to that extent. What kind of ignorance is yours? It is vincible ignorance. Fancy a man alone, or the only one in the place to whom a certain law applies; he would have to travel miles to obtain the information, which he cannot afford to do; that man is practically in invincible ignorance.

There is a crass ignorance. This means the worst, the most contemptible kind of ignorance. Here is a man who does not know a thing is wrong; he can find out though, but he does not want to. St. Thomas puts the question: "Is stupidity a sin?" He says if a man is born stupid it is not a sin; but if a man makes himself stupid it is a sin; and the worst kind of stupidity is that concerning the highest good.

There are other modifiers of the voluntary. You see the kinds of ignorance that retain a man in responsibility. We are getting at natural and human acts and all that modifies them.

There is passion—can that modify human acts to such a degree as to take away responsibility? A man's passion may take away his mind altogether. There are men so irascible, so violent, that as soon as anything makes them angry, they are uncaged tigers at once.

Suppose a man's irascibility is of such violence that it deprives him of reason, there is only one thing to do, put him behind bars.

But here is a man who gradually whips himself to anger; in three minutes he is going to be a raving maniac. The first moment his anger begins he has a confused idea that this anger will lead to all kinds of excesses. That man is responsible because he deliberately takes away his own reason.

What I said of anger applies to every passion. Two things are necessary for every responsible action—reason and will.

How will we define passion? I would call passion any violent, strong emotion on the part of the sensible or sensitive appetite, the sense inclining a man to reach out for some good, or run away from some good, or run away from some evil. If that vehement emotion is of such a nature as to put a man beside himself he is not responsible; but if it is of such a nature as to disturb his peace, the man's responsibility is lessened, but not taken away.

Another modifier of human acts is fear. Does fear render an act otherwise responsible, irresponsible? What is fear? Fear is the trepidation which occurs on account of a danger that threatens. Fear makes us do very queer things. But does it take away a man's responsibility? That depends. If it so works on a man that the man's reason is dethroned, his responsibility ceases. If the thing touches the will or the intellect in such a way as to make it im-

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possible for the faculty to act, the responsibility no longer exists.

Men do certain things under fear that they would not do otherwise. A merchant, whose all is on the vessel in which he is travelling in a storm, will consent, in consequence of the apprehension of danger, to throw all his merchandise overboard in order to right the vessel.

Fear affects a man, but is fear enough to take away a man's responsibility? If I fear a danger, the danger is overhanging, and there is question of performing a duty, will the fear of what I am going to incur make it needless for me to perform that duty? The wrong thing must never be done. It is not necessary for us always to be doing the right thing. It is right to pray—it is right to give alms—but it is not necessary to be praying all the time, nor is it necessary to be giving alms all the time.

But suppose a man says: "Unless you perform this action," (which I know is wrong), "this will be the consequence of your refusal to perform it." A man must not do the wrong thing. "But I am afraid." See the Commandments of the Lord (we can refer to them in this class), not one is conditional. "I am the Lord, thy God; thou shalt not have strange gods before me." "Thou shalt not kill." There is the law; there is no condition.

Now one other thing to finish up the matter which will bring us to what we call the norm of moral philosophy or rather the standard of morality.

Violence is a force that is exerted against our will. Does that take away responsibility? Let us consider for a moment. I told you there were two kinds of acts—the elicited act and the commanded act. I don't want to go there, because going there is wrong, and I say in my will: "I will not go." Somebody comes and drags me there against my will. How is that act of mine affected? The will cannot be affected, nobody can modify my will. The real morality of the act is in the will, and that no violence can change. I may be dragged to commit murder, the pistol may be put in my hand that sends the shot to kill the individual but the "No, I don't want to commit murder," cannot be changed.

Therefore, can violence affect the perpetration of a murderous action? The material action, yes—the morality of the action, no.

THE DIVINE DRAMA.

By Rev. T. E. Sherman, S.J.

THE end of the drama is to purify our passions by means of fear and pity. Hence love and hate, ambition, anger and jealousy are stripped and displayed before us in native deformity, that seeing them in all their hatefulness we may cleanse our souls of like infirmity and listen to the moderate voice of reason. Euripides has dared to place on the stage at the same moment the drunken Hercules and the mourning family of his host, thus bringing farce and tragedy into close juxtaposition as they are found in actual life. Whatever be thought of the violation of artistic unity and propriety in this, the fact that Shakespeare has followed closely in the footsteps of the illustrious Greek goes far to show that genius sanctions what pedantry may ever condemn, and a close reading of St. John impresses us with the fact that the spirit of God does not disdain so to depict human passion in the grandest of all dramatic poems.

The eighth chapter has been often appealed to as the climax in the ministry of our Lord, the culminating point in the tragedy, wherein face to face with

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His worst enemies in the stronghold of their power and of His, He boldly proclaims Himself the light of the world. But it is in the ninth chapter that we have farce and tragedy combined, and the varied play of passion so relaxing after the supreme tension of the more august and more fateful scene.

Passing a man born blind, the disciples ask the Master whose sin has brought about so great a calamity. After correcting the mistaken notion of providence, our Lord looking at the blind man proclaims Himself anew "the light of the world." He then spits on the ground, makes clay of the spittle, anoints the eyes and sends the blind man to the pool of Siloe. He goes, washes and sees. Then comes a dispute as to his identity, a dispute arising from surprise, doubt, conflict of views as to Christ's claims. "Is this the man born blind?" "I am he." "How were thine eyes opened." He tells the story. "A man called Jesus made clay (he had not seen how), and anointed my eyes and said unto me: "Go to the pool of Siloe and wash; and I went and washed and I received sight." But one verse, yet food for volumes of commentary on the conditions of soul for obtaining divine faith, what nature can do, what it cannot. It can obey a divine voice. It can hear it. It can open its ears and it can close them. It cannot see unless it first goes to the proper place and uses the means it has given it.

Now come the Pharisees, full of hypocrisy and hate. The same story is told them—they do not question the fact, but condemn it. It is quite wrong to cure on the Sabbath. Then again this Jesus is a sinner, so he has no right to cure. The same words are heard in the same form to-day. A priest has such and such faults; so he cannot heal men or give them sight. Men, not angels, are God's tools. The more sinful we are the more are we able to sympathize with sinners—this does not excuse bad priests, but it condemns those who neglect to use the sacraments because they are in human hands for distribution. "What do you say of this man that gave you sight?" "He is a prophet." This is the highest praise he knows—we know more and should be ever ready to give more. So far he was grateful, and grateful love breeds courage, high and serene.

The parents are summoned. Their testimony is charmingly adroit. Poor, timid, sincere, astonished and bewildered people! We see them gaping with delight, thus checking their joy through fear. How much true joy is checked by fear of Pharisees! How much the Pharisees will have to answer for in mingling bitterness with every glad cup. They would take the bloom from the rose, the sparkle from the wine cup, the silk from the bride's bodice; nay, if they could effect it, there would be no joy in heaven or in the hearts of children. "We know that this is our son and that he was born blind; but by what means he now seeth we know not; or who hath opened his eyes we know not. He is of age, ask him."

Hate would include the parents in the son's crime in acknowledging the new prophet. Hate drags down all it can. One priest has been harsh to me. I will never go to confession again. How easily we make ourselves the demon's dupes. We are thrown into keen sympathy with these poor people who have truth to save. their own standing to consider, respect for authority, the love of their son, contempt for gross outrage to suppress. "He is of age, ask him." No wonder it has become an aphorism. There are always short cuts leading out of most troubles. There are easy ways to baffle the most astute. The shortest cut, the easiest way lies close to the white light of truth. So back is summoned the son. He is told to praise God and blame the sinful Nazarene. "Whether He be a sinner or no I know not: one thing I know that, whereas I was blind, now I see." For this man born blind put his age, our race, the world. It was blind

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to things of God and of the soul. Now it sees. Did a sinner do this? If so, God has gone to sleep and the sun is made of moths' wings. Again they ask. Again he answers as before. Hate, passion never know when they are answered. Then they abused him. He is a traitor. He has given up his religion. Converts are always traitors. They are always abused. Those who abuse them are so sure, so sure of what? How does this convert act? To their contemptuous: "For this 'fellow,' we know not from whence He is," he answers:

"That's strange, you know not whence He is, yet He gave me sight." "Who gives us sight? What mere man ever gave sight to the blind?" "If this man were not of God He could do nothing!" This is too much. Height of presumption, this ignorant fellow is teaching them! So they cast Him out. How often we are taught by little ones. How often we cast them out for daring to teach us.

Outcast means downcast. The cold stare, the averted glance, the freezing half recognition, these after friendship's warm glow of love are the hardest things in life to bear. These the convert always has to expect. Parents may go half way in kindness, all others will cast us out. Out of their hearts, that is worse than out of their houses And what will save ours in that hour from the bitterness and brooding born of human pride and Pharisaic inconsistency? Jesus summoned him when his heart was bruised even to breaking. He had been plucky, but the result was a sad tearing at the heartstrings.

Our Lord tests his faith. It stands the test, nay 'tis confirmed in the testing. "*Lord I believe.*" Another volume omitted, a volume we are writing, preaching, thinking, feeling every day.

Artists paint, poets sing, preachers grow eloquent, and still this varied moving picture furnishes fresh store of marvels to every age. The law of compensation, elated only to be depressed, of divine condescension purchased only by obedience, of human love in the cunning of the parents, of diabolic malice in the bitter relentless Pharisees, fanatical, proud, terrifying, relentless, morbid, gross—our Saviour kind with a kindness born of stern exaction and infinite demand on the soul's complete unquestioning allegiance—the chief actor tossed up and down and preserving a desperate cheerfulness and solid common sense through it all, the final denunciation of the Pharisees by Christ, make this ninth chapter the most marvellous piece of dramatic writing known to the world.

There is an ocean of sympathy between Christ and the outcast, so that all who have the spirit of Christ love the outcast and long to cherish them. There was a huge desire in the eyes newly gifted with vision to look on the face of the man who had wrought the deed of mercy. This sympathy and this desire met when eye met eye, and to the question: "Dost thou believe in the son of God," came the answer: "Who is He, Lord that I might believe in Him?" and as these lovers gazed at one another with longing on one side, yearning on the other: "It is He that talketh with thee." We can almost see the heavens open as they opened by the Jordan, we can almost feel the silver sheen upon the angels' wings, we can almost touch the bronze gold of the Saviour's locks as the soul is melted before him and on its molten surface the supernatural image of the Trinity is graven, while from lips that echo his heart's exaltation leap the saving words: "Lord I believe!"

Swift as lightning changes the marvellous countenance of the prophet of Nazareth. Turning towards the group about him He exclaimed: "For judgment I am come into this world, that they which see not might see; and that they which see might be made blind!"

No soul that seeks the light of faith, none that has found peace through the truth, should omit frequent study of this dramatic incident.

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SWALLOWFIELD HUT.

JAMAICA SKETCHES.

By Rev. P. F. X. Mulry, S.J.

TO the northeast of Kingston, on the outskirts, is the district commonly known as Camperdown or Swallowfield. To judge from all that can be seen of it to the right, as we journey along the Hope Road in the direction of Gordon Town, it is simply a confused mixture of tropical brush, with just one or two thatched roofs barely visible to break the monotony. Above, however, we follow with our eyes the graceful outline of Long Mountain, until at Rockfort, it touches the eastern bound of Kingston Harbor. Nowhere else in the world is there so velvety a mountain; nowhere else more variety in shades of beautiful green. All day the great hot sun is at work on its dark mass, producing with each change of position effects in color, which human artists may dream of, but not reproduce. Almost lost in the jungle at the base are the scattered dwellings that go to make up the district of Swallowfield.

The construction of these rectangular huts, which are of the type common in Jamaica, is one of the simplest of processes. Posts of cashew or of candlewood are driven firmly into the ground, and joined together by wattle-work of some pliable wood, commonly the wild coffee or the bamboo. Upon this is daubed a mixture of sand and lime and the whole roofed over with a thick covering of guinea grass. Should a partition be necessary for the interior, as happens when two or more families are the inhabitants, the same materials are at hand as were used for the outer walls, openings are left for the door and window, and with the bare earth for a floor, the structure is complete. Not a palatial dwelling, we think, as we come upon the dark owner surveying his work with

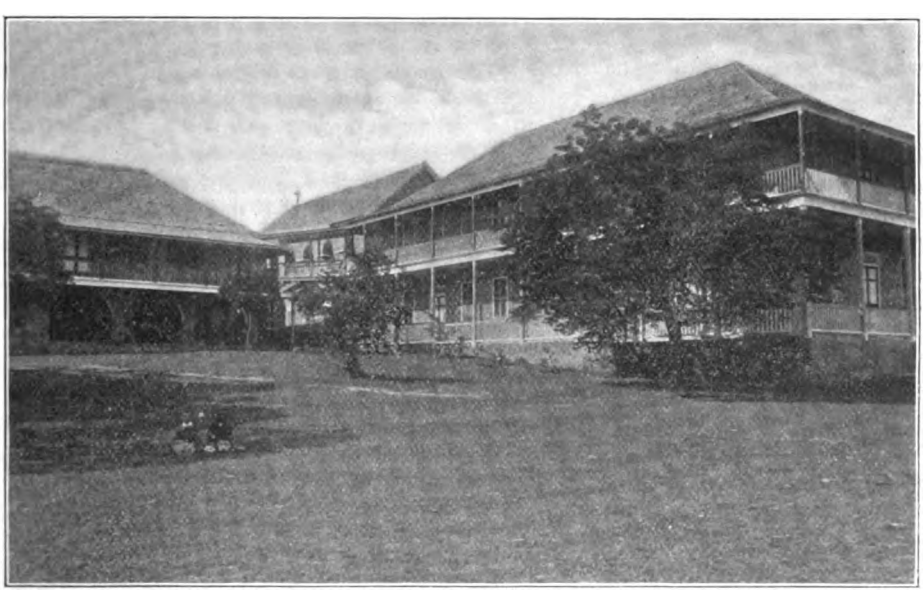
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all the marks of self-satisfaction and a smile broader, if not more beaming, than that which Michael Angelo must have bestowed upon the ascending dome of St. Peter's. To our congratulations he will answer with some such words as: "Fe true, massa, braggin ribba neba drown, but I jes mek you know, dis house fittin fe de queen."

The reader may be surprised that no provision is made for a chimney in the plan of the Swallowfield architect, but a glance at the surroundings of the hut will solve the mystery. The kitchen is outside near-by, either in the open air or under cover of a rude shed, and consists simply and solely of one small charcoal furnace. Here plantains and yams are cooked to suit the native taste; here acqui and salt fish, the favorite Jamaican dish is prepared. In and out and about the dilda hedge, which encloses the small holding, play half-naked children; hens are cackling, pigs grunting, dogs barking; it may be, too, that strong words, bandied between the muscular negresses seated at their washing, add to the interest, certainly not to the harmony of the scene.

Swallowfield produces upon us almost the impression of an underground settlement. We hear sounds of human habitation, as we wind along tortuous paths, through the dense brush, but it is only at a turn in the path that the source of sound is disclosed to us. Occasionally, however, there is a break in the foliage overhead, and with it a broad streak of most fervid sunshine, to remind us that we are still on the surface of the tropical earth.

On the borders of this locality, in the year 1860, the resident Franciscan nuns came into possession, as dowry of one of the new sisters, of a "pen" called Marengo Park. The name, however, has been changed by common usage to that of "Nuns' Pen," for it has since served as a place of rest and recreation for the sisters during their school vacations. It was a happy day for the poor blacks of the neighborhood, when this occurrence took place; for with it began in the midst of them the quiet apostleship of those heroines of charity. One or two Protestant attempts at missionary work had previously failed in this very quarter; but now there was truth of doctrine, and more, there were lives of sacrifice to emphasize that truth. No earthly motive



SOUTHEAST VIEW OF NUN'S PEN.

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could explain the constant cheerfulness, the patient kindness that ever accompanied the brown habit of St. Francis in visits to the poverty-stricken natives. All, but especially the children, soon learned to love the sisters, and it was not long before the little ones were gathered together at Nuns' Pen Chapel—the Chapel of the Sacred Heart—for the purpose of religious instruction.

Parents, too, whose marriage had never been blessed, were induced in many cases to present themselves to the priest in order to obtain the blessing of the Church. Jamaica is well known for the extraordinary prevalence of immorality. Sixty-two per cent of illegitimacy in the birth-rate tells its own story of what Protestant institutions and Protestant influences have failed to do for the island Swallowfield was and is no exception to the rule. In fact, its nearness to Up Park Camp, where the black regiments are stationed, can hardly be said to have improved it in this respect. Certain, however, it is that where the priest might have failed, the gentleness of the nun has time and time again succeeded, and the ignorant natives have been literally coaxed into virtuous living.

St. Francis' School was opened in 1891. This was a sore blow to the neighboring parson, a former Jew, and still, if report about his money making proclivities be true, a Jewish parson. In vain he complained that his own children were leaving his school for the sisters. He stormed, denounced, threatened to no purpose. Parents were visited and told in vigorous terms of the wiles of "popery" and "nunnery;" but "popery" and "nunnery" had already exhibited to them the practical side of Christianity. Even with the words of this well-to-do clergyman of the establishment yet in their ears, they recalled their own expressive proverb: "De fox preach: tek care ob de lambs," and with very few exceptions the "pickneys" remained with Sister Delphine.

For one unacquainted with the Jamaica "bush," it is hard to realize all that is implied in the task of educating Swallowfield children. Cleanliness, morality and religion, have to be instilled into those whose home surroundings are anything but favorable to such lessons. Here and there a child is found with some liking for study, but the majority are slow to learn, and the case is not unusual of almost absolute incapacity. Even amongst the bright pupils it happens quite commonly that at the age of eleven or twelve they cease to take interest in their books, and from this out practically lose time if they stay at school.

The children are apt to come and go pretty much as they please. Friday is always a bad day for attendance, as the girl's one calico dress, and the boy's one pair of white cotton trousers must, after the wear and tear of the week, be made ready for Sunday. Careless as he may be in his own hut in regard to the exact amount of clothing necessary for his offspring, the pride of a Swallowfield parent would be hurt if at church or school those depending upon him did not, in outward appearance, prove themselves at least as respectable as their neighbors. Hence the common excuse for absence. "Sister, him don't books;" "Sister, him don't clothes," applied indifferently in the case of either a boy or girl. With these and other obstacles to strive against, the labor of Sister Delphine and her lay assistant has been most arduous. Patience, however, has wrought splendid results from such unpromising material, and St. Francis' School, at the last Government inspection, received a first class mark.

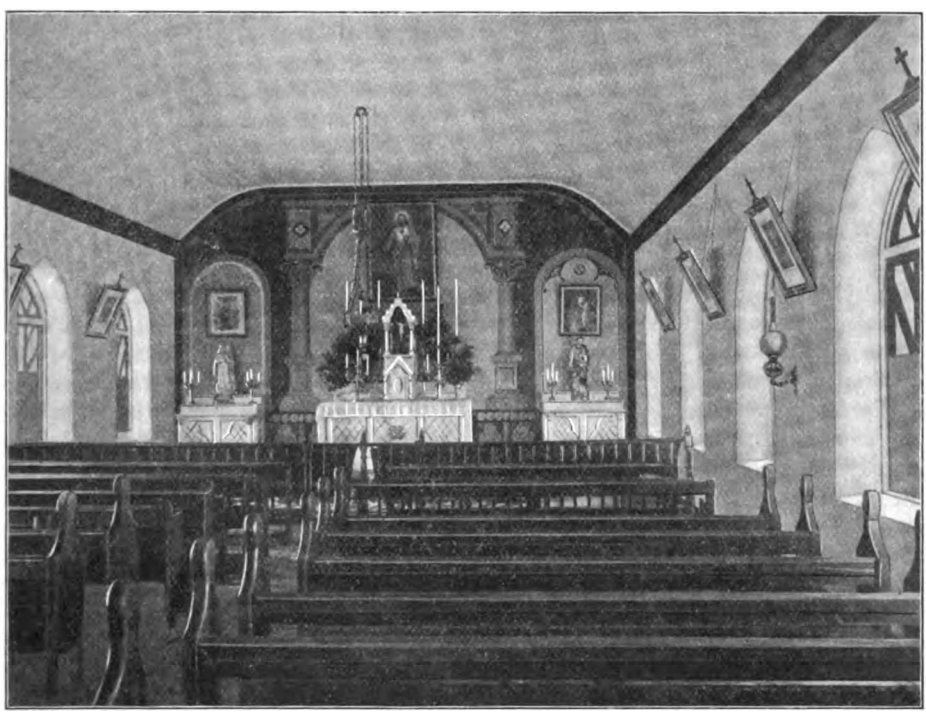
One of the most difficult truths to bring home to the mind of the ordinary Jamaican convert is the necessity of refraining altogether from any form of worship except that of the true Church. The expression so common in the mouth of Protestant associates, "All de same God," is not without its in-

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fluence upon many an ignorant Catholic; and even people of the better class are not always free from the unwise toleration which it implies. Here in Swallowfield, however, the children are the first to complain of their parents, should they offend in this matter. "One God and one faith," is evidently the motto of these little ebony Christians—a proof that the Sister's catechism instructions have borne fruit.

At Mona, some two or three miles away, the negro "prophet" Bedouard blesses every Wednesday the water of the Hope River, and crowds of the deluded people attend, in order by bathing in or drinking of the "healing stream," to obtain the cure of their various maladies. On one occasion a few of the neophytes of Swallowfield were enticed away from their own chapel to the Sunday service held by the "prophet." It may have been some satisfaction to witness for themselves his eagle-like power of sun-gazing, but dismay must have followed when a "little bird," in color more like a crow than a dove, having told Sister the cause of their absence from Mass, they received a scolding both from her and from "Fadder," which they have not since forgotten.

The chapel of the Sacred Heart is indeed a sight not easily forgotten on the morning of the second or fourth Sunday of the month. The Spanish Consul and wife are among the most attentive of the worshippers, and there are a few other white faces in the congregation, but the greater number are African in color, feature, everything. Within the sanctuary, the black boys, who act as acolytes, are reverently and efficiently going through their part in the sacred function. If it is the fourth Sunday, the long blue sash of the Boys' Guild of St. Aloysius and the bright ribbon of the Children of Mary will be seen in the first benches to the right and left respectively, and behind, the rows of kneeling faithful remind one of the Scripture prophecy:



CHAPEL OF THE SACRED HEART.

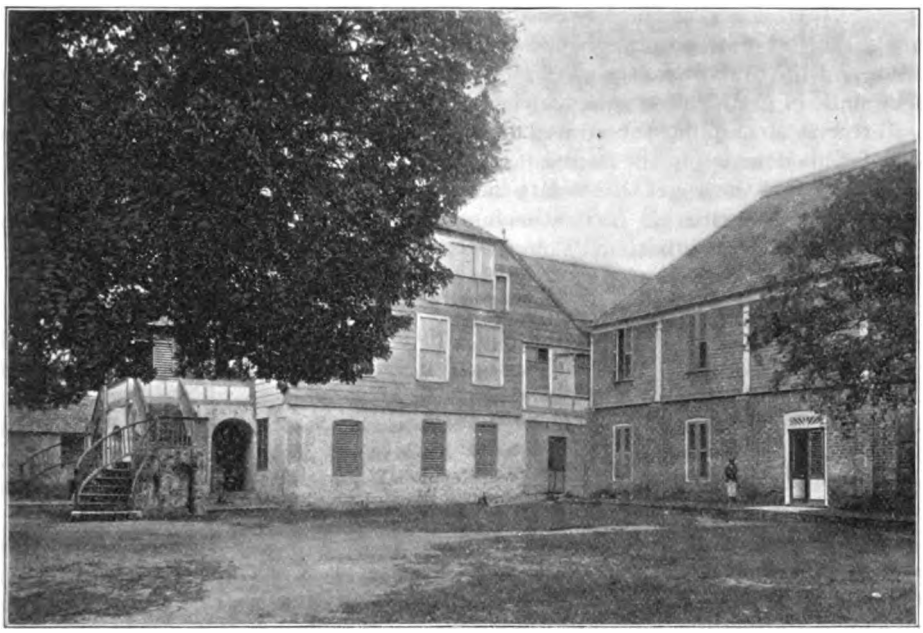
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"Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands to God." (Ps. lxvii, 32). The poor and condemned are most certainly there. From the tabernacle, He who was "despised and the most abject of men," looks out on the homage of those who, ignorant, if you will, have yet the light of faith in their simple souls, and to whom has been revealed what is hidden from so many wise ones of the earth. There is rapt attention throughout the sacred ceremonies, and as for the sermon, one would think them afraid of losing the least word, so fixed is the look bestowed upon the preacher. The choir, apart from its real musical excellence, offers convincing proof of the Catholicity of the Church. In fact, it might well be called a Pentecost choir, from the variety in its make-up. Two stout little black fellows, with voices like linnets, are throwing their whole souls into the beautiful hymns, and right behind them is a fervent Catholic gentleman of the neighborhood, who, with other members of his family, forms a light setting to the dusky foreground. A one-legged cripple pours forth such a stream of delightful melody that we have reason to suspect the presence of some marvellous instrument in the wooden appendage, wherewith he stalks through life. William, who stands so erect in the midst, with the Ashantee ribbon and medal decorating his warlike breast, is putting the same earnestness now into his vocalization, which, ere he had become the peaceful "penman" of the sisters, earned military distinction for him on the African fields of the West India Regiments. Quietly hidden away behind them all, is the modest daughter of St. Francis, who plays a skilful accompaniment on the small organ.

The externals of religion have a great charm for the uncultured natives of Swallowfield. It may be that many of the catechumens do not realize the full significance of the solemn rites of the Church, but they are attracted by them and a beginning is thus made. Through the senses the dull soul will be reached sooner or later, and belief will then ascend from the rank of sentiment to that of conviction. A black face beneath the snowiest veil is a phenomenon remarkable enough to draw to itself the amused curiosity of the chance "bakra," who may be present for the first time at either of the two great events of the year, the reception of First Communion or of the sacrament of confirmation. But when the black face belongs not to little Miss "Quashie," but to a tall, buxom negress, just turning the forties, whose ample figure is draped voluminously in the whitest of white, with broad satin slippered pedestals and flower-wreathed summit, it requires more than ordinary control in the onlooker to compose his features into the gravity suited to the sacredness of the place. At all events he will be a close observer, indeed, if he recognize in any one of these Jamaican Venuses, the short-skirted, bare-footed daughter of Ham, who with well filled basket of acqui securely poised on high, may have passed him only the day before on the Hope Road, moving along with the usual compound of slide and stride towards the Kingston markets. The men are not behind-hand in their attempts at personal decoration. Black dress coats made for some other owner, white linen trousers, and shoes on unfriendly terms with the massive feet thrust into them, form the exterior of one who has resolved at all hazards to make a good appearance.

Whence are the means obtained which are necessary for displays of the kind? It is one of the mysteries of Swallowfield. Perhaps the good sisters could help to the solution. Two facts are certain, the neighborhood is the very kingdom of misery, and the "Pen" is known for its Franciscan zeal and charity. Not many months ago two nuns entered a Harbor Street clothing store and one of them, with a twinkle in her eyes that the black veil could not altogether conceal, surprised the clerk by asking if he had

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NORTHWEST VIEW OF NUN'S PEN.

gentlemen's trousers in stock. After several specimens of the article requested had been produced and some consultation with regard to length gone through, a selection was made and the trousers set aside. "Anything else?" asked the clerk. "Yes," was the answer, "could you please show us some gentlemen's coats?" Once more the wondering clerk did their bidding. The coat was about to be wrapped up with the trousers, when the Sister, who had first spoken, interrupted the operation: "Please, sir, put in a waistcoat." History does not record the answer to the clerk's final question: "Shall I send the package to the Duke Street Convent?" But this much is known that Isaac and Sarah were married the following Sunday at Nuns' Pen Chapel; and the bridegroom was clothed in a wonderful suit for the occasion. The trousers had evidently been made for some giant ancestor; the vest hung contentedly about Isaac's knees; and the tails of a huge Prince Albert flapped gloriously against the heels of this dying Benedict. If the Harbor Street clerk could only have looked in on the ceremony, his curiosity might not have remained, as it has, unsatisfied to this day.

The general poverty of Swallowfield makes begging a fine art with many of the inhabitants. The priest has little, if anything, to give, but it is to him that recourse is had whether it is a recommendation to the Inspector of the Poor which is needed, or a child is to be sent to the Alpha Cottage Industrial School, or a confirmation outfit is to be obtained.

All through Jamaica, Scripture quotations form a large part of the stock in trade of conversation. The meaning of the text is not always clear to the speaker's mind, but the very sound of it gives him pleasure and his self-esteem receives thereby a new increase. The country swarms with ignorant preachers, the natural outcome of Protestantism run loose among a rude population. The Sunday traveller can hardly fail in a short journey to pass one or more huts where, seated at the open door, in full sight of the road, the black owner is apparently intent upon the Bible before

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him. Closer observation, however, reveals the fact that one eye is upon the Bible and the other upon the passers-by. The smile of gratification with which he will receive a compliment bestowed upon him for his devotion to the Sacred Book, will let us into the secret that vanity has as much to do with his occupation as piety. What a pity that God's church, with her real reverence for Holy Writ and her authoritative exposition of the inspired text, has not been first in the field. With all their faults, there is a deep religious sentiment in the minds of these blacks; and under the guidance of Him, who resides in His Church, there are capabilities of higher sanctity, which, alas, have yet to be realized.

There is traced clearly upon the writer's memory a scene which illustrates well the evil of the Protestant Reformation. One Sunday night, on returning from a sick call to the western suburbs of Kingston, he had to pass directly through a group of men and women, gathered together at a turn of the road, and listening to the excited declaration of one of their number. The beautiful moonlight lit up the dark faces of a most interested audience. Squatted on both sides of the road, along which the priest travelled, they barely noticed his coming or going. Their attention was concentrated on a grotesque figure wildly gesticulating in the midst of them. The preacher was clad in shirt and trousers, barefooted and bareheaded: his words were sent forth with such explosive violence that the wonder was that the tortured lungs could withstand the effort. As he leaped in the air or rushed from one side to the other, he might easily have been mistaken for the imp of darkness sporting furiously in the moonlight. The immense tanks of the gas company, only a few yards away, would have helped to carry out the idea, for they seemed gigantic funnels, opening down into the eternal home of fiery pain. What the poor madman said had not, perhaps, at first thought, the diabolical ring, but it ended with something that sounded very much like Luther's *Pecca fortiter:* "Oh! I war a sinner, Glory Hallelujah: I war dead in sin, Glory Hallelujah: and de Lord kem by, Glory Hallelujah: Him see me dare, He kem and picked me up, Glory Hallelujah: now I saved, Glory Hallelujah; I know I a sinner, I libbin now in sin; but I saved, Glory Hallelujah."

As a matter of fact, the Catholic negro of Swallowfield is free from the Scriptural frenzy of many of his Baptist or Wesleyan neighbors; but before he "choiced" the Church, he had passed through the same apprenticeship as theirs; and even now, at times, the old leaven will work in him. The cant, no doubt, has disappeared from his expressions; he is certainly sincere when he tells the priest, who has come to visit him in his sickness: "Me waitin fe de Lord; me know me Redeemer lib," but the latter is reminded, almost disagreeably, of others not of the fold, who have stolen the written word and left the sense with her in whose guardianship God placed it. Still it happens occasionally that these utterances are touching in the extreme. With all the ridiculousness, which narratives of camp-meetings may cause us to associate with the like, we must concede to the following Biblical jumble a certain amount of pathos. If we imagine, as a setting for the words the miserable thatched hut in which they were spoken, and the sick negress—Justina, by name—who thus expressed on a recent occasion her gratitude to the priest and her confidence in his ministrations, the effect will not be diminished: "Fadder, me beg yu te pray fe yur poor little ting. Him (she) tan (stands) naw by de ribba Jordan; him see de bright celestial fountain by de gate; de Lamb kum an say: 'Jestina mek reddy; enter in by yur joy.'"

High sounding names are, as might be expected, the rule here, as well as elsewhere in Jamaica. The small untitled lump of dark humanity which is carried

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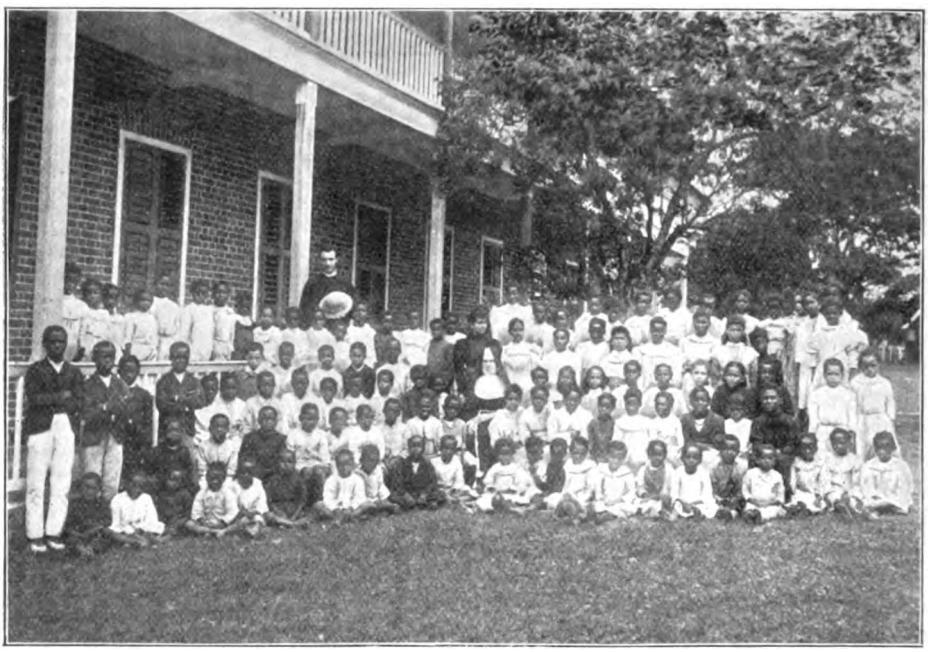
to the priest for the baptismal ceremony is seldom sent away without a wealth of appellation, almost sufficient to make up for smallness of heritage. "That which we call a rose would perhaps smell as sweet by any other name," but the Swallowfield boy and girl would lose individuality were they designated Tom Jones and Susan Smith, instead of Adolphus Jocelyn Mortimer Jones and Melvina Letitia Zenobia Smith. Not long ago a soldier of the West India Regiment on being asked by the priest at Nuns' Pen, why he wished his child christened Romannes Antonio, replied that he had seen the name in a book and liked it. The writer remembers the same reason having been offered to him once before in Southern Maryland by a negress who was desirous of adding *Vaseline* to the already long array of names selected for her offspring. She had heard the word over the counter of the country store; at once and forever it had fastened itself upon her memory; and now, as a consequence, the baptismal register of old St. Inigo's records the birth of Louisa Theresa Daisy *Vaseline* Hopewell. The black man of Jamaica is another edition in this respect of his brother of the United States, with the difference, however, that the Bible is here more called upon to minister to the satisfaction he finds in a "mouf fu' o' sound." Really one with an ordinary name is put completely in the shade, alongside of those who can boast of all the syllables contained in any of the following: Nathan Nathaniel Brown, Montrose Ebenezer Scotland, Obadiah Augustus Thompson, Silvana Satira Cox, Miriam Esther Henry, Elvira Exceba Griffiths.

Occasionally a real African is taken in St. Peter's Swallowfield net. The presence here and there in the island of not a few representatives of the Dark Continent is doubtless owing in some way or other to the means of transportation from the latter place furnished by England to the black and white troops in her service. However that may be, George Anderson presented himself about a year ago to the sister at the "Pen" to be "induced," as he termed it, "into her society." He was the son of Shackamanna and Yambel, and in his own Africa, his "country name" had been Umumhamay. Jamaica had been



THE PENMAN.

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ST. FRANCIS' SCHOOL.

his home since he "kem a young man in first cholera." His intellect certainly was not of the highest order, and his smile, composed in part of the flattest of flat noses, and the absence of two front teeth from a receding upper jaw, could hardly be considered a proof of what philosophy asserts, that risible and intellectual are convertible terms. Still there was something to hope for, with good will on his side and a nun's zeal and courage on the other. But rock-boring was easy work compared with that of piercing a way into the buried brain of Umumkamay. Months of labor followed, and the outcome was the announcement to the priest that the baptism of the catechumen might as well be delayed no longer; for a theological limit had been reached in the knowledge after a fashion of the *Our Father*, the *Hail Mary* and the *Creed;* in brief, the report of the religious prospector announced the discovery of a mine of faith, a vein of understanding, and but slight traces of memory. At the baptism George Anderson became George *Claver* Anderson, in memory of the truly heroic patience which the Apostle of Carthagena must have bestowed upon the like subjects of his zeal, the outcast African slaves whom he regenerated in such numbers. How the saint would have rejoiced in the simplicity and thoroughness of the act of contrition which his new client, albeit unable to adopt the words of another, composed for his own use: "O my God. I sorry. I can't do't again. Beg your pardon."

No doubt, as we look about the world, there are more inviting fields of labor than this out-of-the-way quarter of the tropics which we have been sketching. A hot sun, a burning soil, and a slow population. are surely no attraction for those who have eyes for anything but souls; but souls are here, sinful souls many of them, neglected souls, but eager for the faith which shall free them. It is a wonder of God's providence, how, in a short time, mainly through the efforts of the daughters of St. Francis, a real congregation has been gathered in from the surrounding "bush." Already the Sisters' chapel is too small to hold the number of converts; and before long,

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when the means shall have been obtained, a church dedicated to the Sacred Heart shall be erected as a monument to Him, whose love has brought it all about.

Glad, indeed, must the angels have been last Christmas morning to witness the devotion with which these uncultured men and women honored the Infant God in the beautiful mystery of His nativity. The grotto of Bethlehem, with its perfect art and marvellous arrangement of figures, was a spiritual delight to the dullest of the worshippers. It was a reminder of the days when the Saint of Assisi loved to construct with his own hands the like helps to the fervor of the rude peasantry about him. Those who object to the symbolism of the Church should have heard the heartfelt prayers which, all through the Christmas season, went up to the throne of grace from before this Jamaican shrine of the "Word made flesh." Faith, indeed, is the great enlightener. Riches alone cannot buy it; learning unaided by grace can never attain to it; but when God sends it, as He does His peace, to men of good will, the poorest and the dullest, as well as the wealthy and educated receive it. May this faith spread more and more; may "the praise of God, as His name be unto the ends of the earth."

THE FOUR FIATS.*

By Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.

THERE is no language except English that has naturalized both as a noun and a verb the Latin word *fiat*, "be it done." This word is employed on four great occasions which are described in the Sacred Scriptures; and the associations connected with three of these occasions help to make this small word a very effective habitual ejaculation for us all, condensing into a breath the expression of faith, hope, submission, resignation and devotion. Let us dwell on each of these four *fiats*.

I.

The first of the four *fiats* is the original *fiat* of the Creator.

> Why did the *fiat* of a God give birth
> To you, fair Sun and his attendant earth?

This word, *fiat*, "let it be done, let it be made," gleams forth upon the opening page of the world's history. The sacred historian puts the story of creation into human language which long afterwards the Royal Psalmist condensed into the phrase: "He spoke and all things were made." Among the Creator's acts mentioned separately in the first chapter of Genesis one remembers best *fiat lux* (Gen. i, 38). "Let light be made, and light was made; let light be, and light was." No wonder that the poor pagan Longinus in his famous treatise which has for its theme sublimity itself cites this inspired phrase, however it may have reached him, as an example of true sublimity. A similar formulary might be supposed to be used in all the other departments of nature, to denote the instantaneous efficacy of God's omnipotent word, had He so chosen to bring things into being. Let all the planets roll in their orbits round the central sun; and so it was. Let the life-sustaining blood circulate in the veins of every living thing; and it was done. Let the woods be filled with singing birds; and the woods were filled with singing birds.

So was God's creative *fiat* obeyed instantly from the first throughout all the realms of nature; and so it is obeyed still at every moment, for that original *fiat* is not past and gone but rings on

*This is little more than a free prose translation of a poem with the same name by H. V. R. in THE MESSENGER for March, 1894.

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forever and works its will forever. For, as we often remind ourselves at the beginning of a retreat, we are created afresh at each instant. Preservation is a perpetual creation. We of ourselves gravitate back toward the abyss of nothingness from which we were drawn, and we need at every instant to be upheld by God's hand, just as a ball lifted up by a man's hand into the air will not remain there if the hand be withdrawn. It is a mere truism, but truisms do not cease to be true; that it is only God's infinite power that sustains us this moment in life, and enables us to think these obvious thoughts and to bow down with adoring love before the majesty of our Creator, in whom we live and move and are.

II.

But God is much more than our Cretor even in this extended sense. His creation was blighted from the beginning. His first human creatures sinned; yet, by a stupendous stretch of His mercy, God did not leave them for one hour in despair; for His very sentence of condemnation contained the promise of redemption. That promise was fulfilled when the second *fiat* was spoken —the *fiat* of the Incarnation. This mighty word was not now spoken by God, but by one of His poor human creatures. He who said in the depths of the eternal counsels, "Behold, I come," would not come till Mary's *fiat* had gone forth, bidding Him come, giving Him (as it were) leave to come. God's archangel was sent as ambassador to the lowly handmaid of the Lord, who, when the divine will was sufficiently made known to her, said mercifully: "*Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum*," (Luke i, 38): "Be it done to me according to thy word." *Fiat* more momentous in its effect than even the divine *fiat* of creation, for the Church every day, after the offertory of the Mass, reminds God Himself that He who founded the human race in a marvellous manner, reformed and redeemed it in a manner yet more marvellous. *Mirabiliter condidisti et mirabilius reformasti.*

III.

The second *fiat* was spoken at the beginning of our Redeemer's earthly course; the third was spoken at its close. He had come to live with us for a time that we might live with Him for all eternity. This true life was to be purchased for us by His death. He had come, not only to live for us but to die for us: that was the appointed expiation of our sin. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission," says the Apostle who refused to glory in anything save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. This atonement unto blood began before the Cross; it began first openly in the garden of Gethsemane as the fall had taken place in the garden of Paradise. And it was there, during the prayer of the Agony, that the third *fiat* was uttered, the *fiat* of Redemption: for it was the Sacrifice of Calvary then so near, and the dreadful preliminaries of insult and torment which were just going to begin—this full accomplishment of the Redemption was what our divine Lord accepted finally when He prayed: "Father, if thou wilt, remove this chalice from me: nevertheless not my will but thine be done." *Non mea voluntas sed tua fiat.* (Luke xxii, 42). Again that grand word, *fiat!* The living God, the Author of life, was about to exercise the awful power which the *fiat* of the Annunciation had conferred upon Him—the power to die.

IV.

Finally, the same lips that uttered the *fiat* of divine Redemption taught our lips to utter the *fiat* of human co-operation. In the prayer that He bade us address to our Father who is in heaven, the central petition is: *Fiat voluntas tua* (Matt. vi, 10). "Thy will be done." *Fiat.* He might have let us keep even closer to His Blessed Mother's word: *Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum.* Let us strive to keep close to her in more

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than words; let us strive to make our acts of submission and acceptance with some far-off resemblance to the perfect dispositions with which the Blessed Virgin said: "Be it done to me according to thy word."

These words on her lips on the first Feast of the Annunciation were far more an acceptance of the trials and griefs that made her Queen of Sorrows, than of the privileges and glories that make her Queen of Heaven. With some degree of the same conformity to God's will we wish to accept every trial, trouble, hardship and toil, that the rest of our earthly probation may hold for us in store—every loss, every privation, every sickness down to our death-sickness, every pain down to the final pain of dying, when in our last conscious moment we hope to have our souls free from sin and full of contrition, faith, hope and charity. But hope, indeed, will then have already almost ceased to be hope, the end will be so near and so sure. Yet even at the end and after the end there will still be room for our human *fiat* of submission and acceptance. Beatitude is the consummation of the first *fiat* of God the Creator, of the second *fiat* of the Mother of the Redeemer, of the third *fiat* of her divine Son, of the fourth *fiat* repeated a countless number of times in the life of each of those whom He has redeemed. This last *fiat* will go on forever, but its object will no longer be the acceptance of toils, duties, trials, sufferings; but the acceptance of the joy and glory of heaven. Our last exercise of obedience will be, in a certain sense, the hardest of all, for it will be to obey the summons of our merciful Judge: "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." That joy will not enter into us, but we shall enter into it, as if plunging into an infinite ocean of blessedness to be forever in our heavenly measure and degree, happy with the happiness wherewith God Himself is eternally happy. *Fiat!* "Be it done to me according to Thy word."

THE LEAGUE AND TEMPERANCE.

By Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer, S.J.

THE League aims at advancing the kingdom of God in every legitimate way. She makes use of every means in her power to effect this. Are there obstacles to impede her progress? Then she will endeavor to remove them. Is there an enemy in her path? Then she will turn her weapons against him.

One of the greatest obstacles, one of the most dangerous enemies to the reign of Jesus Christ is the demon of drink. When he gains possession of a soul he drives out all that is pure, noble and lofty, and the wretched victim becomes evil-minded, mean and low. The transformation is gradual, but certain.

How is intemperance to be prevented in its beginnings, or arrested in its course when begun, or wholly overcome when a confirmed habit? We may look upon a man in a twofold light as a mere natural being, or as a supernatural being. It seems to us that too many of our temperance writers, preachers and lecturers view him in the former light to the neglect of the latter. They will compute the amount of evil by the amount of money expended, and by the quantity of good food or household commodities represented by the sum wasted on strong drink. So many dollars spent in the saloon might have been more profitably invested in the grocery store. This may be perfectly correct and we do not dispute the assertion. More domestic happiness also would have resulted from this wiser expenditure. We grant it. But it seems to us that such arguments, while valid and perhaps cogent, are decidedly sordid and could be used to

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equal advantage were man not immortal, but a mere creature of this earth. They would be quite as forcible for a heathen or an agnostic living without hope beyond this life.

Yet these are the favorite arguments of the average temperance lecturer. We go a step farther and say that they are too utilitarian to be worthy even of one who did not look beyond this life. For man, even as a natural being, has a soul, and apart from its immortality, everyone will admit its power of reasoning, which places it as master of the inferior creatures. To dethrone this great faculty and to let the lower appetite for drink usurp its place is a moral degradation in which intemperance shows itself unworthy of even the natural man.

To make man a sport of his passions, an object of contempt for all who see or hear him, is the baneful and humiliating effect of intemperance. Unseat reason and with it self-control, and we have a most pitiable object. Listen to the foolish and improper language; see the absurd and unseemly actions.

We must remark the degrading influence of the so-called Keely Cure Institutes. Degrading, I say, because formerly for a man to be obliged to go to an institution on account of his unbridled habits was considered, and rightly so, a disgrace. It was a matter not to be spoken about, and his absence was euphemistically spoken of as a trip for his health, the destination not being specified. Now, to our shame, we have so progressed downwards that men, slaves of their appetite for strong drink, are not ashamed to say openly that they have been under treatment at a gold cure, and even form clubs of "Keely graduates."

Another bad feature of these *institutes* is that they would seem to free men from moral responsibility, by treating alcoholism as a disease. Disease indeed it may be, but for which the person diseased is certainly responsible; for he has the use of reason and free-will, to say nothing of the grace of God, always present to strengthen the weakness of will. Then heredity comes in as a liberator from personal responsibility, for the conclusion usually drawn, though falsely, is that because the appetite is there by inheritance according to supposition, the unhappy possessor of it cannot control it, except by the aid of the gold cure. Thus is free will eliminated and man as a moral being is degraded to be the mere unaccountable puppet of his passions. A madman, you would say, and say truly, but a madman underserving of sympathy, because the madness is self-inflicted, and could be prevented would he use the means in his power, and for which he is responsible. Then, too, how utterly selfish is the drunkard, who not only makes himself wretched, but inflicts his wretchedness on others.

The veriest altruist would admit the arguments so far cited, without despising them. We consider them as not the ones for Catholics to emphasize, since they are merely natural and do not appeal to anything higher than earthly motives, prescinding as they do from man's eternal destiny. Moreover, we must call attention to the fact that too many of our temperance advocates go to such lengths in their desire to overcome the enemy that they go beyond the bounds of truth. They stigmatize all strong drink as evil in itself. Were this true, then it would always be wrong for any one to use strong drink. This is evidently false and pure manicheeism. Yet how often do we hear and see it expressed. Untrue exaggerations will never produce lasting effects for good. It is better always to state the truth plainly. Give warning, but do not misrepresent facts.

The drinking, then, of wines, liquors, malted beverages and cordials, is not in itself wrong, and consequently not forbidden by God or His earthly representative, the Church. They are creatures of God, therefore they are to be treated as such. They are means to an end, and should be considered in this light. If

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the use of them helps a man to attain the end for which he is created, then he is free to use them. If the use of them hinders him from attaining that end, then he must refrain from using them. He must, as an intelligent being, use or refrain from using them just so far as they help or hinder him. This is the broad principle on which the Church has always acted. Drink, then, in itself, absolutely, is good. In regard to man, relatively, it may be good or bad, according to the part it plays in advancing him towards or holding him back from his end. Nor does the fact that some men abuse a thing, make the right use of the same thing by others unlawful. Because people take poison to end their lives, it does not follow that others cannot take it as a medicine to prolong their life. So it is with liquors. (Of course we are speaking only of the pure and unadulterated article). Truth does not have to strengthen its position by misrepresentations. She states the case as it really is, points out the advantages and disadvantages ; what is lawful and what is unlawful, that every use is not an abuse, that those who cannot through weakness of will use properly, should refrain, but on account of their own weakness and not because the thing in itself is bad. Hence it is that the Catholic Church, guided as she is by the spirit of truth, never has and never can commit herself to a wholesale condemnation of those who use strong drink.

She approves societies to promote total abstinence, because she recognizes the fact that for some of her children it is relatively necessary, and she encourages others who are willing to make a sacrifice of drink to give their moral support to their weaker brethren. But by giving this approbation she does not by any means condemn the moderate and abstemious use which others of her children make of the drinks in question.

From the beginning and to the end she is consistent in her stand. Drunkenness is no more a necessary consequence of drink than scorching is the necessary effect of the sun. Subject yourself too long to its burning rays and you will be sunstruck and become demented ; yet who would rail against the sun ?

Once again, then, we say that drink in itself is not wrong, though it may be wrong relatively in this or that case. Christ could never have given His sanction to the use of wine were it not a good creature of God. We waive the dispute of what sort of wine it was that He produced at the marriage feast ; wine it certainly was in the ordinary acceptation of the word, which is sufficient for our purpose. Moreover, apart from fanatical sects which sprang up at different times, it was not until our latter days that the so-called temperance movement made any considerable headway. We say so-called temperance, for the word is a misnomer. Temperance in no language is synonymous with total abstinence. It always implies a moderate use. The virtue is one by which a man keeps the happy mean in the use of a thing. It implies a power by which he so masters himself that he holds his appetite under control. In drinking, he, by the virtue of temperance, would never imbibe to excess, or in certain places, at certain times, under certain circumstances it might impel him not to drink at all. This cardinal virtue, of course, is given to a man to help him attain his supernatural end.

But you will say what about the title of the article ? We could not treat it until we had laid down certain principles. We are not more Catholic than the Church, therefore we simply follow in her lead as our teacher and leader.

The object of the Apostleship of Prayer is in general to advance the kingdom of God. As we have said, if there is an obstacle or an enemy, then she endeavors to remove the one and conquer the other. The abuse of strong drink is an obstacle, the demon of drink is an enemy ; therefore does she direct her efforts against them, but under the

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guidance of the Church. Her chief weapon is prayer. Pray, then, she says to all her Associates, against the sin of intemperance. All can unite in this. Those who drink in moderation can yet realize that there is danger for themselves and others. Be a Supplicant, then, and make daily the Offering: "O divine Heart of Jesus, through the sorrows of Thy Blessed Mother and the prayers of St. Joseph, I earnestly beseech thee to keep me from intemperance, and to pity, pardon and convert the unhappy victims of excessive drinking." Add to this your Morning Offering for this intention, thus making your prayers, self-sacrifice, almsgiving and other good deeds ascend to God for these souls so dear to Him. This is the first class of Associates who endeavor to repair and suppress the evils of intemperance. They do not themselves refrain from the use of drink but call to mind the danger that may result.

The next step in advance is taken by those who constitute the second class, and who make what is called the Partial Offering, by which they promise in honor of the Sacred Heart to abstain for a time either from all or certain intoxicating drinks.

The third and highest class consists of those who make the Heroic Offering, by which they promise to abstain for life from all intoxicating drinks. Their lofty and supernatural motives are thus expressed in the formula: "For Thy greater glory and consolation, O Sacred Heart of Jesus, to give good example for Thy sake, to practise self-denial, and to make reparation for the sins of intemperance, I will abstain for life from all intoxicating drinks."

This Offering does not bind under pain of sin and it should not be made without the consent of one's confessor or spiritual adviser. It does not exclude the use of liquors in medicines when prescribed nor in food and condiments, for when used in this way they are not considered intoxicating drinks.

Such are the Offerings recommended by the League. As is evident, the first class should embrace all true Associates, who should be willing at least to unite in prayer and good works against the evil of intemperance. Some may feel drawn to make the Partial Offering, partial, as we have seen, both in matter and time. They do not bind themselves to give up all drinks, but only the one which experience teaches them to be dangerous for them.

Others may desire to make the Heroic Offering, but this should not be allowed unless they have proved themselves for two, three, or even more years to be able to abstain.

The regular League Promoters may form Bands of those who make the Offering. Each Band consists of thirty-three members, about twenty of whom may be in the first class, ten in the second, and at least three in the third. They are, of course, supposed to be regular League Associates in order to gain all the advantages of the union of prayers and good works. It would be an immense help to belong to the 3d Degree and receive Holy Communion every month. As one of the greatest evils of the day is treating to liquor, all Associates are earnestly begged to set their faces against this mistaken form of friendship or good fellowship.

Let us keep before our minds that intemperance is a sin, and therefore separates man from God, his last end and highest good. If it helps us we may consider the misery it brings on the sinner himself and upon all connected with him, and that the oftener the sin is committed the weaker grows the will. These considerations, and the thought of the awful expiation of intemperance by the thirst of Christ upon the Cross will spur us on to the faithful practice of some one of the three Offerings.

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A DAUGHTER'S HOLOCAUST.

By J. M. Cave.

IN an old castle in the loveliest part of Poland, there was festivity on the eleventh of August in the year 18—, for on that day, had been given to the noble owners a little daughter, and they were rejoicing at the gift of God. The castle was the possession of the Counts of Pavlewski, and though the family had suffered much from Russian injustice and oppression, the last scion of that noble and ancient race had still a goodly heritage. Before the birth of her little daughter the Countess had said, that, should Providence give her a son, he should be called "Stanislas;" if a daughter, she was to be called "Mary;" but as the good gift came on the feast of a saint so venerated throughout Poland, both the Countess and her husband, agreed that the little one should be given the sweet name of "Philomena."

"May she have the faith and courage of that child-martyr," said the pious mother.

"We need not fear that any tyrant will wish to espouse her," laughed the Count, "at least for a good many years to come; and by that time we may have our own again."

"We must dedicate her to the Blessed Virgin" said the Countess. "She will be her best protection." So little Philomena was early dedicated to the Blessed Mother, and for the few years that Madame de Pavlewski was spared to watch over her child, she was unwearying in her devotion and in her supplications for the spiritual welfare of the little one, so soon to be left motherless.

The Count himself was hardly less interested than his wife, at that time, in watching the progress of the child's development. Debarred from action by the troubled state of his country, and closely watched by the police authorities, as were all noble and wealthy Poles at that time, his life seemed to have no other object than the care of his beloved invalid wife and infant daughter. For their sakes he became, unhappily for them and for himself, less patriotic than he should have been. To preserve his fortune for them was his primary object, and for this purpose he allowed himself a certain degree of intimacy and familiarity with the ruling authorities. Though he did not pay court to the despoilers, and remained as practical a Catholic as his prudence, or his fears, permitted, yet he accepted the invitations of the invaders of his country, and was seen at their wine and card parties.

The means he took to avert one danger drew down another, infinitely worse and sadder. A passion for cards grew insensibly upon him. It is well-known what inveterate gamblers the Russian officers are, from the humblest rank to the very highest. They play for high stakes when they can, and for low ones when they must; ready money failing, they wager lands and goods, the possible reversion of estates, their rights and claims, actual and prospective. But why do I say Russian *officers?* The passion is in the Russian blood, from the porter or "dvornik" at the gate, who gambles on the draught-board, painted, or rudely cut, in the bench where he sits in leisure hours, with any chance companion or passer-by, to the grand-duke on the steps of the throne. Many a proud noble has won and lost not only lands and gold, but wife and children, at the gaming table.

* * *

Little Philomena was only five years of age when her devoted mother died, leaving her to the sole care and guardianship of her father, never suspecting

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the fatal passion that was taking such hold upon him, as to render him, if not oblivious, at least in a measure insensible, to other things. A great deal had been lost even then, that she knew nothing of. But so far it was the Count's own private fortune that suffered. After his wife's death there was no restraint upon his movements. He went out oftener, remained days and nights in Warsaw, with feverish haste working at his own undoing. A French lady, who had been his late wife's governess, was engaged to take charge of little Philomena. A noble and conscientious woman she was, and most faithfully did she devote herself to the motherless child.

Philomena was very lovely. Her hair was wavy and soft as silk; her eyes dark blue, large and limpid; her features regular; and her expression exceedingly sweet and gentle. Her baby training at her mother's knee, had made her a prodigy of infantile sweetness and grace.

Her natural intelligence was great, even remarkable, and to develop it was an easy task. At the age of fourteen she spoke five languages, and wrote fairly well French, English and Polish. The other two, Italian and German, she would perfect later. Indeed her ardor for all her studies was so great, that it had to be moderated, for the sake of her health.

No one interfered with the rule of her governess. Mlle. de Joncourt engaged teachers and professors for the sciences that she felt herself incapable of teaching perfectly, that nothing should be wanting to fit her pupil for the very highest station in life, as her birth entitled her to take rank with the best. Philomena's favorite study was music, and she became a great proficient in that art.

While Mlle. de Joncourt was thus bringing to perfection this rare flower, she was not and could not be ignorant, that the Count was not as interested as he should have been, in his daughter's progress.

She saw him rarely, and had no means of knowing how or where he passed his time. That he was in high favor with the Russian officers she knew; but not being a Pole she did not resent that fact for her own sake, though she mourned for this proof of degeneracy in one so well-born and richly endowed in mind and person. She knew that the Count's early career had been full of brilliant promise; that his fortune and good looks were the theme of society at the time when he wooed and won his young bride.

What caused the grievous change, she asked herself? How one engrossing evil passion had corrupted and then killed all God's good gifts in him, she could not know.

* * *

They had no society at the castle after the death of the Countess, and would have none, save, of course, the card and dinner parties from which ladies were excluded, till Philomena should be of age. Before that time she would have to study two years in France, to receive the finishing touches to her music, and other accomplishments. Mlle. de Joncourt fondly hoped that, when her pupil should have reached the age of eighteen or nineteen, her father would seek her companionship, and by that means, perhaps, be withdrawn from company, which, she vaguely feared, was doing him harm. But when Philomena was only fifteen, the Count suddenly decided that the time had come for sending her to France to finish her education.

Mlle. de Joncourt would of course accompany her, and remain with her in any place she, herself, chose to select.

This decision was received by the governess as a proof that the Count wished his daughter to complete her studies at even an earlier age than that usually fixed on, or than she herself had dared to hope for, and she set out with all hopefulness.

Now the one passion of Philomena's

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young life was adoration for her father. Her mother's memory she tenderly cherished, but her father was the light of her eyes. To see him smile, she would willingly suffer any pain, to win a glance of approval from him she would exhaust her strength over studies in which he took even the slightest interest. She was pious from her cradle, and her prayers were all for him.

If she bore this separation calmly, or without outburst before him, it was only to spare his feelings. In her own room, or with Mlle. de Joncourt she gave way to a passion of tears and grief that nearly unfitted her for the journey; though she had had very little of his care, had seen him rarely, and for a few brief moments; yet she felt that to be even in the same country with him was a consolation.

Judge then with what ardor she set about her studies for his sake when once established in France. She gave much of her time to music, was a pupil of Chopin, and before long, one of his best.

But the two years lengthened into four giving Philomena ample time to perfect herself in other things as well as music, before she was recalled.

Happily for Philomena, she did not know that her return was arranged then, not because her father longed or cared for her, but because he needed her, or rather her signature, to certain documents, whereby he might obtain more money for the gaming table.

No, she could not know this, and Mlle. de Joncourt, who had aged ten years in these four, through anxiety for the beautiful patient child she had learned to adore, knew nothing either of the ruin ahead.

The Count's reason for not recalling his daughter had been plausible enough. It was "illness," or "the house was full of unbidden guests to whose society he could not introduce his daughter," or "he had to go to the Baths," and at the last it was "disagreeable business," the only veritable plea of the long list. The "disagreeable business" had been no less than the relinquishing of his ancestral home for a gambling debt.

* * *

Philomena was to see the home of her ancestors no more. Never more was she to enter the room, so sacredly guarded, wherein her mother had died the death of a saint; never more to kneel by the grave wherein her mortal remains lay "waiting for the resurrection." She was never again to hear the birds sing there in the early morning or quiet evening; never again would she kneel in the twilight hour beside that loved tomb, to pray for the mother she had lost and the father she had hardly ever known. How she had loved that ivy-covered little chapel, long since closed for worship by the General who had played for and won it, from her unhappy father.

Ah, how Philomena loved that grand old park; its stately firs; its graceful poplars; its ancient oaks, and the murmur of the breeze in the waving willows by the rushing brook. Alas, it was hers no longer.

She came back to a far distant estate that had belonged to her mother and was now hers. It was a beautiful estate, too. There was a fine old mansion, extensive park, luxurious surrounding within and without. Not knowing her father's loss she came joyfully, hopefully, to the home of her mother's girlhood, thinking it to be all kindness on her father's part that she should go there to meet and receive him "in her own home." With what alacrity she set about preparing it for him. With what zeal did poor Mlle. de Joncourt work to help her adorn the best room for his reception. Ah, these were happy days! Happy days of anticipation, and perhaps the first she had known since her mother died.

In due time the Count arrived, and to her amazement not young, not handsome, not proudly erect as she had left him, only four years before. A changed man, indeed, outwardly, but inwardly

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devoured by the same evil fire. He came not alone. A gentleman of distinguished bearing, courtly manners and exceeding suavity of voice and air, came with him.

"He is my best friend," whispered the Count to his daughter, "try to like him a little, for my sake."

What would not Philomena have done for his sake!

Weeks passed. Were they happy or the reverse?

In after years Philomena could never say. In them the poor child had had one wish, one prayer; to renew her father's youth, to restore his health, to bring a smile to his eyes and his lips, a smile from the heart, instead of the cold and cynical smile that so often wrung her soul.

She partially succeeded — at what a price—by yielding to his entreaties to receive the addresses of "his best friend," and to become his wife.

There came an hour when her love for her father was to be sorely tried indeed. Her private fortune had to be made known, and all its details settled, before the betrothal should take place.

The estate with all its dependencies, that had belonged to her mother, was now her own, absolutely. Now it was that her father found courage to tell her that his own fortune was wholly gone; that he was henceforth to be dependent on her.

Philomena had suffered herself to be wooed, and promised to please him. If she had given any part of her heart to the suitor he had declared to be "his best friend," it was for his sake; for love of him. But even now she could not, would not, admit even to herself, that in anything he could be wrong. If his fortune was gone, surely it was through no fault of his. How many great fortunes had she not seen or heard of crumbling away before the invader's march. Estates changing owners in a few hours, and by the stroke of a pen, or one word of imperial command.

How could she spare him future care? One way only remained, and that was to give up to him, freely and absolutely, all that was hers. She was of age, she could do as she liked. To decide was to act.

Kneeling at his feet, she besought him to take all that was hers, saying "that she could live on his bounty, but that he must never be dependent upon her."

Alas, with what a gleam of joy did the unhappy gambler gloat over the documents she laid in his hands. Hardly taking time to thank her he hurried away to complete the work of transfer. It was soon done, and he held the last of all their possessions in his trembling hands.

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When all was done he sent for her to come to his study. Joyfully she answered the summons; joyfully she embraced him, and with full heart thanked her God for the change she thought she saw in him.

Certainly he was looking a little more like his former self. His eyes were brighter, clearer, his air less depressed, and his whole manner reminded her of the noble air he used to wear before "misfortune" had subdued him.

"Philomena," he said, "you have been a good daughter to me, and I, alas, have done nothing for you."

"To whom do I owe this much-lauded education?" laughed Philomena, whose spirits overflowed at the thought of making his old age happy and peaceful. "To whom do I owe these so many and so brilliant accomplishments?"

She knelt beside him, her eyes dewy with sweet tears, thinking nothing of herself at all the while, as she gaily repeated the praises (that were, in her case, no flatteries), that she was accustomed to hear daily.

The Count bowed his head and covered his face with his hands. He was pondering in what words he should tell her that "his best friend" had withdrawn his suit for her hand and taken his departure.

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KNEELING, SHE BESOUGHT HIM TO TAKE ALL THAT WAS HERS.

"May I know why, papa?" she asked, a slight quiver in her voice.

"Yes; he wished that everything should be settled absolutely upon you. That I should be excluded from all interest in it. Would you have wished this, my child?"

Philomena went away to the room that had been her mother's and put away, as well as she could, by force of prayer, the cup that she had begun to hope might contain happiness for her. Its pain was quite swallowed up in the assurance that she had done right in securing her father's happiness and welfare.

She was only too happy to minister to him and the joy of being beside him compensated richly for all else.

This joy was to be of short duration. The Count could not resign himself to

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home life and even her devotion and attention began to weary him. He craved the excitement that was destroying him, and under pretence of pressing business, quitted her.

A few brief months of quiet passed; then a hasty message was brought to Mlle. de Joncourt. "The Count de Pavlewski is ill; bring his daughter to the Hotel de l'Europe at Warsaw."

They found the Count convalescent, installed in fine apartments and waiting their arrival impatiently. Philomena had been instructed to bring all her jewels and her wardrobe with her as they were not to return to the castle. Her father had met with another "misfortune." What boots it to tell of the miserable days that followed.

Life was now to be begun again, and under what changed circumstances. Philomena and her father had not the wherewithal to live, and the brilliant education would have to be put to profitable use. As for Mlle. de Joncourt she would have to seek another situation.

Now it was that Philomena showed courage. For herself she willingly gave up all, and her joy would have been to retire from the world and enter a convent, as she was advised to do by a relative who would give only advice to the gambler and his daughter; but she felt that she must work for her unfortunate father. Where was he to find a home? He showed no desire to settle down in any quiet spot, and try to live for her as she would fain live for him. He spoke of old friends in foreign cities whom he could visit indefinitely. The money for the journey might be obtained by the sale of Philomena's jewels and her rich wardrobe which would be henceforth useless. Mlle. de Joncourt rebelled a little at this suggestion, but was overruled and the proceeds of the sale of these articles was handed over dutifully by Philomena to her father. Soon after he announced that he was going to visit a relative who would, no doubt, come to their assistance; in the meantime he would leave her in the care of friends who were soon going to St. Petersburg, where it was decided to settle, with a view of obtaining lessons in music. These friends would kindly entertain her till he found some diplomatic appointment, or won fortune in some other way, when lessons would no longer be needed.

How Philomena pitied and admired him for bearing such terrible reverses so bravely! It was for her sake, she thought.

* * *

Ah, how hard it was to part from Mlle. de Joncourt! She who had been a second mother to the lonely girl.

"Need we part?" urged Philomena with tears. "Since there is no other resource but to take a situation, could it not be where we might meet from time to time?

"Alas, how selfish I am growing!" cried the desolate child. "You have sacrificed your whole life for us, and are now left without home or resources in your old age; oh, forgive me, forgive me. Would that I could work for both you and him; would that any effort of mine could atone to you for your wasted years," she sobbed, folding the weeping lady in her arms and clinging to her as she might have done to her own mother.

"Weep not, my darling," said the kind lady. "Weep not, all is not hopeless. There is yet one person, a relative of your mother's, who will surely befriend you, and perhaps even take you to herself as her own child."

"Of whom do you speak, dear friend?"

"Of the Marquise de Vélincourt.

"How is it I never heard of her?" asked Philomena.

"She was your mother's favorite cousin. They grew up together as sisters. She was poor, and owed everything to your mother's family. Some years ago she made a brilliant marriage and is now very wealthy. I took the liberty to write to her some time ago. Say nothing to the Count until her answer reaches us."

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"Why did you never tell me of her?"

"After your mother's death all correspondence ceased."

"But while we were in Paris, could I not have made myself known to my mother's cousin and dear friend?"

"It was your father's wish, nay, command, that no communication be held with any one outside the school."

A day or two later the answer came. It was kind and even generous; but it betrayed to Mlle. de Joncourt the fatal cause of the ruin of the family.

"If," said Madame de Vélincourt, "the daughter of my ever well-beloved cousin will come to me, she shall find in me a true friend, and if she resembles her sainted mother in character and disposition, I promise to do my very best to replace, as far as possible, that best of mothers. But there is one condition that is imperative; it is absolute separation from her father. Let Philomena choose for herself. But it is only fair to warn her that he will drag her down to a level to which he has himself fallen. Having gambled away his own fortune, and fraudulently possessed himself of hers, I can no longer know him. Do not imagine that friends and relatives have not made every possible effort to save him by advice and assistance. All has been useless, however, though some have made great sacrifices to save his fortune and that of my unhappy cousin, for the sake of their child.

"Knowing, dear Mlle. de Joncourt, that your life has been generously devoted to my dear cousin and her child, and that the family owe you a heavy debt in consequence, I beg to be allowed to reduce it in some slight degree. I do it in the name of the beloved dead; therefore you cannot refuse to accept the enclosed draft."

Here then was the explanation of all: the frequent and prolonged absence from home, the premature old age, the distracted air, his neglect of his only child. To what a state had the once proud man fallen! With heavy heart she sat holding the terrible letter. One word only of its contents seemed fixed in letters of fire on her brain—"a gambler"—gambled away the fair estates; the money; the jewels; rich heirlooms of many generations; gambled away name, fame, peace; all things in this world, and alas, alas! what of his poor soul? A cry involuntarily escaped her; a sharp pain shot through her heart, and flinging herself on her knees she gave way to the pent up sufferings of years. For the loss, the misfortune, she had never wept, but shame and sin laid her low.

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Entering the room some hours later, Philomena found her governess lying prostrate, unconscious; the letter by her side on the floor. "My cousin's letter!" exclaimed Philomena, picking it up and looking at the envelope, "I fear that it is the cause of this misfortune." Putting it hastily into her pocket she did what she could to restore the poor lady to consciousness, but her efforts were not wholly successful. A physician had to be called, and he declared it the beginning of a serious illness.

The Count was not at all pleased when Philomena made known to him the illness of Mlle. de Joncourt. He would have sent her at once to a hospital on the plea that she would be better cared for, and that he could not defer his departure for Vienna; but Philomena ventured to remonstrate, and declared that she was able and willing to take every care of her beloved friend herself. Still the Count urged that he could not defer his departure and that he would recommend Mademoiselle to the people of the hotel, who would do all that was necessary in the case, while she herself could go at once to his Russian friends.

"Suffer me to remain with Mademoiselle," pleaded Philomena.

"Oh! by all means," answered her father coldly, and hurried away to finish his own preparations.

Poor papa, I fear I have hurt him by

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insisting, thought Philomena, and she awaited his return that night, more impatiently than usual. The thought that she had caused him a moment's vexation was intolerable to her gentle spirit, and she longed to ask his pardon and win him to smile upon her once more.

Her father did not return that night however and the next afternoon a note was handed to her. It told her that her father had been detained the previous evening and that he would not disturb her at the very early hour he would be obliged to start that morning. "He left her his blessing and said that Mme. de Kouski would call and arrange about the journey to St. Petersburg in the course of the day; it broke his heart to leave her, but he was the victim of cruel fate."

"Dear father! dear father!" moaned the poor girl; "he cannot bear these terrible reverses. Would that I could aid him! How noble on his part, never to accuse those who have been the cause of his ruin; never to name them with reproach. Never has he even once referred to those who have ruined our country and driven into exile our friends and neighbors, with the very least accent of bitterness, or desire for revenge. What a noble spirit!" She knelt long that evening, praying for her sorely afflicted father.

* * *

That same night, seated by the bedside of Mlle. de Joncourt who was sleeping heavily, she drew the French letter from her pocket.

Ought she to read it?

She knew that it concerned her; that it was the answer to one written solely on her behalf, and that Mlle. de Joncourt intended to show it to her. She had spoken freely of it; therefore she had a right to read it; indeed an answer might be, even then, necessary, and it would be weeks perhaps, before Mademoiselle could write, or even give advice. "Yes," she said to herself, "it contains no secret, and it is right to read it; even though it is not addressed to me, I am sure she would wish me to do so."

So saying she opened it and read.

If the terrible revelation it contained had prostrated Mlle. de Joncourt, think of its effect upon the innocent, loving heart of Philomena.

She had sufficient self-control to withdraw from the bed-side; to find her way stumblingly to the door, to call the maid to take her place beside the sufferer and to pass into her own room.

There she stood for a long while, holding the letter and yet not realizing its contents. Something terrible was there, something about her father, but what? She must read it again. She read it again partially, and a nightmare of horror seized her. She trembled, her teeth chattered, and her hands involuntarily shook the paper till it tore. She tried to put it away but it remained in her clenched hands in spite of her. She sank to the floor. Shall I go mad, or die, she thought? She tried to rise but a sort of paralysis had seized upon her limbs. She tried to raise her hand to make the sign of the cross. Impossible! A spell of horror held her, and she could neither realize what it meant nor shake it off for a long while. At last, with a great effort, breaking loose from the horror and oppression that was fast benumbing her, she cried aloud. "Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy upon me! Sweet heart of Mary, help me!" The spell gave way, and she fell prostrate, and happily insensible.

(*To be continued.*)

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GENERAL INTENTION

FOR JULY, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with His Blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

THE CONVERSION OF THE HIGHER CASTES IN INDIA.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER wrote from India: "There is here a class of men called Brahmins. They are intrusted with all that concerns the worship of the gods and the superstitious rites of their religion . . . Were it not for the opposition of the Brahmins, all India would embrace the religion of Jesus Christ."

The words of the great apostle are equally true to-day as may be gathered from the first two articles in the present number of the MESSENGER.

Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., ever watchful for the interests of the Church in all quarters of the globe, seeing that the surest way of bringing about the regeneration of India would be to attack the chief obstacle to the spread of the faith in these regions, calls upon all the Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart to join in prayer for the conversion of the higher castes in India and especially for the conversion of the Brahmins.

This is most timely as the work inaugurated under the auspices of Leo XIII. for the conversion of the Brahmins is beginning to bear fruit. The Holy Father realizing that the young Brahmins flocked to the colleges managed by the Government Protestant Societies and that the spread of skepticism was the logical result of education in such an environment, urged the Bishops of India to open colleges where, together with intellectual development, religious instruction should replace the destruction taking place in Protestant colleges.

One example alone will show the sagacity of the Holy Father. In the Jesuit College of St. Joseph, Trichinopoly, of the 1,800 students about 1,000 are Brahmins. The conversions described in our article from Trichinopoly show what can be expected from the carrying out of the educational plan of the Holy Father.

But why ask special prayers for the conversion of the Brahmins? Any one acquainted with the history of India knows that the most rigid distinction of classes or castes is preserved. When the first European missionaries entered India they were much impeded in their apostolic labors by this division into castes. They found three principal castes, the Brahmins who were priests or doctors, the Rajahs, comprising the magistrates, judges and generals, and the Choutres and Pariahs the former devoted to agriculture and the latter slaves and outcasts. The Pariahs were regarded by the other classes with horror and contempt; their very touch was contaminating and the food prepared by them could not be taken by members of the higher castes.

When the Portuguese came to India they took the Pariahs into their service

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and the missionaries devoted their first efforts to evangelize the despised castes. The converts of St. Francis Xavier were chiefly Paravas and Pariahs, and it is narrated that he made only one convert among the Brahmins. The conduct of the Portuguese and the labors of the first missionaries among the Pariahs reduced all Europeans in the eyes of the learned castes, to the level of the outcasts with whom they associated. Hence they would have nothing to do with the missionaries. This was a severe blow to the progress of the Gospel.

So great was the difficulty that when Father de Nobili, S.J., arrived in India, he determined to keep aloof from the lower castes and devote himself entirely to the conversion of the Brahmins. With the approval of the Archbishop of Craganore and of his own Provincial he announced himself as a Roman *Rajah* or noble, and a *Saniassi*, or one who had renounced the pleasures of the world. He adopted the language, costume and manners of a Brahmin. As one of the chief crimes of the Europeans in the eyes of the Brahmins was their use of meat and strong liquors, Father de Nobili retired to a hut built of turf and observed the mode of life of the native doctors. Rice, herbs and water were his only food once every day. Prayer and study were his constant occupation, and his solitude was broken only by the visits of the Brahmins. Gradually he led them to a clear understanding of the Catholic faith, and numerous conversions followed. More than a hundred thousand Brahmins were baptized by Father de Nobili and his colleagues in the space of a few years. But from a misunderstanding of his methods, Father de Nobili's work encountered opposition. He was recalled from his field of labor, his methods were examined and in 1683 fully approved of by Pope Gregory XV. In 1707 Clement XI. repeated the same decision, and in 1744 Benedict XIV. approved the conduct of the Jesuits and authorized them to have two classes of missionaries, one for the nobles and another for the Pariahs.

The present means of attack seems to be effective and promises an abundant harvest. The Brahmins are the cultured caste and appreciate a good education. Hence they flock to the colleges now opened in India. The introduction of Western ideas and Western education has caused old religious dogmas and traditions which had been handed down from time immemorial to be altogether discarded, to become things of the past. The result has been to launch the greater portion of the educated minds of India into liberalism in belief. As evidence of this tendency we have but to quote the words of the Hindu ascetic Paramahamsa Swami Vivekananda who, among the worshippers of Krishna and Brahma and Buddha, was considered the most worthy to represent them at the Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair. In a lecture before the Brooklyn Ethical Society he said. "In fact every idea and hence every religion of God is true, as they are all but different stages in a journey, the aim of which is the perfect conception of the Vedas. Hence, too, we not only tolerate, but we Hindus accept every religion, praying at the mosque of the Mohammedans, worshipping before the fire of the Zoroastrians, and kneeling before the cross of the Christians. . . . We gather these flowers all and bind them with the twine of love, making a wonderful bouquet of worship." As all religions contradict one another on some fundamental point and as contradictories cannot be true at the same time, it is truly a "wonderful bouquet of worship."

This one example, many others might be quoted, serves to show the break made in the old ideas and beliefs in India. The higher castes in India are Europeans, descendants of the Aryan branch of the Japhetic family. They possess their distinctive features and their intellectual superiority. Now that the break is made in the old forms of belief, although much

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havoc will be wrought by the introduction of liberalism in belief, still the logic of truth inherent in Catholic belief will alone satisfy their inquiring minds. Hence it is that the Catholic educational campaign is beginning to produce such encouraging results. This is carried on both in schools and colleges, by a well equipped Catholic press and by a continuous output of vigorous tracts notably from St. Joseph's College Press at Trichinopoly.

That the Catholic educational institutions are attracting the higher classes and planting the seeds of the true faith, may be gathered from an address given in January, 1894, at the Jesuit College of Bombay by a native, Dr. Bhandarkar, a famous Sanscrit scholar and Vice-Chancellor of the Bombay University. This gentleman had actually selected St. Xavier's College for his sons in preference to the well-equipped Government College at Bombay and in the course of his speech he assigns the reason for this preference. "What distinguishes this institution is not so much the number of successful students that are trained in this college, but it is, according to my view, good discipline and high moral tone. . . . At the present day, gentlemen, the cry everywhere is for more and more knowledge. Educate men, they say, that is, give them knowledge, and all our evils will disappear."

"Education has come to be identified with the mere communication of knowledge. But according to my view it remains true to the present day that knowledge puffeth up. The manner in which a great many of our people conduct themselves demonstrates the truth of this observation. I even think that knowledge unaccompanied by habits of regularity, punctuality, obedience and reverence is positively harmful. The aim of an educational institution ought, therefore, above all to be to instil these habits into the minds of our young men. We all remember how the Government of India made the absence of these habits in the men brought up by our educational institutions a subject of enquiry, but the conclusion that they seem to have come to is that a moral text-book should be prepared and introduced into our schools. But in my opinion this is not sufficient. Man's morality depends upon the habits that he acquires, and habits cannot be formed simply by reading moral lessons out of a text-book. The whole of the conduct of a boy or young man should come under the observation of his teacher and he should be corrected on every occasion when he misbehaves himself." The distinguished speaker finds this true method in the Catholic college and hence his preference. The realization of this fact by the thinking classes of India accounts for the number of young men of the best classes who attend Catholic schools and colleges. Brought up under such influences it is not surprising that there should be a great number of young Brahmins who are Catholic at heart but hesitate to take the step on account of the severe trials it entails.

An idea of these difficulties may be gathered by reading the first articles of the present number.

Still some brave young Brahmins have had the courage to face the difficulties and the importance attached to their conversions in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen may be learned from the fact that their conversions are chronicled as notable events, while the conversion of whole villages of the lower castes is not deemed worthy of a passing notice.

These young converts are having a powerful influence on their fellow-countrymen. At present, one of them, Upadhyaya Brahmabandhav, by birth a Bengalee Brahmin, who by careful and sincere study passed from Hinduism into Theism and then into Protestantism, and finally entered the Catholic Church, travels through the country lecturing in the service of religion and endeavoring to dissipate the prejudices against our holy religion, to awaken a desire

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for religious enquiry and a longing for truth.

One of the great objections of India to Christianity is that it denationalizes its converts and makes them adopt foreign customs. To counteract this false impression and prove that the adoption of the Catholic faith does not interfere with purely social and civic customs, this young convert, with the approbation of his ecclesiastical superiors, retains his native costume, and dresses as a Saniassi, a man who has renounced the world and leads a life of celibacy, abstinence and penance. There is nothing to distinguish him from others of the same state but the cross that hangs on his breast.

Apropos of these lectures it is well to call attention to theosophy, which in our own country seems to be quite a fad. It is an importation from India, at least its votaries claim to discover it in the ancient Vedas. The lectures of Upadhyaya Brahmabandhav have thrown light on this assumption of the Theosophists, and shows that their pantheistic system is in direct conflict with the Vedas, which are permeated with the belief in the personal nature of God. The interest taken in these lectures shows that the idea of a personal God is much more congenial to his fellow-countrymen than the impersonal being the Theosophists would impose upon India. The organ of the Prathana Samaj, the *Subodh Patrika*, remarks: "We may console ourselves with the fact that Mrs. Besant has had a very powerful opponent in Upadhyaya Brahmabandhav. He, too, has been delivering lectures in which he exposed the true nature of the Theosophic movement. He (a Roman Catholic) is a staunch believer in the personal God. We hope he will deliver similar lectures to his brethren all around India, and thereby do signal service to his mother country." To the presence of such men we have the additional feature of the starting of seminaries for the training of native clergy.

At Kandy in Ceylon, the former residence of the Cingalese kings, is the site selected by Fathers of the Society of Jesus for the new seminary which the Propaganda is building for the instruction of a native and diocesan clergy for India and Ceylon. This is in accordance with the wishes of our Holy Father, Leo XIII., who realizes the fact so often ignored, that the establishment of a hierarchy and a diocesan clergy in missionary countries must be now, as it has been in the past, through the privations and sacrifices of the members of the religious orders who reckon not the cost if they can but pave the way to the organized existence of the Church in lands in which, humanly speaking, were it not for their labors, no hierarchy would ever exist. Good bishops and a zealous diocesan clergy acknowledge the debt they owe to the regular clergy and consider them the bulwark of the faith which they have sown in trials and tribulations.

The presence and influence of such men as Mr. Brahmabandhav throughout India; the spread of Catholic educational establishments and the reception into the Church of a number of courageous young Brahmins are all hopeful signs for the spread of the true faith in India. The superior intellectual attainments of the Brahmins, the social distinction which they enjoy and the almost divine worship paid them by the lower castes give them an influence which, if wielded in favor of the true religion, would aid in its spread throughout the country.

PRAYER FOR THE INTENTION OF THE MONTH.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works, and suflerings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular for the conversion of the higher castes in India, especially the Brahmins.

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THE·READER·

WE have been repeatedly asked our opinion on Father Zahm's latest book on *Evolution and Dogma*. While modestly complying with this request, we must decline to give anything like a review of this much discussed work.

To begin with, we are inclined to think that Dr. Zahm has made out the best possible case for evolution. But that is not saying much. We have been unable to find in the book any new argument in favor of evolution, any difficulty solved, any gap bridged over—in fact, any thing that has not been as well, or even better, said by others. Yet the book has this distinctive merit that it brings all the strongest arguments—new and old—to bear on the subject, and offers the most plausible solution for the difficulties which have been urged against evolution. And still, with all this mustering and marshalling of forces, the theory of evolution stands just where it did when M. Brunetière wrote his flaming article on the "Bankruptcy of Science," and Mr. Balfour published his *Foundations of Belief*. We are rather surprised that the perusal of such works did not suggest a more diffident tone to the learned Doctor.

Evolution is just where it was, and what it was, before Dr. Zahm wrote his book. It is a fanciful dream, an arbitrary theory, an unverified and unverifiable hypothesis, a scientific fad. And this even Father Zahm himself, with all his enthusiasm, is obliged to acknowledge. With unqualified approval, though probably not without some reluctance, he quotes the following declaration of the great scientist Professor Virchow at a scientific congress in Moscow in 1892:

"It is vain to seek the *missing link*, which might have connected man with the ape or with any other species of animal. There is a definite line separating man from the lower animal, which cannot be effaced—the heredity which transmits to the children the faculties of the parents. Never was it known that an ape bore a human being, or that a human being became the parent of an ape. Ape-formed human beings are mere pathological phenomena.

"At first sight, it is easy to suppose that a (so-called) *long-skull* should be transformed into a *short-skull;* yet no one has yet observed the change of a single long-skull race into a short-skull, or *vice versa*, of a negro into an Aryan race. Thus in the question of man we are baffled all along the line. All the researches undertaken to establish continuity in the progressive development of man have proved futile. The *pro-anthropos* does not exist; the ape-man does not exist. The *missing link* is a chimera."

The same declaration has been repeated year after year by the learned professor. Now, it seems strange to us that in the face of such plain language of probably the greatest biologist of our day, who spent his life in original research, and has no interest in attacking the ape-theory, the present writer, who ought to have some interest in defending the traditional doctrine of creation, should cling to the phantom of evolution. This is a serious psychological problem, which, to our thinking, is harder to

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solve than the question of the *missing link*.

It is also passing strange that a book written by a Catholic in defence of evolution, falling so far short of its purpose, should have created such a stir in some portions of the Catholic world of letters —as if it were the embodiment of every thing that is scholarly, scientific, literary, up-to-date, *fin de siècle*, and—if there is any other word to express what is superlatively excellent—in a word, epoch-making. The true fact is that if Dr. Zahm had made out such a poor case *against* evolution as he has made out *for* it his book would have been, not unjustly, characterized as a disgrace to Catholic literature. As it is, Dr. Zahm poses with all Protestants, and with a goodly number of Catholics, as the very first Catholic scientist and Biblical scholar and all-round divine of the age. It was therefore most fortunate for his own reputation and for the prestige of Catholic science that he wrote on the side of evolution. He did little harm to the side of orthodoxy, while he certainly did no good to the side of evolution. That is our humble and candid opinion of Dr. Zahm's book.

* * *

There is a something irreverent in the jumbling together of the names of St. Augustin and St. Thomas with those of Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Haeckel, and Karl Vogt. It may be very comforting, indeed, to would-be evolutionists, who never studied their declensions to learn, on the authority of Dr. Zahm, that St. Thomas and St. Augustin were evolutionists, but it falls little short of sacrilege to identify in any way these holy doctors, or any other reputable Catholic theologian, with the unsavory theory generally known by the name of evolution. Imagine St. Thomas and St. Augustin responsible for the theory of natural selection and the struggle for existence, in the Darwinian sense, and the voluminous drivel about the survival of the fittest and heredity, and whatever more modern evolutionists have substituted for these staple factors of their pet theory. That is *miscere sacra profanis* with a vengeance. And yet this is an inevitable result in the case of most half-educated readers.

* * *

Can a good Catholic be an evolutionist, has been often asked. It is a doubt which has arisen in the minds of many. It was to settle the consciences of Catholics thus afflicted that Dr. Zahm wrote his book. The very fact that Dr. Zahm himself is a good Catholic and a no less good evolutionist should be sufficient to solve the question. Speaking generally, then, the answer must be in the affirmative. In regard to the theory of evolution there is only that restriction common to all philosophical speculations, viz: as long as it does not conflict with the teachings of revelation, as understood and interpreted by the Church. He who teaches, then, that the various species of plants and animals developed in the course of time from inorganic matter—of course, in virtue of forces impressed upon it by the Creator—though he may utter a philosophical error or a gratuitous assertion, which he cannot prove, propounds nothing that is against revelation.

If, however, he generalizes further and says that man is the result of a similar development he immediately comes in conflict with the obvious teaching of the Scripture, which says that God formed the body of the first man from the slime of the earth and breathed into it a living soul; and that He formed the body of the first woman from a rib taken from the side of the first man. The ape-theory of the origin of man is, therefore, directly opposed to the teaching of the Scripture.

But there is a compromise theory which may be thus formulated: since the spiritual and immortal soul of man can have no other origin than creation, let us admit that it was directly created by God; but it is no harm to allow that the body of man was brought to its

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present state of perfection by a process of development through a countless succession of species. Thus God may be said to have formed it from the slime of the earth. If any cogent reason could be shown for departing from the obvious and literal meaning of the Scripture in the case, such an interpretation would be lawful. But so far not a single convincing argument has been produced by evolutionists for the development of the human body from a lower animal species; nay, the insurpassable chasm of the *missing link*, ever yawns open before them. Therefore it is rash and unreasonable to defend such a theory.

* * *

It is a general rule in the interpretation of the Scriptures that we may not depart from the obvious and literal sense of a text unless compelled to do so by the analogy of Christian faith or by the context of the passage in question or by natural evidence taken from fact or reason. Now, with regard to the Scripture record of the creation of man, none of these reasons obtain. Therefore all those theologians and commentators, whose opinions are worth listening to, defend the obvious sense of the Mosaic description of the origin of man.

The ape-theory and all the vagaries connected with it are the product of naturalism and infidelity. First, it was taken for granted that the Mosaic doctrine on the origin of man was a myth. Then, scientists went out in search of a theory to explain the origin of man. The ape-theory commended itself to them as one of an indefinite variety of hypotheses. It was proposed in an interesting and attractive manner by scientists and literary men. It appealed to the imagination of the ignorant and untrained. It was adopted as a working hypothesis by the learned who had abandoned all faith in revelation, and was preached as a gospel to the half-learned. Thus it became the vogue in the so-called educated circles, and any one who was unable to talk of protoplasm and evolution and natural selection, and the struggle for existence, and the survival of the fittest, was regarded as very ignorant indeed. No wonder then that unscientific Catholics, and even some rather imaginative Catholic scientists, should have been drawn in this same direction. The upshot is that we have in our schools a respectable contingent of so-called Catholic evolutionists. However, evolution in the Catholic sense, which is forced to sacrifice the ape-theory, will hardly gain a wide-extended popularity. Evolution without the ape-theory is like a body without a head, a building without a roof. It is a theory that must stop violently before the last and legitimate conclusion is reached. Such a theory cannot, in the long run, commend itself to reasoning men.

* * *

Catholic evolutionists would render some service to science, and a great relief to their Catholic brethren, if, instead of waxing eloquent on the beauties of evolution and its eminent conformity with Catholic teaching, and vainly attempting to prove that St. Thomas, St. Augustin and other holy Fathers and doctors were evolutionists, they would quietly sit down and investigate the matter itself, and modestly give us the net results of their researches. If they can thus produce a demonstration (as there is little likelihood that they ever will) that the bodies of Adam and Eve were only those of highly developed apes, or of any other lower animal, the Church will know how to explain the Scripture accordingly. Let them confine themselves to the facts and their legitimate conclusions, and leave the Church to take care of herself and explain the Scriptures. Thus they may either prove their case or, at least, make it evident to the world that evolution is a lost cause.

* * *

The question has been recently mooted whether love should have any place in the Catholic novel. It seems rather

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strange that there should ever have been any question on the matter. For if love is a common, if not a universal, element in human life, and the strongest motive of human action it certainly must enter largely in the novel which is the artistic representation of life; and if, within certain bounds defined by the Creator and sanctioned by the divine law, it is a legitimate passion of the human heart and is, moreover, sanctified by sacramental grace according to divine institution, there is no reason why it should not hold its place in the Catholic novel. There is no good reason why the young man and maiden should not be taught by model and contrast to love wisely and well, as they are taught in other things to admire and aim at what is noble and to detest and flee from what is low, by the instrumentality of the novel.

However, we believe that a wise discretion must be exercised by the Catholic novelist—in fact, by all novelists who are concerned for the good of the youthful reader and for the honor of their art. They must not leave the callow reader under the impression that love forms the burden of life's duties and amenities. When they come down from the literary tripod themselves they find that life is very different in reality from the dreams and disappointments, the jealousies, quarrels and reconciliations, and final elopements of lovers; and they would be greatly ashamed to behave in everyday life as they make even their most ideal heroes and heroines behave; in their literary creations they would shrink from entertaining their friends with that sickly, sentimental stuff, that never-ending gossip of love affairs, which they present in their books; in fact, if they did so, they would soon become sensible of the humiliating fact, that they stultified themselves and did positive harm to their surroundings.

The fact is that for most people—even of that majority of men and women who do not become monks and nuns—love is by no means the ruling motive of life, but rather a thing of very subordinate consideration. Very few serious men or women would be satisfied with the epitaph that—"he (or she) lived, loved and wedded." Our youth should not, therefore, be cajoled into a fool's paradise by this false representation of life. Give love its proper place by all means. But let it not be the "be all and the end all here."

Another thing we must not forget, that we have to deal with a fallen race—with very inflammable matter, which a spark may set aglow. No one should understand that better than literary folks who, in addition to the *quotum* of humanity with which they are themselves invested, should possess much knowledge of the human heart. Yet, strange to say, they would seem to be writing for angels, not for fallen men. They should bear in mind the maxim of a pagan philosopher —*maxima debetur puero reverentia*, the greatest consideration is due to a boy (how much more to a girl); and remember that the old Adam, and Eve too, are wide awake even in the more innocent of our callow youth.

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Masonic Verdicts.—We are often asked why the Catholic Church is so opposed to Freemasonry. The questions are usually put by people who have very hazy ideas on the teachings of that society. At least they know only that it claims to be benevolent. Of late, however, the leaders have begun to throw off the mask and declare publicly their doctrines. The late supreme head, the Italian Grand Orient, Lemmi, a Jew, decreed that: "Christ must be driven into the twilight in which the gods and goddesses of paganism now rest. Mary must go the way of Diana, and the saints must follow the gods. To help to drive them away, foul spirits as they are, is the duty of every good Mason." These, of course, are the ultimate conclusions of Masonry and are not yet accepted by all who belong to the lower degrees, but they show the tendency and the development to which Masonic principles have led and are leading.

The French Masons vie with their Italian brethren in impiety, and openly declare that they have but one object—the destruction of the Catholic Church. To them we can trace all those odious laws against the religious orders and congregations both in Germany and France, which drove into exile the most devoted and patriotic of their sons and daughters, for no other imputed crime than that of educating the youth of those countries to be faithful to their God and their religious duties, and of preparing their minds and hearts to resist the infidel and revolutionary tendencies of the day. A recent example of Masonic hatred was the outrageous law called *droit d'accroissement*, by which most unjust and iniquitous taxes were levied on them. "We cannot too earnestly impress upon our brothers (the Masons) the necessity of ridiculing the Church and its priesthood on every possible occasion, the better to divert people from so absurd a faith as that of Rome," is a recent verdict. Another instance is the desecration of Sunday. This was insisted upon in the Chamber when the question of the new building in Paris for the universal exhibition, to be held in 1900, was discussed. It was decided that the workmen to be employed should have a weekly day of rest, but it was decreed that Sunday should not be the day. Thus did the Masons, who held the majority, determine to prevent any of those employed by Government from assisting at Mass or otherwise observing religiously the Lord's day, even if they wished it.

People sometimes wonder why the Catholic Church insists upon Christian schools. They do not appreciate the trend of godless education. They say "Where nothing is said *about* religion, nothing is said *against* religion." They do not understand what Christ asserted positively, "Whoever is not *with* me is *against* me." The trail of the serpent of Masonry is discernible. "Erase the names of God and Christ from all books to be placed in the hands of young children." "Let them grow up unbiassed;" which means let them grow up biassed towards skepticism and infidelity and unbiassed towards the true faith, for "We must stamp out Catholicism at any cost. Christianity is the enemy of progress." Such are some of the teachings of Masonry.

In this connection, it is interesting and consoling to chronicle the conversion of an eminent Italian Mason of the Scottish Rite, which took place in Rome, April 18. We give his solemn abjuration in full:

"I, the undersigned, ex-Grand Master and ex-Sovereign Commandant of the Masonic Order in Egypt and its dependencies, declare that I have been in that sect for thirty years; and that for the last twelve I directed the Order as an absolute sovereign, so that I had ample time and opportunity to study its origin and tenets as well as the end it proposes in its laws and doctrines.

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"Freemasonry proclaims itself a purely philanthropic, philosophic and progressive institution, having for its sole objects a search after truth, the study of universal science and art, and the exercise of charity and beneficence. It professes the utmost respect for the religious faith of each of its members; and affirms that it formally interdicts in its assemblies or meetings any discussion of religious or political matters, or any controversies on such subjects. It declares that it is neither a religious nor a political institution; but is a temple of justice, humanity, charity, and so forth.

"I hereby solemnly affirm that all these Masonic declarations are absolutely false. The pretended religious liberty in its laws and ritual does not exist. It is not only a lie, but it is a shameless one. This pretended justice, love of humanity, philanthropy and charity, have no place whatever in the real Masonic temples, nor in the hearts of the leading Freemasons; for they, with very rare exception, neither know nor practise any such virtues.

"Truth does not exist in Freemasonry, or in any of those who fill the highest grades in the Order. In the sect itself, lying, deceit, and perfidy are the sovereign rulers; and those pretended virtues are simply put forward as the mask to blind men of honor and good faith, and to induce them to join a body of persons whose principles they would abhor if they knew what they really were.

"In truth, I hereby declare that Freemasonry is an institution, the scope of which is to undermine and destroy every form of religion, and especially the Catholic faith; and to try to substitute a diabolic worship and the restoration of humanity to primitive paganism.

"Now that I am thoroughly convinced of this fact, and that I have for thirty years professed and preached Masonic doctrines, and induced other persons to follow me in this fatal error, I can only express my hearty sorrow and repentance. As God has deigned to enlighten me on the subject, I fully recognize the harm I have done; and have hastened to send in to the Supreme Council of the thirty-three, my resignation of all Masonic rights and dignities, and abjure, with the Church, all the sins I have, as a Mason, committed.

"I beg pardon of our Lord for all the scandal given by me during the time I belonged to the sect. I further beg pardon of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., and of all those to whom I may have been a scandal.

"(Signed) S. A. ZOLA.

"*Rome*, April 18, 1896.

Mgr. Sallua received the abjuration at the Holy Office in Rome.

Such is the free and open confession of one who knows whereof he treats. It is the deliberate act of a man who had much to lose by the abjuration and nothing in a worldly point of view to gain. He took six months to prepare himself for the step. He is the second Grand Master to renounce the Masons. The first was that distinguished English statesman, the Marquis of Ripon. What led Signor Zola to take the step we do not know. Lord Ripon's conversion began by a study he made of the Catholic faith with a view of attacking it in Masonic interests. Being an honest and candid man, in the course of his researches, he saw the truth and boldly professed it. He is in the habit of making every year an eight days' spiritual retreat, of assisting daily at Mass and of frequently receiving Holy Communion. We hope that Signor Zola will emulate the Marquis in the practice of his religion.

The tide of public opinion seems at last to be setting against the advanced Masonic clique that have been dominating in Italy and France. Crispi's fall and that of Bourgeois and the French ministry are indications that the counter movement is beginning in those once Catholic countries. American Catholics are apt to take things easy and say that Masons here are not what they are in France and Italy. Perhaps not as a body, but we should bear in mind that Lemmi is the successor of Albert Pike, a native of Charleston, S.C., who formulated the plan of campaign, which has been carried out so faithfully during the last quarter of a century, especially in Europe. But they are not idle in this country, and one of Pike's injunctions was to promote godless education. He was too shrewd to propose at once atheistic schools, for he knew this would shock Americans at large in whom the Christian spirit still survives, but he would prepare the way for this by providing and lauding to the skies, schools in which religion was never to be mentioned. The generation so trained would accept perhaps the more advanced infidel theories. Let us beware of the enemy.

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APOSTOLIC·WORKS·

CATHOLIC SEAMEN IN LONDON.—

The work among the Catholic seamen in the port of London has been carried on more or less successfully since the opening of their club house in Wellclose Square, in September, 1893. As is usual, there is great lack of funds, and consequently of necessary accommodations. An idea of the size of the work can be had from the record book kept by the superintendent. It contains the names and addresses of those seamen who wish to be considered regular members. There are 2,090 so recorded at present.

"Although no religious services are held in the club, and the men are not pestered with inquiries and admonitions as to their spiritual condition, the Catholic surroundings have not failed in their effect. The House Committee have come across a number of instances in which seamen who had neglected their religious duties for years, have voluntarily gone to Confession and Holy Communion before sailing." So says the annual report. We are surprised to find that no *positive* influence is exerted to get the men to their duties, and that it is only the "Catholic surroundings" that are allowed to work. Comparing this with the report of the committee for the similar work in the port of New York, we see that much greater effects are produced by *positive* influence of the priests who alone constitute the committee. They have found a most efficient ally in the League of the Sacred Heart, especially adapted to seamen, and called the Apostleship of the Sea. The Promoters are all seamen, and their influence over their shipmates is remarkable and most consoling. We would recommend the founding of such a Centre in the Wellclose Square Catholic Seamen's Club.

The same phenomenon of Catholic loyalty shows itself in London and New York. In the former city the committee report that "the premises are wholly inadequate and extremely uncomfortable. The wonder is that so large a number of seamen resist the attractions of other more prosperous institutions, and crowd into a room which, with an irony of discomfort, is both draughty and stuffy. But it is Catholic, and that is enough for them." So it is in New York. There are many Protestant "Bethels" for seamen, handsome buildings attractively equipped, but the virile faith of the loyal Catholics impels them to prefer their own "Catholic Bethel," as they call it, to all counter attractions. May the seamen in these two great world ports find generous benefactors who will supply the means to provide suitable establishments for this most responsive class of men.

THE CATHOLIC BOYS' BRIGADE.—

A very successful organization under this title has been working for the good of the Dublin boys since March, 1894. The founder was a zealous Capuchin, Father Benvenutus, attached to the church of St. Francis, in that city. His object was to reach the lads of the poorer classes, and to promote their spiritual, moral, physical and temporal welfare. As in most great undertakings the beginning was small. Nine boys presented themselves the first night, a Tuesday; on Wednesday there were 121, on Thursday 133, on Friday 188, and large numbers had to be turned away for want of accommodation.

Happily the proprietor of the house which had been rented, refused to allow the Brigade to use it. So good Father Benvenutus and his committee were obliged to look elsewhere and with good result, for they were able to purchase a house with a yard and large shed in the rear, which had formerly been used as a foundry. Improvements were made at once and the Brigade has now very suitable quarters. The number of boys at present on the roll is 781, divided into nine companies. Each company is in charge of a captain, three lieutenants and four sergeants. The drilling is directed by members of the Dublin Fusiliers. There is a band and also a

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choral class. The boys are obliged to pay for their uniforms in order that they may take better care of them. The cost, however, of the cap, sash and badge, is only 1s. 6d. Amusements are provided every Wednesday evening when there is a general assembly of the Brigade. A dramatic class has been formed and some successful performances have been enacted. The religious instruction of the boys is attended to by the Capuchin Father. Experience has shown how necessary this class is for these lads, who otherwise would have grown up ignorant and careless about their duties as Catholics.

We heartily recommend this movement to the consideration of our readers all over the country. The enemy is in the field fully equipped and, in most places, in undisputed possession. The Protestant propaganda among Catholic boys and girls, as we have elsewhere pointed out, is appalling. If the rising generation lose their faith or become lukewarm and indifferent what will become of the Church? Form, then, Catholic Boys' Brigades everywhere and show our boys that we take an interest in them.

HOUSE OF RETREAT FOR MEN.—

Our age is characterized by restless activity. Americans, particularly, strike people of the Old World as being always in a hurry. There is a want of repose about them. They seem to say: "Time is money, we want money, we have no time to spare." The conclusion would be that, in their estimation, the end of man is the acquisition of money. But not to business people alone does this restless spirit confine itself, it is to be found even in those who are not engaged in active life. The result is a want of seriousness. Their minds seldom rise above the things of earth except, perhaps, when they are in church. Even there distractions are common.

It is well, then, at times to cry halt, to turn aside from the world, to seek a secluded place where no disturbing elements can find admittance and there hold converse with God. An ideal spot of this kind for men is to be found on Keyser Island, near South Norwalk, Conn. It is only an hour's ride from New York on the New York and New Haven Railroad. On this island, which belongs to the Society of Jesus, is a house of retreat called Manresa Institute. The scenery is very beautiful.

Here, far away from the excitement of the world, the mind can turn seriously to the consideration of the great truths of religion, logically arranged in the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius. The things of time sink to their proper level when compared with the things of eternity. Man realizes why he is put on this earth, and makes his resolutions what to do and what to avoid to attain the end for which he was created.

The practice of making the Exercises is very widespread in Europe among laymen. The custom does not yet prevail here, although the seed is sown in the yearly retreats given in all Catholic colleges. The public mission in a church although extremely useful does not produce the same fruit as a particular retreat made in private. We give in full a letter on the subject from His Eminence, Cardinal Satolli.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATION,
United States of America.
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 23, 1896.

REV. DEAR FATHER:—I have learned of the House of Retreat which your Society has placed under your direction on Keyser Island, and it gives me sincere pleasure to say a word in recommendation of it.

One of the great goods accomplished by the glorious Society of Jesus has been the restoring of spiritual life or its nourishing by means of the *Exercises* which seem almost inspired in the work of your illustrious and sainted founder.

Among the fruitful labors of the Society in this country not the least important has been the directing of these holy exercises for the spiritual regeneration of clergy and laity.

The advantages which are offered in the Retreat at Keyser Island are evident to any observer, and I most earnestly hope that they will be appreciated and embraced by very many of both the clergy and laity.

I cannot but wish you and the Fathers who are united with you in this work all the richest blessings, and I hope that abundant fruits will crown your labors and encourage you to continue them with the zeal and charity which has characterized them hitherto.

With sentiments of highest esteem and fraternal charity, I remain,

Most faithfully yours in Christ.
(Signed) F. CARD. SATOLLI,
Pro-Del. Apost.

REV. A. M. MCDONELL, S.J.

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EGYPT.—Rev. Marcellin-Marie, O.S.F., pastor of the French colony in Alexandria, writing to the French *Messenger*, gives most eloquent proofs of the transforming power of the League in parishes.

He says: "The League of the Sacred Heart in our city of Alexandria produces marvellous results in the conversion and fervor of souls. Since my last letter, the League has received several hundred new members, which makes the total several thousand. Our First Fridays are like solemn feasts. I believe the Sacred Heart is loved in few places, as He is loved in Alexandria.

"Our Lord makes me understand more than ever the *prodigious power* which the priest can find in the Promoters of the Apostleship of Prayer: first of all, for the spread of *all sorts of good works*, secondly for the perfect *knowledge of his parish*, and finally for the alleviation of *all sorts of miseries*.

"We have our regular monthly meetings: we never miss them. I give you an incident that took place in one of our meetings:

"After the customary prayers, and suggestions from me, the grace of zeal (which is the grace of state for Promoters), moved several of them to propose to me the establishment of a workshop, *the workshop of the Sacred Heart*. We decided that the Promoters, who could do so, should go thither at a fixed hour once a week. From that day the workshop of the Sacred Heart has seen its weekly gathering; I believe we have not missed a week. It would be impossible to tell you how great a quantity of clothing for the poor this shop has already turned out.

"I have already told you that the monthly meetings of the councils can be of great service in acquainting the pastor with the needs of his parish and in enabling him to help his flock. Here are a few instances: One Promoter says: 'Father I brought the rosary ticket to such a one; he is ill.' Another tells me that a certain member of the League is in straitened circumstances, and that an alms would be a blessing.

"A third: 'One of my band spoke to me about a certain person, who has been very negligent in his religious duties, but who is now very well disposed. A word from you would bring him back to God.'

"Thus by the timely warning of my Promoters I have been enabled to administer the last Sacraments to many persons, who would have died without the helps of religion. I have reconciled to God many souls, because zealous members of the League told me at the opportune moment.

"Finally the distribution of the monthly rosary ticket gives occasion to solace the hidden miseries of many a family. The Promoter discovers some poor soul who is ashamed to make known his misery, and by his gentle charity he helps the unfortunate out of his distress. Another receives the monthly rosary ticket, and with it clothing supplied by the workshop of the Sacred Heart. At another time a sorrowing mother confides her woes' to a pious Promoter, and is made happy. But I would never end, if I were to tell all.

"Let me repeat, Reverend Father, and tell you that it is my conclusion, based upon my own personal experience, that the *Apostleship of Prayer* is the most powerful means, in the hands of the priest for the spread of good works, for the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of his parish, and for the alleviation of all physical and moral miseries.

"Pray, Reverend Father, and get others to pray that the powerful organization of our holy League may ever augment the great good which it effects, and may bring back all my sheep to the sacred hearts of Jesus and Mary."

GALICIA.—The following report comes from Rev. Louis Fridrich, S.J., Head Director of the Apostleship of Prayer in Galicia: "During 1895 we aggregated sixty-nine new parishes and enrolled nearly 100,000 members, 20,-

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000 of whom practise the 2d Degree, and 1,000 the 3d.

"The subscriptions to our *Messenger* range from 137,000 to 138,000; a very high figure, it is true, but even this we hope to surpass next year. The spiritual fruits produced by the devotion to the divine Heart are wonderful. Suffice it to say that we receive annually from 300 to 330 letters reporting various favors, of which many are very extraordinary, obtained through devotion to the Sacred Heart."—(French *Messenger*).

DEMERARA.—"Very consoling and encouraging news comes from the Central Direction in Demerara. That colony has many difficulties to cope with, but its Catholics find their strength and courage in devotion to the Sacred Heart. On the First Friday in February the cathedral in Georgetown was crowded with the old and new Associates, 500 of whom were to solemnly receive the Badge, and with many, who came from other places to be edified by the sight, and who were moved by it to give in their names at once for the next reception. Of the 500 who knelt one after the other at the altar-rails, very many were men and boys. The red ribbon to which the Badge was attached, added a warmth to the picture, and aptly typified the fervor of the new members. This fervor has won many favors from the tenderness of the Sacred Heart, many troubles have been got over, many helps given, in answer to the petitions placed every month in the 'Intention Box.'"—(English *Messenger*).

THE TYROL.—Consecration of the Tyrol to the Sacred Heart—The Government of the Tyrol has just honored the Sacred Heart, by determining to have an official state celebration of the centenary of the consecration of the Tyrol to the Sacred Heart.

In 1796 the province of the Tyrol was menaced by the armies of the French Revolution; the people were utterly unprepared for war, and they saw clearly that an invasion by the successful young Bonaparte meant ruin for their country and distress for the Church. In this crisis a pious prelate proposed that they should make a vow to celebrate every year the feast of the Sacred Heart on the Friday following the octave of Corpus Christi. The twenty-six members of the committee for National Defence subscribed their names to this vow on the first of June, 1796. The piety and confidence of the Tyrolese was rewarded, for after taking Milan Napoleon went southward and gave opportunity to the Austrian army and the mountaineers to fortify the most exposed positions. In the spring of 1797, however, Napoleon returned, repulsed the Austrian army, and drove them back to the very frontier of the Tyrol. The Tyrolese did not lose courage, but renewed their consecration to the Sacred Heart, protesting that they had full confidence in the protection of the Sacred Heart and in the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. So well was their confidence rewarded that Napoleon was compelled to retire before the brave band of clients of the Sacred Heart, which went out to meet him on the second and third of April, 1797. Napoleon signed a treaty with Austria on the eighteenth of April and the Tyrol was saved.

The Catholics of the Tyrol have been faithful to their promise to honor the Sacred Heart annually, and now in this jubilee year by a public national act, the whole Assembly has renewed the memory of the national vow made 100 years ago, has decreed a new honor to the Sacred Heart, and has testified its trust in the only true source of national security. They have given a substantial proof of their devotion by voting 6,000 florins as an offering to two shrines of the Sacred Heart.

GERMAN-SPEAKING CENTRES.—Father Maximilian Schaefer, O.S.F., the Head Director for the German-speaking centres in the United States, gives encouraging reports of progress of the League among the German Catholics of the United States. He reports 200 new aggregations of parishes; 65,000 rosary leaflets are distributed monthly, and what is most gratifying of all, the First Friday communions are steadily increasing.

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DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

Summer Vacation. Does the League of the Sacred Heart recognize such a thing as summer vacation for its Promoters and Associates? Assuredly not. They are bound to follow the injunction of Christ at all times. He bids them pray and not grow weary. True, some go away from home and cannot assist at League meetings, but the League spirit should go with them wherever they are. This spirit is zeal for souls. The being thrown among strangers in the country offers an excellent chance for spreading the devotion to the Sacred Heart. Therefore seize the precious opportunity and enroll those who are not yet Associates, or if there is a Centre there get them to be inscribed in the Local Register. If there is no Centre in the place stir up the desire that the League with its beautiful practices should be established. What a glorious vacation work this would be! It is quite feasible and has been done successfully in many places. Let those who leave home try it; and those who stay at home, what are they to do? They are to make up as far as they can for the absence of others. It is a sad thing when, for instance, exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on the First Friday is omitted during the summer. Doubtless this would not be done if those who do not go away were anxious that the devotions should be kept up as usual, for what Catholic Church is there that has not a sufficient number of worshippers all the year round to warrant it? In fact the absence of many members on vacation will only show the necessity of those who stay behind to make reparation for the absentees, who in small country places may be deprived of the opportunity. Remember, then, that there is no vacation for the faithful in honoring the Sacred Heart. On the contrary, the devil is rampant in the summer and goes about seeking to destroy souls. Pray for them.

Month of the Precious Blood. The Church brings home to us this month the love of Christ for souls and its proof in the ransom which He paid for them. The month, then, dedicated to the mystery of the Precious Blood should be one characterized by a spirit of sacrifice. It is apt of itself to call for sacrifices. The heat is hard to bear. Put up with it cheerfully. You may have to remain at your post when others more favored can leave theirs. Here is a chance for abnegation. Your moderate means, or, it may be your poverty, prevent your even having a short trip. Blessed are the poor—yes, the poor in spirit. If you do go away, the church may be at a distance. Shall this be an excuse for staying away from Mass? Would the same distance on a week-day be too long a walk for pleasure? Walking is out of the question, and a conveyance is necessary, but the expense? You would spend the amount perhaps, on Monday, for an excursion. But the hour is inconvenient? Inconvenient! when there is question of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice. But the church is small, the music bad, the preacher uninteresting. City people are liable to make themselves ridiculous by their odious and invidious comparisons. All these afford excellent matter for mortification. Make the most of them. Then what opportunities for gossipers and scandal-mongers at summer resorts! Don't consort with them or encourage them. A great temptation, you say. Yes, and a great act of mortification. Be on the alert, then, at home and abroad to advance the honor of the Precious Blood in your own soul and in those of others.

Cause of the Ven de la Colombière. We call our readers' special attention to the words of Leo XIII. on the occasion of the beatification of Venerable Bernardine Realino, S.J. The Holy Father said to the General of the Society of Jesus: "It is now time to proceed to the beatification of Venerable Claude de la Colombière, S.J." Such a remark from such a source is equivalent to a command to push the proceedings in the cause. As Father Armellini, S.J., who was present and heard the encour-

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aging words of the Sovereign Pontiff, is the Postulator in the causes of the members of the Society of Jesus, it will doubtless spur him on, especially as he had just been successful in the beatification of B. Realino.

Moreover, the decree relative to the writings of the Venerable Claude has lately been published.

Ven. Claude de la Colombière.—The work which is to be used in the discussion of the heroic degree of his virtues has been printed. Besides the miracle of Lugo of which we gave an account in the February MESSENGER, another has been reported. A Capuchin Father, in charge of the parish L'Anse-aux-Pins in the Seychelles Islands, has declared that he saw with his own eyes a young girl, named Elise Cayol, when in her death agony from lung trouble, get up cured at the very moment when her mother touched her chest with a relic of Venerable Claude.

We, therefore, recommend our readers to make a special intention in their prayers and good works for the advancement of the cause of the great apostle of the Sacred Heart, uniting with it the canonization of Blessed Margaret Mary. Both of these causes are "extremely dear" to the heart of Leo XIII.

A Catholic Monument. In this connection we might mention a very beautiful memorial of these servants of God. A group, representing our Lord revealing His Sacred Heart to His two chosen apostles of this devotion—Blessed Margaret Mary and Venerable Claude de la Colombière, exquisitely wrought in silver, forms an ornament on a superb ostensorium lately presented to the Church of St. Francis Xavier in New York. The giver was the Hon. J. Bourke Cockran, who, in memory of his late wife, had all his silver and gold plate melted down. From the materials thus obtained a magnificent remonstrance was made. How much more appropriate a monument is this than a useless one of marble or granite. What a beautiful memorial—a shrine for the Blessed Sacrament.

The General Intention. A careful reading of the first two articles in the present number, will give the reader an idea of the importance of the General Intention for July. This importance is further emphasized in the explanation of the Intention. While the chief object of these words of explanation is to urge us to pray with fervor for the intention assigned for the month, still it carries with it a practical lesson. It directs our attention to the fact that we should pray often for those who have worldly influence, not that those souls are of more value than those of the humblest of the human family, not that the Church is in any way honored by their individual conversions, on the contrary they receive all the honor and benefit by being received into the bosom of God's Church, but their worldly influence opens up in God's providence a wider field in which the Church may work, and they as leaders can by their example bring others into the true fold.

Blessed Realino. The elevation of one of God's servants to the honors of the altar is always an occasion for rejoicing. There will be celebrations in all the churches of the Society of Jesus some time during the year in memory of this event, and to return thanks to God that He has made known to us, through His Church, that we have another powerful advocate in heaven, and another model after which we may fashion our lives. Elsewhere in the MESSENGER we give a short history of the life of B. Realino, that our readers may be familiar with it and learn therefrom the practice of those virtues for which he was most distinguished. This short sketch of the life of the Blessed is reprinted in pamphlet form.

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BOOK·NOTICES·

A CHRISTIAN APOLOGY. By Paul Shanz, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Tübingen. Translated by Rev. Michael F. Clancy and Rev. Victor J. Schobel, D.D. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. Three Vols. 12mo. Pages 439, 611, 618. Second revised edition. Price $9.75.

It is an encouraging sign of the times that a second edition of this magnificent work should be called for so soon or at all. It well deserves the favor it finds with serious students. It is by all odds the most learned, complete and up-to-date apology within the reach of English readers.

The first volume treats of "God and Nature." Here all those great philosophical and scientific questions that bear on religion are handled: the existence and the attributes of God, the origin of the world and particularly of the human race, the intellectual and moral nature of man, the unity and age of the human species, the deluge, and similar questions. There is not a question of any moment bearing on these great subjects which does not find luminous treatment in these pages.

The subject of the second volume is "God and Revelation." It deals largely with questions of modern Biblical criticism and the comparative history of religions. In these momentous questions the author follows the safe middle course —equally removed from rationalism and from excessive conservatism. Herein he is led, however, not merely by Catholic instinct, but by scientific evidence. His knowledge of history, archæology, philology, and ancient as well as modern literature, is prodigious; and his skill in utilizing his knowledge is consummate. He is less happy in the definition of dogmatic terms, *e.g.*, of revelation and inspiration; and we regret to say that the editors' introductory remarks likewise fail to throw the necessary light on these theological terms.

Volume III. treats of "the Church." It opens with a magnificent dissertation on the development of Christian revelation. It then goes on to develop the idea of the Church as contained in the Holy Scriptures, whereupon it proceeds to consider the marks and attributes of the Church—its unity, apostolicity, holiness, Catholicity, infallibility, necessity for salvation, the primacy and infallibility of the Pope, and finishes with a luminous treatise on the Church and civilization.

In a brief notice like the present we can give no adequate idea of the comprehensiveness of this learned work. We can assure those who have not yet examined these volumes for themselves that they will find in them reliable information on nearly all those fundamental questions that have become the subject of lively discussion in our time. They contain nothing that is second hand. The learned author, who has made a life study of his subject, has gone to the original sources and has drawn copiously, and selected judiciously from them. The reverend translators have done their work skilfully. Every priest and every cultured layman interested in religious discussion should have a copy of this excellent work in his library and make himself familiar with its contents. It cannot be too warmly recommended.

THE DIALOGUE OF THE SERAPHIC VIRGIN CATHARINE OF SIENNA. Translated from the original Italian, with an introduction on the study of mysticism. By Algar Thorold. London: Kegan, Paul & Co. New York: Benziger Bros. 8vo. Pages 360. Price, $3. 1896.

The famous dialogue of St. Catharine of Sienna, dictated by her while in ecstasy is here offered to the English reader for the first time in his own language. It cannot but prove of very universal interest in this age of psychic research; but Catholics particularly should be eager to become acquainted with the supernatural communications which God has vouchsafed to this holy virgin. These revelations are, on the whole, remarkably simple and intelligible to all instructed Catholics. They treat of divine Provi-

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dence, direction, prayer and obedience. The English rendering is good and the make-up of the book is perfect. While it is sure to edify many a devout soul we trust that it will draw some from the follies of occultism to the knowledge of true supernaturalism.

LYRA CORDIS. Hymns to the Sacred Heart and Sacred Songs. By Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. Dublin: Pohlmann & Co. Pages 40.

This little book will be welcomed especially by convent choirs and others that can appreciate a good style of hymn music. It contains seven of Father Russell's beautiful Sacred Heart Hymns, set to devotional music by such musicians as Wilhelm Schulthes, T. H. MacDermott, and J. M. Glynn. A hymn to our Lady, by Hamilton Croft, and two sacred songs are added at the end. The book can be procured direct from the publishers at 40 Dawson Street, Dublin.

A MEMOIR OF MRS. AUGUSTUS CRAVEN. With extracts from her diaries and correspondence. By Maria Catharine Bishop. A new edition. New York: Benziger Brothers. 12mo. Pages 518. Price $2.00.

These memoirs judiciously and tastefully arranged and edited by a sympathetic hand reveal the inner workings of the mind and heart as well as the beautiful life of a noble-hearted, highly cultured and profoundly religious woman. The interior life of the author of the famous *Récit d'une Sœur* could not be otherwise than interesting and inspiring. It is a very timely publication at this epoch when the New Woman is making such vast inroads on the social order. We warmly recommend it to all those who are interested on either side of the New Woman movement.

NEW FACES AND OLD. Short stories by Francis J. Finn, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 16mo. Pages 137. Price 60 cents.

The youthful readers of *Percy Wynne* and *Tom Playfair* will gladly welcome this new accession to the Finn series. Needless to say, these latest productions are altogether worthy to rank with the former successful efforts of the gifted author.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CHRISTIAN UNITY. By Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy. New York: Catholic Book Exchange.

THE CHRISTIAN AT MASS. By Rev. Joseph L. Andreis. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

THE BANQUET OF THE ANGELS. The Wedding Garment. Preparation and Thanksgiving for Holy Communion. Edited and translated by the Most Rev. George Porter, S.J., Archbishop of Bombay. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers.

FATHER FURNISS AND HIS WORK FOR CHILDREN. By Rev. F. Livius, C.SS.R. London: Art and Book Company. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1896.

LA SALETTE. By I. Bertrand. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Blaud et Barral.

LYRA HIERATICA. Poems on the Priesthood. Collected from many sources. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers.

PEOPLE'S EDITION OF THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. By the Rev. Alban Butler. January, Vol. I. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers.

EUCHARISTIC CONFERENCES. The papers presented at the first American Eucharistic Congress. New York: Catholic Book Exchange. 1896.

MONTH OF MAY AT THE ALTAR. From the French by Thomas F. Ward. New York: Benziger Brothers.

POEMS ON ENGLAND'S REUNION WITH CHRISTENDOM. Edited by T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R., and other publications. London: Catholic Truth Society.

ECHOES DE PARAY-LE-MONIAL. Par le Rev. P. Joseph Zelle, S.J. Edition illustrée. (Decembre, 1893—Juin, 1895). Delhomme et Briquet. Lyon. 1896.

LE BIENHEUREUX BERNARDIN REALINO. Prêtre de la Compagnie de Jésus. Par R. Bowman, S.J. Société de Saint Augustin: Desclée, de Brouwer & Co. 1896.

RICORDO MATERNO. Racconto del P. Angelo de' Santi, S.J. Prato: Giachetti, Figlio & Co. 1896.

CALENDARIO DEL SANCTUARIO DI POMPEI. Valle di Pompei: Bartolo Longo. 1896.

LA SOCIÉTÉ DE MARIE-RÉPARATRICE. Par P. V. Delaporte, S.J. Paris: Dumoulin & Co.

MGR. SEGHERS, l'Apôtre de l'Alaska. Par l'Abbé Maurice de Baets, D.D. Gand: A. Siffer. Paris: H. Oudin. 1896.

LA TERRE SAINTE, LE NOËL, and other publications. Paris: Maison de la Bonne Presse.

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IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 349,566.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes. v, 18.)

Special Thanksgivings:—A novice sister was pronounced incurable by the community doctor, who declared that the disease was consumption. He advised that she should be sent to a hospital in a neighboring city. The doctors there said that she was too far gone for them to cure and promised no permanent benefit, though they gave her medicine, which she took. When she returned home she was so weak that it was with the greatest difficulty that she had made the journey. She continued to grow weaker. The sisters then had recourse to the Sacred Heart and promised publication. She is now well and strong, quite able to do her work.

An Associate had an operation performed by which glands in her throat were removed. The trouble returned again, as the operation had not been well performed. Another was declared necessary and the patient was ordered to go to a hospital. She told her trouble to a Promoter who advised her to begin a novena at once, and not go to the hospital until it was ended. She made the nine days' prayer and received Holy Communion and then called on the doctor. He examined the throat and said that no operation was necessary, as there were no glands to remove, thanks to the Sacred Heart.

Spiritual Favors:—Conversion and happy death of a husband; conversion of a father; conversion of five persons; conversion of a husband, moved by seeing the efficacy of prayer in the recovery of his wife from a serious operation; baptism of a Protestant child, three years old, dying of scarlet fever, who, through the zeal of a Promoter, was baptized; happy death of one who died quite suddenly, but received the last rites; kindly disposition to the Church of a Protestant father, who wears a Badge and has strong faith in prayer, especially since the recovery of his little daughter; saintly death of a young man who died of typhoid fever, but recovered consciousness just long enough to receive the sacraments with fervor and make his act of resignation; conversion of a man who consented to become a Catholic on the last day of the Novena of Grace.

Return to religious duties:—Of a man after a neglect of two years; of another after four years; of a brother after eight years; of another after nine years; of another after eleven years; of another after twelve years; of another after twenty-five years, a Badge was put in his pocket; of another after twenty-six years. A lady, who had been away from her religious duties for several years and had married a Protestant out of the Church, got her husband's consent to have the marriage rectified and is now a practical Catholic; return of a whole family to their religion and the desire of the father to be baptized; and many other similar graces.

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Various:—The averting of a very great crime; a person's honor vindicated; the giving up of a proscribed society by a young man; grace to make a good general confession after many bad ones; reform of a man addicted to drink for twenty years; and many other reforms.

Cures:—Of a troublesome complaint of the kidneys at the end of a novena; of a young girl who had been given up by eight doctors; of a case of appendicitis of which there was little hope; of swollen feet; of a child from a severe attack of pneumonia; of an invalid of long standing; a successful surgical operation; of an eruptive disease; of a person seriously afflicted for years; of a man very ill for some months and who was able to go to work a week after a novena was made for him; of a person whose eyes were seriously affected; recovery of a young man hopelessly ill; of one who had been ill for three years and not benefited by doctors, but helped by a novena; of a Protestant man from rheumatism by wearing the Badge; relief of one much afflicted with nervous trouble; speedy recovery from severe bronchitis.

Employment and means:—A position obtained on the last day of a novena; appointment as teacher when many other applicants were in the field; a position through a very unexpected source; raising of a large sum of money without the slightest trouble after prayers and promise of publication; unexpected money in time of need; a business favor; means to send two boys to a Catholic college; an excellent position obtained on the eighth day of a novena, though there were eighty-three applicants; retention in a position though many others were dismissed; means to make a successful deal in property; increase of pay.

Preservation:—From a severe sickness which seemed inevitable; of the children of an Indian school from diphtheria; recovery of a child from scarlatina and preservation of the other children from catching it; from a danger to life; from damage in a terrible storm.

Various:—Success of a lawsuit when everything, humanly speaking, seemed unfavorable; advantageous disposal of property; release from the payment of a sum of money which would have been a serious annoyance; gaining of a very valuable piece of property for some time in litigation; settlement of a difficult business matter; return of a friend supposed to be lost; reconciliation of friends long estranged; speedy disposal of a lawsuit; success in business against great odds; recovery of a sum of money; a reconciliation; danger of a great loss averted through the intercession of Father Jogues; and many other favors.

Favors through the Badge:—A young man was fatally injured by railroad cars. The doctors gave no hope. A Badge was put on him and a novena made. He is now perfectly well and able to work. The doctors are astonished at it. A little girl, ill with pneumonia, was given up by the physician. A Badge was pinned over the inflamed lung and her recovery began from that moment. The instantaneous cure of severe pain in the eyes of a religious, who had not been able to sleep for several nights, but who fell asleep at once on the application of the Badge. Speedy relief from toothache, also from a sprained toe; recovery of a pupil violently ill with typhoid fever; relief from diphtheritic sore throat; immediate cessation of severe pain in the side; instant ceasing of cramps; favorable turn in scarlet fever; cure of a case of grippe; speedy going down of swelling of the face from poisoning; safety of a mother and child; a cure of fever; relief in shortness of breath; permanent cure of neuralgia of the stomach; cure of an aunt very dangerously ill; cure of a felon; cure of very sore eyes; instant relief from a terrible earache; recovery of a mother from a serious case of blood poisoning of the hand. The doctor said that if it should extend above the elbow that it would prove fatal. A Badge was pinned on the arm at the elbow, the poisoning went that far, then stopped and the patient is well; and other favors.

Favors through the Promoter's Cross:—A very sore finger which threatened to be dangerous, was cured in a short time; immediate relief from severe pain; great improvement in a child afflicted with St. Vitus' dance; the mother of a family was at the point of death from heart disease, the Promoter's Cross and the Badge were put on her and a novena was started, she is now well; cure of an earache; recovery of a child, who was expected to die; two cures, one of which had been pronounced incurable by physicians; after several hemorrhages, a religious placed the Promoter's Cross over the weak side, and promised publication if the bleeding ceased. There has been no return of the hemorrhages.

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PROMOTERS·RECEPTIONS·

Diplomas and Indulgenced Crosses for the solemn reception of Promoters who have faithfully served the required probation have been sent to the following Local Centres of the League of the Sacred Heart (April 20 to May 20, 1896).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centres.		Diplomas and Crosses.
Albany	Ballston Spa, N. Y.	St. Mary's	Church	18
"	Granville, N. Y.	St. Mary's	"	12
Alton	Effingham, Ill.	Sacred Heart	"	2
"	Springfield, Ill.	Immaculate Conception	"	5
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.	St. Benedict's (O.S.B.)	"	7
"	" "	St. Ignatius' (S.J.)	"	1
"	" "	Notre Dame	Institute	9
Boston	Boston, Mass.	Boston	College	12
"	" "	St. Joseph's	Church	8
"	Charlestown, Mass.	St. Francis de Sales'	"	1
"	Brookline, Mass.	Assumption	"	8
"	Peabody, Mass.	St. John's	"	4
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	St. Francis de Sales'	"	35
"	" "	Visitation	"	22
"	Jamaica, N. Y.	St. Monica's	"	1
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	Canisius (S.J.)	College	1
"	" "	Mercy	Convent	1
"	" "	St. Stephen's	"	27
"	Elmira, N. Y.	Our Lady of Angels'	Academy	2
"	Lockport, N. Y.	St. Joseph's	"	2
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	Holy Family (S.J.)	Church	2
"	" "	Sacred Heart	Academy	1
"	" "	Sacred Heart	Convent	1
"	Evanston, Ill.	St. Mary's	Church	40
Cincinnati	Bellefontaine, O.	St. Patrick's	"	6
"	Cincinnati, O.	Immaculate Conception	"	2
"	" "	St. Lawrence's	"	2
"	" "	St. Peter's	Cathedral	2
"	Clifton, O.	Sacred Heart	Convent	2
"	Urbana, O.	St. Mary's	"	3
Cleveland	Cleveland, O.	Immaculate Conception	Church	8
"	Dungannon, O.	St. Philip Neri's	"	6
"	East Liverpool, O.	St. Aloysius'	"	2
"	Lima, O.	St. Rose's	"	17
"	Massillon, O.	St. Joseph's	"	7
Columbus	Zanesville, O.	St. Nicholas'	"	13
Dallas	Fort Worth, Tex.	St. Patrick's	"	2
"	Sherman, Tex.	St. Joseph's	Academy	1
Detroit	Monroe, Mich.	St. Mary's	"	6
Dubuque	Dubuque, Ia.	St. Joseph's	College	3
"	" "	Visitation	Academy	6
Duluth	Duluth, Minn.	Sacred Heart	Institute	1
Grand Rapids	Grand Rapids, Mich.	St. Andrew's	Cathedral	10
"	Manistee, Mich.	Guardian Angel's	Church	6
Green Bay	Chilton, Wis.	St. Augustine's	"	8
Hartford	Middletown, Conn.	St. John's	"	12
"	New Haven, Conn.	St. Patrick's	Convent	4
Kansas City, Kans.	Easton, Kans.	St. Lawrence's	Church	1
Kansas City, Mo.	Independence, Mo.	St. Mary's	"	11
"	Kansas City, Mo.	St. Aloysius'	"	1
Lincoln	Hastings, Neb.	Visitation	Convent	3
Louisville	Louisville, Ky.	St. Brigid's	Church	1
Manchester	Manchester, N. H.	St. Anselm's (O.S.B.)	College	5
Mobile	Spring Hill, Ala.	Spring Hill (S.J.)	"	6
New York	Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y.	St. Thomas of Canterbury's	Church	14
"	Mount Loretto, N. Y.	Immaculate Virgin	Mission	7
"	New York, N. Y.	All Saints'	Church	5
"	" "	St. Alphonsus' (C.SS.R.)	"	11
"	" "	Ascension	"	28
"	" "	St. Columba's	"	4
"	" "	St. Francis Xavier's (S.J.)	"	76
"	" "	St. Lawrence's (S.J.)	"	3
"	" "	Our Lady of Good Counsel	"	4
"	" "	St. Patrick's	Cathedral	44
"	" "	Sacred Heart	Church	1
"	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	St. Peter's	"	25
New Orleans	New Orleans, La.	SS. Peter and Paul's	"	10
Omaha	Omaha, Neb.	Holy Family (S.J.)	"	2
Peoria	Ladd, Ill.	St. Benedict's	"	5
Pittsburg	Huntingdon, Pa.	Most Holy Family	"	2

Number of Receptions, 70. Number of Promoters, 620.

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LETTERS WITH INTENTIONS

Letters received from April 20 to May 20, 1896, and not otherwise acknowledged. The number after the name of the place indicates the date of the letter.

ALABAMA.

Birmingham, 28.
Mobile, 28 16, 18.

ARIZONA.

Phoenix, 10.
Prescott. 8.

ARKANSAS.

Helena, 12.
Pine Bluff, 2, 18.

CALIFORNIA.

Banning, 16.
Eureka, 20.
Los Angeles, 2, 3, 27, 5, GO. 11, GO.
Los Gatos, 14.
Menlo Park, 24.
Oakland, 25.
Petaluma, 20, 14.
Redwood City, 1.
Sacramento, 20, 15.
San Andreas, 5.
San Bernardino, 19.
San Francisco, 24, 28, 9, 11, GO. 13, 14, 15, 16.
San José, 20, 25, 15.
San Mateo, 16.
Santa Barbara, 7.
Santa Clara, 24.
Sharb, 29
Soldiers' Home, 18.
Vallejo, 11.
Watsonville, 9

COLORADO.

Animas, 20, 15.
Denver, 21, 24, 29, 1, 6, 16, 18.
Durango, 24.
Fort Logan, 29.
Las Animas, 30.
Pueblo, 14.
Trinidad, 18.

CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, 18.
Bridgeport, 19.
Danbury, 28.
East Hampton, 28, 19.
Greenwich, 17.
Hartford, 26, 27, 28, 29, 16.
Little River, 24.
Meriden, 30.
Middletown. 24.
New Haven, 29.
New London, 21, 18, 19.
South Norwalk, 18.
Stamford. 18.
Waterbury, 21, GO. 30, 14, 18.
Winsted, 13.

DELAWARE.

Wilmington, 28.

DIS OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, 20, 21, 22, 23, 27, 9, 30, 7, 14, 15, 18.

FLORIDA.

Fernandino, 15.
Key West, 22, 25.
Palatka, 14.
Pensacola, 18.
Saint Augustine, 6.
San Antonio, 11.
Titusville

GEORGIA.

Atlanta, 19.
Augusta, 15.
Bainbridge. 26.
Macon, 27, 6, 18.
Savannah, 22, 6.

ILLINOIS.

Alsey, 30.
Alton, 25, 5.
Anna, 4.
Aurora, 4.
Bradford, 5.
Cairo, 23, 25.
Charleston, 28.
Chatsworth, 21.
Chicago, 20, 23, 25, 27, 28, GO. 29, 2, 4, 10, 11, 12, 13, 18, 19
Collinsville, 11.
Decatur, 6, 18.
Dwight, 24.
Effingham, 2.
Farmersville, 20.
Freeport, 18.
Joliet, 8, 11, 16.
Ladd, 15.
Loda, 25.
Lostant, 30, 11.
Moline, 23.
Ottawa, 18.
Pana, 29.
Peoria, 25, 14, 18, GO.
Quincy, 21, 17.
Rockford, 28, 12.
Sainte Marie, 24.
Shelbyville, 28
Springfield, 28.
Stockton, 20
Streator, 29 5.
Wenona, 20.

INDIANA.

Columbus, 27
Connersville, 16
Fort Wayne, 4.
Green Castle, 28.
Hammond, 21, GO.
Huntington, 7, GO.
Indianapolis, 28, 29, 7, GO. 9, 10.
Lafayette. 6.
Laporte, 20 14.
Madison, 22, GO. 28.
Notre Dame, 23.
Peru, 19.
Saint Mary's 19.
Shelbyville, 24.
Terre Haute. 15.
Valparaiso. 18.
Vincennes, 14.

IOWA.

Burlington, 21.
Cedar Falls, 22.
Connor, 10.
Council Bluffs, 27.
Davenport, 20, 24.
Des Moines, 28.
Dubuque, 23, 27, 16, 17.
Georgetown, 20.
Hinton, 27
Independence, 27, 16.
Iowa City, 22.
Keokuk, 20, 25, 12, 19.
Le Mars, 15.
Madison, 20
Mount Pleasant, 29.
Sioux City, 8, GO.
Sumner, 28.

KANSAS.

Abilene, 20, 11.
Atchison, 2, GO.
Easton, 18.
Kimeo, 25, GO.
Leavenworth, 21.
Olathe, 27.
Osawatomie, 7.
Parsons, 11.
St. Mary's, GO.
Saint Paul, 18.
Topeka, 1.
Weir, 27.

KENTUCKY.

Bowling Green, 5.
Calvary. 10.
Covington, 18.
Dot. 16.
Earlington, 5.
Fancy Farm, 15.
Frankfort, 5.
Hyattsville, 21.
Knottsville, 14.
Lebanon, 1, 16.
Lexington, 17, 21, 27, 29, 30
Louisville, 8, 18, 19, GO.
Marysville, 23.
Nazareth, 8.
New Haven, 18.
Newport, 29.
Paducah 11.
Pine Bluff, 18.
Saint John. 16.
Springfield, 20, 15.
Stanley, 11.
Victoria, 7.

LOUISIANA.

Alexandria, 6.
Baton Rouge, 20, 17.
Cottonport, 9.
Grand Coteau, 29.
Marksville, 16.
Monroe, 20.
New Orleans, 27, 30, 4, 9, 12 13, 14, 16.
Shreveport, 16.

MAINE.

Bangor, 20, 19.
Oldtown, 20.
Portland, 28, 18.

MARYLAND.

Ammendale, 29, 2.
Annapolis, 29.
Baltimore, 20, 21, 22, 27, 28, 30, 1, 3, 6, 11, 16, 18, 19
Barclay, 18.
Bohemia, 19.
Bryantown 18.
Buckleystown, 27.
Chapel Point 27.
Cumberland, 30, GO. 14, 18.
Ellicott City, 23, 16.
Emmitsburg, 18.
Frederick, 29, 15, 18.
Glyndon, 14.
Ilchester, 20, 19.
Leonardtown, 4, 13.
Libertytown. 18.
Morganza, 20.
Mount St. Mary's, 28, 10.
Mount Savage, 9.
Newport, 18.
Pikesville, 23
Pomfret, 23, 19.
Ridge, 13.
Waldorf, 28.
Woodstock, 2.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Adams, 18.
Amherst, 27, GO. 6, GO. 18, 19.
Beverly, 21, 19.
Boston, 20, 21, 26, 27, 28 29, 30, 1, 2 4. 6. 9. 12, 14, 16, 17. 18, 19,
Brighton, 21.
Canton, 2.
Chelsea, 2.
Cheshire, 30, 19.
Fall River, 18.
Holyoke, 27, 29, 14.
Hopkinton, 20, 19.
Hyde Park, 2.
Lawrence, 30.
Lenox, 29.
Lowell, 13.
Maynard, 4.
Newburyport, 12.
New Bedford, 18.
North Adams, 3.
North Brookfield, 20 19.
North Chelmsford, 20.
Northampton, 4.
Pittsfield, 28, 29, 8.
Quincy, 20.
Salem, 16.
Southbridge, 30.
Springfield, 4.
Taunton, 4
Waltham, 15.
Westfield, 19, GO.
Worcester, 20, 14, GO. 18, 19.

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MICHIGAN.
Adrian, 4.
Battle Creek, 13, GO.
Bay City, 29.
Beacon, 27.
Chester, 13
Detroit, 27, 6.
Dollar Bay, 21.
Grand Rapids, 5.
Grosse Pointe, 14.
Iron River, 10.
Ishpeming 26, 9.
L'Anse, 28
Lexington, 8.
Manistique, 25.
Monroe, 28, 10.
Mount Clemens, 9.
Mount Pleasant 10.
Newport, 2.
Petoskey, 18.
Port Huron. 29, 30.
Pontiac 20.
Saginaw, 9.
Wyandotte, 21.

MINNESOTA.
Avoca. 20.
Carrollsville, 20, 2.
Collegeville, 28.
Duluth, 21, 25, GO. 10.
Faribault, 25.
Hastings, 19.
Minneapolis, 20, 16, 17.
Red Wing, 14.
Rochester, 22, 25.
St. Paul, 21, 26, 27, 28, GO. 29, 30, 13.
South Saint Paul, 14.
Stillwater, 15.
Winona, 19.

MISSISSIPPI.
Bay Saint Louis, 5.
Chatawa, 21.
Jackson, 18.
Muldon, 18.
Pass Christian, 29.
Tucker, 16.
Vicksburg, 13.
Yazoo City, 20, 1.

MISSOURI.
Arcadia, 18.
Cape Girardeau, 13.
Charleston, 24.
Conception, 15.
De Soto, 6.
Florisant, 24, 19.
Glencoe, 29.
Independence, 20, GO. 17, 18.
Joplin, 20.
Kansas City, 27, 15.
Millwood, 20.
Moberly, 23. 25, 8.
Monett, 5
Norborne. 20.
Normandy, 25, 29, 18.
Poplar Bluff, 4.
Rich Hill, 22.
Saint Charles, 18
Saint Joseph 8, 27.
St. Louis, 20, 26, 27, GO. 28, 30, 2, GO. 3, 4, 5, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, GO.
Springfield, 18.
Ste. Genevieve, 25, 27, 18.

MONTANA.
Fort Benton, 28.
Hamilton, 19.
Helena, 20.
Jocko, 21.
Saint Ignatius, 23.
Saint Xavier, 12.

NEBRASKA.
Alliance, 17.
Hastings, 6.
O'Neill, 15.
Omaha, 25, 30, 11, GO. 16, 18.
Prague, 7, 19.
Valentine, 15 GO.

NEVADA.
Carson City, 27.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Franklin Falls, 4.
Keene, 12.
Manchester 27, 11.
Salmon Falls, 27

NEW JERSEY.
Asbury Park, 18.
Atlantic City, 24, 25, 14.
Bloomfield, 30.
Bordentown, 14.
Camden, 30, 13, 19.
Convent Station, 21, 19.
East Orange, 25, 28, GO.
Elizabeth, 21, 10, 17,
Englewood, 20, 13.
Glenridge, 9.
Hoboken, 25. 15, 18.
Jacobstown, 4.
Jersey City, 20, GO. 23, 28, GO.
Millville, 20.
Moorestown, 27.
Mount Holly, 26, 28
Newark, 20, 27, 29, GO. 30, 3, 8, 19.
Paterson, 29.
Raritan, 27.
Rutherford, 28.
Summit, 12, 19.
Trenton, 3, 11, 14, 15.
West Hoboken.

NEW MEXICO.
East Las Vegas, 21, 18.
Las Cruces, 5.
San Miguel, 9.
Sapello. 13.
Santa Fé, 26
Silver City, 8.
Socorro, 20.

NEW YORK.
Albany, 25, 16.
Amawalk, 23.
Amsterdam, 6
Andover, 29, 18.
Attica, 28.
Averill Park, 28.
Babylon, 4.
Belmont, 19.
Binghamton, 28, 5.
Broadalbin, 28.
Brooklyn, 21, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, GO. 30, 1, 3, 5, 12, GO. 14, 15, GO. 18, 19.
Buffalo 24, 21, 10, 14, 18, 19
Cape Vincent, 30.
Chatham, 21,
Chelsea, 8.
Clayton, 21, 16.
Clayville, 24, 19.
Cohoes, 30, 6.
Corning, 20, 27.
Dunkirk, 23 30.
East Arcade, 27.
Ellenville, 2.
Elmira, 27, 30.
Far Rockaway, 23, 19.
Flushing, 30.
Frankfort, 9.
Galway, 8.
Great Neck, 20.
Greenport, 8.
Hastings 30.
Haverstraw, 1.
Hicksville, 14, GO.
Hornellsville, 29.
Hudson, 17.
Huntington, 15.
Ilion 25.
Ithaca, 19.
Jamestown, 11.
Johnstown, 19.
Keeseville, 19.
Kingston, 20, 22, 29, 30.
Leroy, 27.
Little Falls, 30.
Livonia Station, 21.

NEW YORK (con'd.)
Lockport 28.
Long Eddy, 9.
Long Island City, 29, 18, 19.
Millbrook, 20.
Mongaup Valley, 18, GO.
Morristown, 29.
Mount Kisco, 19.
Mount Vernon, 2.
New Brighton 30, 18, 19.
Newburgh 24, 30.
Newport 20.
New Rochelle, 1,
New York 20, 21, 22, 24, 25. GO. 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 1. 4, 5. 6, 7, 10, 11, GO. 12, GO. 13, 14, 15, GO. 16 18, GO. 19.
Niagara Falls, 15.
Niagara University, 27.
North Bay, 20.
North Java, 8
North Tarrytown, 29.
Ogdensburg 27.
Olean, 23, GO.
Oneonta, 30.
Oswego 30, 18, 19.
Peekskill, 23, 28, 29.
Philmont, 28.
Piermont 29.
Plattsburg, 29.
Port Chester, 19.
Port Richmond, 30.
Poughkeepsie, 1
Prince's Bay, 28, 6.
Rheims, 27.
Rhinecliff, 20.
Rochester, 27, 28 19.
Rosebank, 13.
Saratoga Springs, 21.
Schenectady, 30.
Sing Sing, 18.
Stapleton, 2.
Syracuse, 22, 29, 9, 19.
Ticonderoga, 24.
Towners, 21.
Troy, 20, 30, 6, 19.
Utica, 18.
Verplanck, 27, 19.
Waddington, 20.
Wappinger's Falls, 29.
Watertown, 23.
Waverly, 25, 18.
West New Brighton, 23. GO. 19.
West Troy, 23.
Whitehall, 28.
White Plains, 4.
Yonkers, 15.

NORTH CAROLINA.
Belmont 11.
Charlotte, 22, 30.
Dover, 30, GO.
Kittrell, 15.
Raleigh, 21, 18.

NORTH DAKOTA.
Bismarck, 29.
Fargo. 28.
Jamestown, 17.
Wheatland, 28.

OHIO.
Akron 20, 18.
Canal Dover, 24, GO.
Canton, 23. 4.
Carthage, 15.
Cincinnati, 22, 25, 27, 2, 16.
Cleveland, 20, 23, 27, 28, 29, 30, 5, 9, GO. 13 14, 18.
Columbus, 21.
Crawford, 9.
Dayton, 25, 28 29, 14, 19.
East Liverpool, 23.
Elyria, 20.
Greenville 15.
Lakewood, 17.
Lancaster, 25.
Lebanon 27, 29.
Lima, 8.

OHIO (con'd.)
Louisville, 17.
Lowellville, 18.
McCleary, 1.
Marietta, 18.
Massillon, 20, 28, 5.
Millersville, 27.
Mount Vernon, 22.
Nelsonville, 9.
Newark, 21. 19.
Newport, 21.
New Straitsville, 28.
Nottingham, 6.
Piqua, 10.
Portsmouth, 15.
Reading, 21, 12 GO.
Summitville, 22.
Salineville, 24, 18.
Shawnee, 22, 8.
Shepard, 30.
Springfield, 22.
Tiffin, 18.
Toledo, 19.
Youngstown, 20, 29, 15, 18, 19
Zanesville, 18.

OKLAHOMA TER.
Sacred Heart, 20.

OREGON.
Mount Angel, 23.
Portland, 22, 13.
Saint Paul, 20, 23, 13.
The Dalles, 20.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Allegheny, 14.
Altoona, 26, 28, 29.
Ashland, 19.
Athens, 18.
Beatty, 18.
Bedford, 20.
Bellefonte, 20.
Braddock, 27.
Bridgeport, 19.
Bristol, 1, 2.
Brookville, 27.
Butler, 16.
Carbondale, 11, 19.
Carlisle, 18.
Carnegie, 30.
Carrolltown, 20.
Chest Springs, 18.
Clarion, 10.
Coultersville, 5.
Coylesville, 27.
Cumbola, 27.
Derry Station, 20, 18.
Doylestown, 18.
Dudley, 12.
Dunmore, 8.
Easton 19
Ebensburg, 27.
Elam, 9.
Elstie, 30.
Erie, 30.
Franklin, 19.
Freeland, 27.
Gallitzin, 29, 30.
Glenfield, 28.
Glenside, 18.
Graceville, 27.
Grafton, 20.
Hanover, 30.
Harrisburg, 22, GO.
Haycockrun, 27, GO.
Hazleton, 25.
Herman, 30.
Jermyn, 21.
Johnstown, 25, 27.
Kane, 22, 18.
Lancaster, 1, 14.
Landsdowne, 12.
Lebanon, 29.
Littlestown 11.
McKeesport, 27, 13.
McSherrytown, 29.
Meadville 23.
Minooka, 8.
Norristown, 23, 30.
North Oakland, 23.

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PENNSYLVANIA (con'd.)
Olyphant, 20, 16.
Parker's Landing, 20, 19.
Philadelphia, 20, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28 29, 30, 1, c, 11, 12, GO. 15, 17, 19.
Pittsburg, 22, 25, 27, 29, 30 1, GO. 2, 4, 4.
Pittston, 29.
Plains, 20.
Pottsville, 27.
Reading, 20.
Renovo, 30.
Saint Clair 29.
Saint Davids, 15.
Scranton, 20, 25, 1, 21, 6, GO. 15.
Shamokin, 30.
Towanda, 14.
Turtle Creek, 28.
West Chester, 1, GO.
Wilkesbarre, 15, 19.

RHODE ISLAND.
Central Falls, 12.
East Providence, 6 GO.
Newport, 29.
Pawtucket, 1.
Providence, 27, 28, 15, GO. 16, 19.
Rumford, 20.
Westerly 14.

SOUTH CAROLINA.
Charleston, 5.
Columbia 20, GO.
Silver Spring, 28.

SOUTH DAKOTA.
Aberdeen, 17.
Beresford, 24.
Deadwood, 4.
Lead, 5.
Mitchell, 15.
Redfield, 28.
Yankton, 11.

TENNESSEE.
McEwen, 14.
Memphis, 21, 27.
Nashville, 14.
Tracy City, 18.

TEXAS.
Austin, 15, 17.
Cuero, 4.
Denison, 21.
El Paso, 22, 30.
Galveston, 1, 14.
Houston, 23, 17, 18.
Luling 20.
San Antonio, 28, 4, 11.
Texarkana, 24.
Victoria, 12.

UTAH.
Eureka, 12.
Salt Lake City, 24 25, 4, GO. 5, 17.

VERMONT.
Burlington, 21, 29.
Rutland, 30.

VIRGINIA.
Abingdon, 11.
Alexandria, 14, 18.
Norfolk, 21, 16.
Petersburg, 21, 18.
Portsmouth, 25
Richmond, 27, 15.
Staunton, 17.
Winchester, 5.

WASHINGTON.
Everett, 21.
North Yakima, 24.
Seattle, 3, GO. 7, 11, 13, 16.
Spokane, 21, 8 15.
Tacoma, 8, GO.

WEST VIRGINIA.
Grafton, 14.
Mannington, 18.
Shepherdstown, 14.
Weston, 21.
Wheeling, 15, 16.

WISCONSIN.
Bayfield, 29.
Bay Settlement, 15.
Columbus, 16.
Fond du Lac, 15.
Foxlake, 20.
Green Bay, 20.
Hartford, 26.
Hollandale, 28.
Jacksonport, 12, 13, GO.
Janesville, 3.
Kaukana, 27.
Kilbourn, 28.

WISCONSIN (con'd.)
Lyndon Station, 17.
Manistique, 6.
Maxwell, 6, 12.
Merrill, 4.
Milwaukee, 20, 21, 22, GO. 24 28, 29.
Monches, 18.
Montello, 9.
New London, 23.
Northport, 20, 16.
Oconto, 18.
Oshkosh 25, 19.
Portage, 26.
Prairie Du Chien, 28.
Racine 28, 8.
River Falls, 13.
Shawano, 18.
Superior, 13.
Thompson, 14.
Tomahawk, 21.
Washburn, 18.
Watertown, 6.

WYOMING.
Evanston, 8, 12.
Saint Stephens, 20.

CANADA.
Alexandria, 14.
Fort William, 24.
Halifax, 29,
Victoria, 19.

FOREIGN.
Dublin, Ireland, 20 13.
Spanishtown, Jamaica, 20.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Angelus	348,883	11.	Masses heard	185,691
2.	Beads	368,491	12.	Mortifications	140,605
3.	Stations of the Cross	86 394	13.	Works of Mercy	148,178
4.	Holy Communions	81,293	14.	Works of Zeal	80,802
5.	Spiritual Communions	319,943	15.	Prayers	2,690,204
6.	Examens of Conscience	193,314	16.	Charitable Conversation	71,566
7.	Hours of Labor	716,221	17.	Sufferings or Afflictions	69,443
8.	Hours of Silence	241,658	18.	Self-conquest	101,343
9.	Pious Reading	131,057	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	383 952
10.	Masses Celebrated	4,889	20.	Various Good Works	123,739

Special Thanksgivings, 683; Total, 6,538,354.

N. B.—For want of space we are obliged to hold over until next month the list of Aggregations and some of the Promoters' Receptions.

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THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART

·AUGUST·1896·



ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE
$2.00 YEARLY

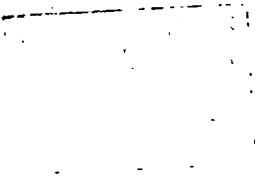
APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER
27-29 W. Sixteenth St.
NEW YORK

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FATHER ISAAC JOGUES, S. J.
First Apostle of the Iroquois.

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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXI. AUGUST, 1896. No. 8.

LEANING ON THE BELOVED.

By Rev. David Bearne, S.J.

"It is good for me to adhere to my God."—*Psalm lxxii, 28.*

MY scrip was empty and my staff was bent,
Bent to the breaking, and the night was near;
My light was feeble, all my strength was spent—
I sought for human solace, human cheer.

One loved me well, but He was far away,
I never once had seen His shining face—
Though He had trod earth's highway, and each day
Of His dear footsteps I beheld some trace.

I knew He only loved me; I had heard
His sweet voice ringing down the pathless road:
Daily I caught His clearly uttered word,
Daily His unseen hand relieved my load.

I knew He heard my every feeble sigh,
And that my childish murmuring and plaint
Could reach Him through men's ceaseless roar and cry,
Through golden hymns of seraph and of saint.

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And yet—I looked below for soul-relief,
Craving to rest upon some earthly rod,
Loud crying in my weariness and grief—
"On whom may I with safety lean, O God?

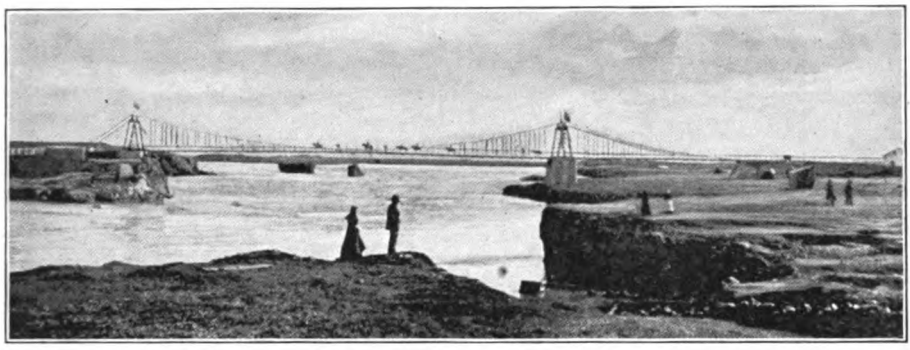
"For I must lean! The way is weary long,
The sharp flints bruise my burning, aching feet,
The hills are steep and straight, the torrents strong,
The rain falls cold, the chilling breezes beat."

Men heard my cries, and knew of all my fears;
The many laughed and scorned my weeping sore,
And some—ah, they themselves were blind with tears,
And longed to share the burden that they bore.

No sound from heaven my waiting ears might greet,
No angel came from out the land unseen;
But to my heart One spoke this message sweet—
"Do thou on thy Beloved *wholly* lean!"



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BRIDGE OVER THE ÖLFUSÀ.

A JOURNEY ACROSS ICELAND.

By Rev. Jön Sveinsson, S.J.

IN June, 1894, the welcome news reached me at the College of Ordrupshoj, near Copenhagen, Denmark, that Bishop d'Euch had decided to send me, during the long vacations, to the Faroe Islands and to Iceland, in order to carry the consolations of our holy religion to the few Catholics who live there. He selected me because I am the only native priest of that country and had always desired to be a missionary among my people. I was first to go to Reykjavik to look after some property belonging to the Catholic Mission, and thence to cross the country on horseback from the southwest to the north that I might visit, at Ofjord, the only Catholic family living at present in Iceland. The steamer "Thyra" was to take me back to Copenhagen about the beginning of September. A pupil of our college at Ordrupshoj, anxious to travel during his vacation, asked leave of his parents to accompany me. This was the more readily granted, as the boy deserved an unusual reward for having so diligently applied himself to his studies during the whole year, that he carried off the first prizes of his class on Commencement day.

On the sixth of July, 1894, at 9 o'clock in the morning we boarded the steamer "Botnia" of the Asiatic Company; it was to be her maiden trip to Iceland. The first class passengers numbered fifty-three and proved a quaint agglomeration, as there were representatives from America, England, Germany, France, Denmark, Russia, Iceland and the Faroes. From morning to night we could hear five or six different languages spoken, and sometimes a mixture of them all. We soon made one another's acquaintance and from the first we formed one big family, whose union and cordiality increased daily. The first time we assembled in the dining hall, Frederick, my young companion, and I found ourselves opposite a lady of imposing demeanor. Beside her sat a boy of about nine years, who looked very intelligent. My neighbor, who knew them, informed me that they were the wife and son of the Governor of Iceland. They were returning to their home after a short stay at Copenhagen. Frederick was only twelve years old, and he and Magnus—for thus the little Icelander was called—soon became playmates and vowed each other everlasting friendship. The mother of this charming boy showed herself very amiable to us, she insisted

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on my speaking Icelandic with her for practice, for I was rather rusty in expressing myself in my mother tongue.

On the third day we arrived at Edinburgh, our first resting place. As the steamer was to remain twenty-four hours in the port, Frederick and I started without delay for the residence of our Fathers at Lauriston Street, where the Rector, a brother of Admiral Whyte, received us with touching kindness, and urged us to spend the night. The following day, he accompanied us to town to buy the necessary provisions for our journey across an almost deserted country. A large box was soon filled with a quantity of canned food, including everything necessary for our sustenance during the time we would have to spend far from any dwelling.

The voyage from Edinburgh to the Faroe Isles was most agreeable. Towards evening we reached Thorshavn, the capital and seat of Government of the Faroe Isles, a city void of all interest for a traveller. It had a special interest for me, however, as at Hvidenaes, an hour's walk from Thorshavn, dwelt the only Catholic of the Islands—a matron about eighty-seven years old. I was to pay her a visit and hurry back before the steamer would continue her route, which would be during the night. The "Botnia" had cast anchor at some distance from the shore, but was surrounded by a number of small boats. I asked the strongest of the boatmen who had come on deck, whether one of them would row me to Hvidenaes. They answered to a man, that it was impossible, as the currents along this coast were treacherous and the waves beat the shore with great fury. In fact from the steamer we could perceive all along the coast the white breakers. I had, therefore, no other choice than to land at Thorshavn, and there procure a guide to accompany me across the mountain to the house of the poor old lady who desired to see me. Thereupon I engaged the first boat near the steamer, and on landing at Thorshavn I met a little boy from Hvidenaes who offered himself as guide, so without delay I started on my journey. It is impossible to give an idea of the joy this visit caused the good lady; she had been longing to see a priest. Her copious tears proved a thousand times more eloquent than any words she might have uttered. I was deeply moved at the sight, and I much regretted not to be able to stay with her more than an hour; but I promised a longer visit, in two months, on my return from Iceland. It was past midnight when we started to meet the steamer at Thorshavn. The solitary walk, in the half daylight of a boreal night, is one which I shall never forget.

Early in the morning we steamed off for Iceland and we soon began to realize that the inhabited portion of the globe was receding. No ships are seen in these parts—as far as the eye can reach nothing but endless solitude. However, all signs of life did not disappear. Immense whales began to show themselves on the surface of the deep waters and increased in numbers the nearer we approached the north pole. Now one alone would emerge from the deep, and swimming beside the steamer, would regard with astonishment the monstrous structure, and diving back vanish beneath the water. Then shoals of them would leisurely go through the same gambols, much to the amusement of the passengers, who never grew weary gazing at so novel a spectacle.

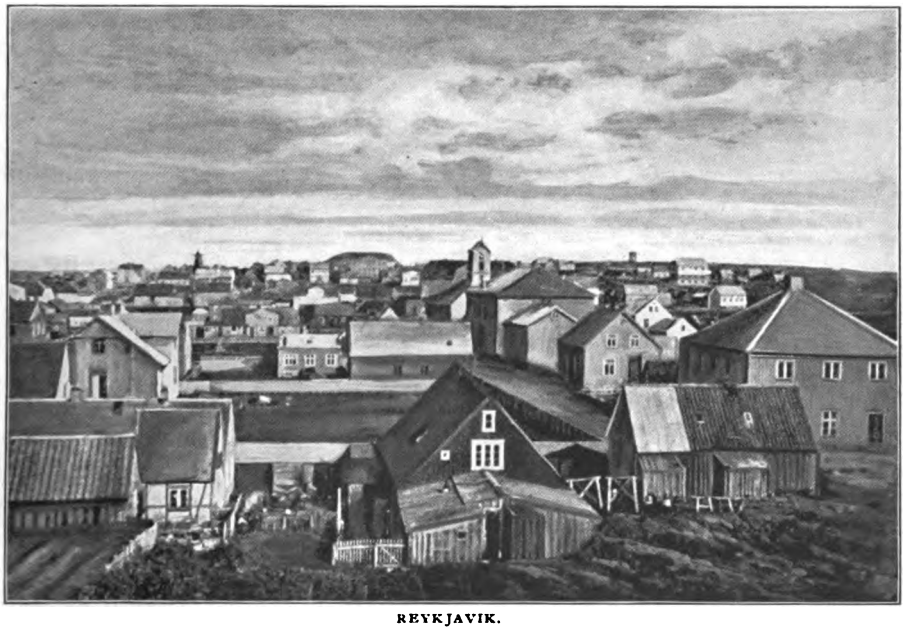
After a sail of two days the rugged and irregular coast of Iceland was clearly perceived, and, as from the waves, arose before our eyes the gigantic snow-capped Oraefa Jökull. This is the loftiest volcano of Iceland; owing to our course we had no opportunity to examine it closely. The steamer passed beyond it, continuing its westerly route. Again land was lost sight of, to reappear soon under quite a different aspect; for now enormous, bare and rugged groups of rocks emerged from the water's surface, and in the background were seen numerous vol-

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canoes side by side—known as the Myrdale Jökull, Botn Jökull, the Gotalands Jökull, the Tarfa Jökull, and many others. It was a striking spectacle, although bleak and dreary. We hurriedly passed before the Hjörleifshöfde, a huge pile of solitary rocks along the dreary coast; on each side of this colossus extends a barren desert, the Myrdalsander, bounded on the right by the swift current of the Kutafljöt. From its bank stretched a great meadow with a dark spot in the middle; it is the Thikkvaboers Kloster, formerly a Catholic monastery, now an isolated farm in the midst of this desert. Behind the rocks extends a road which it is dangerous to enter on account of the numerous quagmires. It is said that some travellers, in spite of warnings, once ventured to ride alone along this road, but neither they nor their ponies were ever heard of afterward.

We have already left in our rear the Hjörleipshöfde. The change of the scenery is striking. We are at Portland, its real name being Dyrhölacy. It is a long projecting cape, in front of which, at a short distance from the shore, rises a lofty and steep rock, shaped so as to make a natural gateway, whence its name of Portland. Our steamer might have easily passed under the arches of this natural vault. A shoal of whales made their appearance on our left. They no longer excited the admiration of the passengers, so absorbed were we in contemplating the marvellous spectacle on the side of the land. It was a sight altogether new for most of us, and beside these gigantic mountains what a small and insignificant thing the largest whale appeared! It was already eight P. M. and the sun still shone in all its brilliancy. In this latitude it sets but for a short time behind the dazzling glaciers which spread out on our right.

We steered again towards the high sea, and were greeted by an unexpected sight. Straight ahead of us, at a distance of fifty miles, we beheld a group of isles of blackish rock formation, they are the Westmann Isles, which, in 1627, met such a sad fate. They were attacked by Algerian pirates; the church and all the principal buildings were burned to the ground; 250 islanders were carried off



REYKJAVIK.

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into slavery; all the rest were wantonly put to the sword.

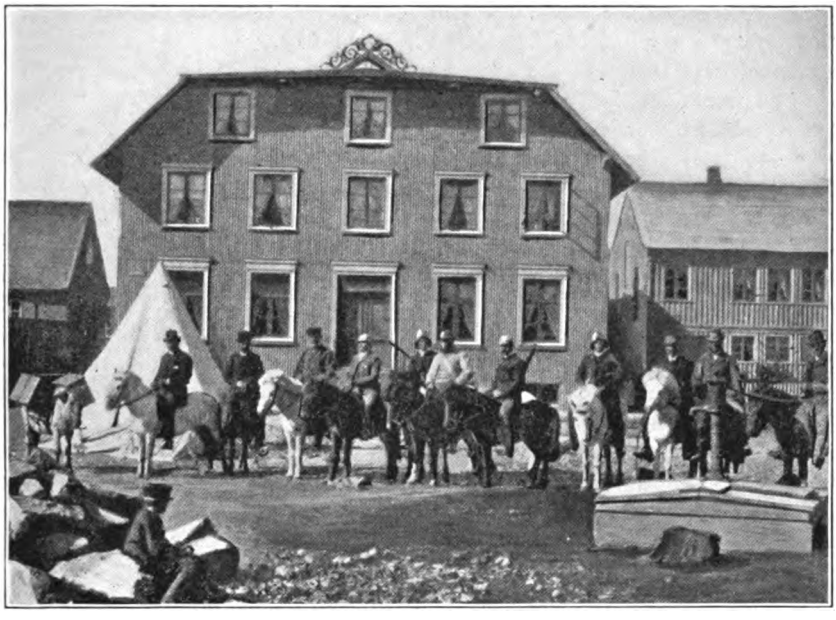
This was to be our first stop in Iceland, and we expected to reach port about one o'clock A.M. It was a sail of five hours and the passengers were willing to spend this time on deck, but the sudden rising of a thick fog threw a veil over the scenery. They retired reluctantly therefore to their berths. Frederick followed the crowd; as for myself I could not make up my mind to leave the deck, but kept pacing up and down, revolving in my mind the superb sights of which nature has been so lavish in this part of the globe. I was amply rewarded for my watching; after two hours a light wind sprang up, which, in a few moments, chased the dense mist away. A magnificent spectacle suddenly appeared before me, which greatly surpassed all I had seen till now. Straight ahead of us, at a mile's distance, lie the Westmann Isles; on the right, shone the glittering splendor of a group of glaciers, illumined by the evening sun. The nearest is the formidable Eyjafjalla Jökull; in the background at a greater distance towers mount Hekla, the best known volcano of Iceland. As far as the eye can reach huge drifts of snow and mountains of ice appear enveloped in a sheet of living flame, while the whole northwest horizon resembles a vast ocean of fire in which are seen the richest tints of gold and purple. Thus flooded with light, these glacial solitudes looked cheering enough; this dreary and death-like clime, which in truth is often so sad to behold, presented a most brilliant aspect. The sight was too grand not to be enjoyed by all. The passengers were therefore called from dreamland, so that on our arrival at the Westmann Isles, all were on deck; it was one o'clock A.M. The houses, which we readily perceived, were clustered together at the foot of Mount Eyjafjalla. You imagine they are going to be crushed by the enormous mass that hangs over them. This superb spectacle produced a vivid impression on all present. Two Germans especially vented their enthusiasm, exclaiming, "We have crossed Switzerland in every direction; we have visited the fiords of Norway, but nowhere have we met with a sight like this."

Each one retired to his berth to enjoy a good sleep after the many impressions of this memorable day. The next day we arose just as the steamer entered the bay of Faxafiord, which has a width of fifty miles from cape to cape. At its extreme end lies Reykjavik. The weather was superb. At some distance we could distinctly see the Snefell covered with snow and ice; this volcano, well-known in the history of Iceland, is at present extinct. On a line with the city runs the majestic range of the Esja mountains dazzling the beholder with their whiteness. As we steamed up the bay we passed along a number of inhabited islands covered with verdure, and surrounded by a channel so deep that the largest ship can pass between them and the coast. There were many steamers lying in the harbor, the most conspicuous of which was the French man-of-war "Nielly,"—which still bore marks of the balls it received during the Tonkin war, and further up, the Danish frigate "Diana." The numerous merchant ships did not attract our attention.

The French man-of-war is stationed here to watch over and protect a flotilla of fishing boats, which leave the ports of France every year for Iceland to fish for the cod. About 5000 Frenchmen live thus in Iceland during the summer months, supporting themselves from the natural resources of the island. Besides there is a numerous Norwegian, English, American, and cosmopolitan contingent. This lucrative fishing brings a large sum to the pockets of these strangers. The poor Icelander has, up to the present, been wanting in means to draw profit on any great scale from these treasures which surround him.

Reykjavik resembles a small Norwegian city; it numbers about 4000 inhabitants. As soon as we were an-

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TOURISTS STARTING FROM REYKJAVIK.

chored, a swarm of row-boats surrounded the steamer. Frederick and I hurried to engage one; the owner, a young man, treated us with the utmost politeness; he himself lowered our baggage into the boat. As we glided along, he plied me with a number of questions, which anywhere else would be considered impertinent, but it seems to be here the custom of the country, and every one is obliged to undergo this strange examination. I had to tell him my name and that of Frederick, what we were, whence we came, whither we were going, for what purpose, and so forth. When he learned that I was a Catholic priest on my way to Ofjord he exclaimed, "O indeed, you are going to pay a visit to Gunnar Einarsson; he is a Catholic, his son is at college here at Reykjavik;" our arrival at the wharf brought the conversation to an end. On landing I wished to pay the young man, but he steadily refused to accept any remuneration for such a slight service. He procured us a porter to carry our baggage and showed us the way to the hotel Reykjavik where we intended to stop.

The hotel is a large frame building, situated in the principal street in the city. The owner, Mrs. Zaega, is a native of Iceland; she spent several years in England to learn English and cooking, and profited very much by her residence in that country, especially with regard to the latter accomplishment. All the comforts enjoyed in a similar establishment in England can be had here and everything is arranged as in Europe. This is true of all the houses of the well-to-do people; so that the city presented nothing which deserves special mention. Two items may prove of interest to my readers. The first is my visit to the French man-of-war "Nielly." The day after my arrival I hired a boat to take me to the "Nielly," hoping to find a chaplain on board, but I was disappointed. I found, however, 300 men, most of them Catholics. At a second visit I was able to see the captain of the ship and obtained from him—an unusual thing—permission for his men to visit me on shore, and to attend to their religious duties. During ten days I received daily visits from the cadets and officers, many of whom received Holy Communion. On the eve of the departure of the

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man-of-war the captain came himself to thank me for the services I had rendered to his men. He assured me that he valued them most highly.

The second item worthy of notice was my visit to the cathedral, now in the hands of Lutherans. My cicerone, the sacristan, after having shown me through the edifice led me to a small room near the entrance. There he opened an old wardrobe and drew from it a very rich and beautiful cope, but so old that the parts hardly hung together. I carefully examined the venerable relic. Was I mistaken? I saw figures of saints delicately embroidered in gold on a field of red silk, all of exquisite taste. It was indeed a relic of old Catholic times. The sacristan informed me that this cope had been sent by the Pope about 1550 to Jön Arason, the last martyred bishop of Iceland. "But what use do you now make of it?" "Once a year our bishop wears it, when he ordains new ministers. This custom dates from time immemorial." This fact is true. Pope Paul III. sent this present to Jön Arason, as a token of esteem for the zeal he had displayed in the cause of religion. Two years later in 1552 the bishop was captured and beheaded by the Danish reformers. It is interesting to notice with what veneration the Protestants of this far-off island have preserved this precious souvenir of a Pope.

I must not forget to mention here that during our whole stay at Reykjavik, the Governor and his lady showed us the greatest kindness. They often let us use their best ponies to go on excursions in the neighborhood. Young Magnus acted as our guide and one of their servants on horseback followed at a short distance, to render us any service we might need. In this manner we visited many very interesting spots, among others the spring of boiling water, where the soiled linen of Reykjavik is washed. We forded several rivers, and learned to strike out in different paths, for there are no roads in Iceland. This proved a good preparation for our excursion across the country.

All strangers, who in one way or another become acquainted with the Governor, cannot help praising his courtesy and noble manners. Moreover, wherever we went, people always showed us great kindness, and were ever happy to give us the information we asked for. Thus I learned many useful things about managing our horses, about the clothing and provisions we required, the different routes we were to take, the farms we were to stop at in preference to others, and so forth. The route of our trip was so fully traced out that we could undertake it without the least fear, and we needed no guide except for some dangerous passes. Nowhere was payment for services asked. One day I had a small toy repaired by a goldsmith; when I wished to pay him he said he could not accept anything for such a trifle. Two lads, who rowed us to the "Nielly," likewise refused the money I offered them. These good people would believe themselves degraded if they accepted the least remuneration for the little services they render with such good will.

At last the time came for us to start on our trip; the last preparations for the journey had to be made. It was like crossing a great desert; for we had not only to consider the immense distance to be covered—Iceland is much larger than Ireland—but also the primitive way of making this long journey. Railways and carriage roads are altogether unknown here. Travelling is done, as in the days of Arild, on the back of Iceland ponies. Moreover, once out of the capital, you find yourself immediately out of civilization—no hotels, no mile-post, no roads, sometimes not even the least sign of a path, and no bridges to cross the rivers except in one or two places.

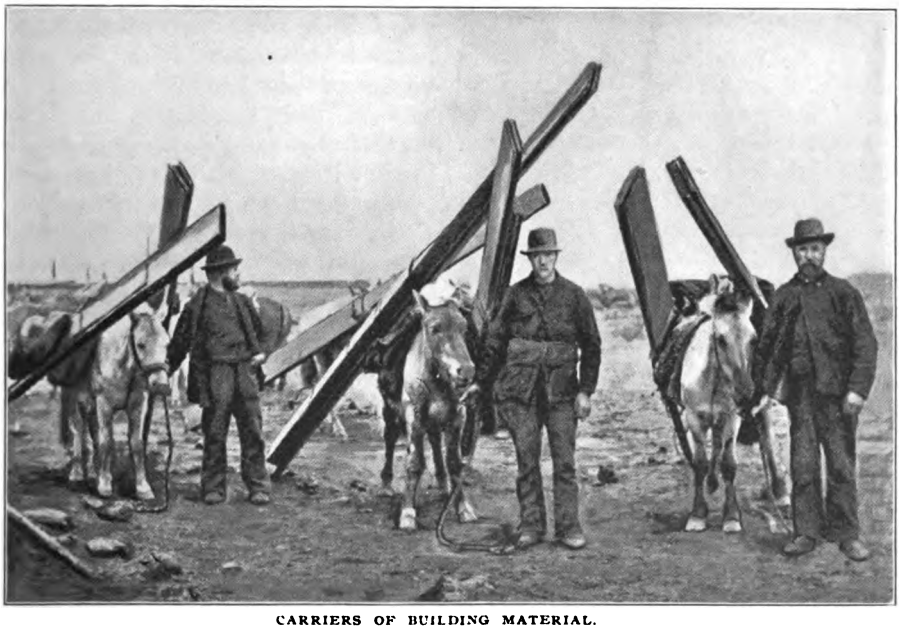
Before undertaking a journey through such a country, it is easily understood how necessary it was to make careful preparations. Our first concern was to purchase horses, as it is preferable to

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buy them, and dispose of them after the expedition. Accordingly, I begged a merchant, whom I knew, to purchase for us three strong and gentle ponies. He promised to do his best to please us, and he kept his word. Our little ponies were charming in every respect, and the further we advanced the more attached we became to them, as they rendered us such good service. I had them shod anew, and I procured some horseshoes and nails, in case of accident. I bought two saddles, a pack saddle, three horse bits, two whips, and two solid boxes for our provisions and other objects we had to take along. The price of all amounted to seventeen crowns. Our trunks were sent by steamer from Reykjavik to Akureyri. We were likewise obliged to procure oil-cloth suits, waterproof hats, overcoats, and boots; we added to the provisions we bought at Edinburgh some canned meats, preserves, cakes, biscuits and cocoa, which proved of great service. All these articles cost no more than in England.

To pack the boxes is an art which can only be acquired by practice. They have to be arranged in such a way that the weight is the same on each side of the saddle; every article must be tightly packed so that nothing can move when they are shaken by the lively trot of the pony. An Englishman told me that, from neglect of this, the very first day his cakes and biscuits were reduced to crumbs. Our itinerary was traced beforehand as exactly as possible. My pocketbook was full of notes and marks of the paths, the rivers, the bogs, the quagmires, the mountains, the lakes, the swamps, and the farmhouses.

We started from Reykjavik, July 29, at one o'clock P.M., after having bid farewell to our many friends. A servant of the hotel accompanied us to the outskirts of the city and then we were left to ourselves and our good angels. We have now bid good bye, for some time, to the civilized world, to all modern civilization with its comforts and discomforts; here we are alone with God's free and pure nature. Henceforth we are to mingle with people whose tongue, manners, customs and dwellings are such as they were 1000 years ago. The people of Iceland may very correctly be styled an anachronism in the nineteenth century;



CARRIERS OF BUILDING MATERIAL.

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EVERYDAY DRESS.

they live and speak as they did in the remotest times. The only thing modern in their dwellings is the room or parlor for strangers which is a part of every farmhouse nowadays; but for this improvement we would have had to carry a tent and hammocks, as many English tourists do; but this requires another pack horse.

We proceeded gaily and at a lively rate, and after a ride of two hours we lost sight of the sea. Our course lay now to the interior of the country which we were to cross from south to north. At a distance ahead of us, and lost in the clouds, rose chains of black mountains; many days were required to reach them, and when there we were to be in complete wilderness. This thought produced a strange feeling of loneliness. The temperature was very mild, the sky pure and cloudless, it was a beautiful summer day. "This is what I call travelling," exclaimed my little companion, "it is so different from being locked up in narrow compartments of the railway cars. What a fresh and delicious climate!" We went on as quickly as possible although we could not count on covering a great distance that day, as we left Reykjavik too late, and we had several unavoidable delays. Suddenly the horses prick up their ears; something unusual ahead of us must attract their attention. In fact, we soon caught sight of a curious caravan—some twenty horses drawn up in one long file, the head of each being tied to the tail of the one immediately before him; a mounted boy in the van led the cavalcade. In the rear a group of peasants, also mounted, followed. They had been at Reykjavik, and were on their way home. Each horse carried on his back a heavy burden of diverse articles; it reminded me of a primitive freight train. Thus they transport sacks of wheat, farm seeds, boxes of sugar, coffee, tobacco, and so on—even beams, rafters, lumber and other building materials. This caravan proceeded quietly and regularly, although now and then one of the horses becoming unruly, pulled somewhat too roughly the tail of the one before him, and thus caused a temporary confusion. These caravans pick their way in a marvellous manner through the winding paths, and cross with astonishing ease the rivers and torrents; often they have to make over a hundred miles to reach the nearest town. Of course they carry their tents with them on the backs of their horses. In the evening they select a comfortable camping place in some large prairie to spend the night, and the horses are let free to browse.

When we approached the rear of the caravan, the men stopped and saluted us according to the custom of the country: "Saelir veriel per!" namely, "Be ye blessed!" We answered in the same manner. Then came the customary questions which travelling Icelanders exchange when they meet. "What is your name? your profession? whence do you hail? whither are you going?" and so on. In brief, one has to undergo a regular examination. When mutual curiosity has been satisfied, they separate with a last, "Be ye blessed!" and

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continue their journey, each one in his own direction.

All at once we heard the sound of hoofs in the rear. We looked back and were astonished to see a little boy on horseback making for us at full speed. When he was near us, he stopped, took off his hat and saluted us, saying, "Be ye blessed!" We answered in the same manner. Then the conversation started, beginning with the usual examination, which is never omitted. In my turn I questioned him :

"What is your name?"

"Thorston."

"How old are you?"

"Ten."

"Where are you going?"

"Nowhere in particular ; I am out for amusement."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Reykjavik."

"Whose pony do you ride?"

"My father's."

"How far are you going?"

"I will accompany you for some time, then I will return home. Give me the bridle of your pack-horse, I will lead him for you."

I willingly accepted the offer and we rode side by side talking on different subjects. Frederick could already understand Icelandic, and the boy asked him many questions. He wished to know how people travel in Denmark, and was delighted to hear about wagons, big horses, tall trees, and the thousand marvels of our dear Copenhagen. "Oh! how I should like to live in your country, what fun you must have!" exclaimed the little Icelander. We had soon to part. Frederick gave the boy a beautiful picture which seemed to please him exceedingly. He thanked him, after the manner of Icelandic childen, by shaking hands. He bade us farewell; we wished him a happy journey and off he went at full gallop in the direction of Reykjavik. You will never meet a foot traveller in the whole of Iceland ; everybody knows how to ride on horseback.

As the sun was nearing the mountain crests, we distinguished at a distance the farm of "Middlar," where we expected to spend the night. On the right we saw three large lakes between two chains of mountains. They were many miles distant from one another. On the left were the Esja Mountains, which spread to Reykjavik ; along these we were to ride the whole of the following day. It was about nine P. M., and the sun shone as at midday. We soon reached the height above the farm, and we beheld at our feet the house surrounded by luxuriant prairies, where, at a short distance, the mowers were still at work. We had to descend the declivity slowly and carefully as it was so steep that we had to lean backwards to avoid falling down headlong. Finally we reached a small paved yard in front of the house ; the farmer had noticed our arrival and had come to meet us. We



GALA DRESS.

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exchanged the usual salutations and I asked him:

"May we spend the night with you?"

"Certainly," said he, "welcome to you; please dismount."

He ran to the entrance of the house and cried out, "Helgi!" A young lad immediately appeared, took our horses, and began without delay to remove the saddle. I wished to help him to take down the boxes, but the farmer would not allow it. "Do not worry," said he, "we will take care of your baggage; you must be tired after your journey, please follow me to the house where you will find rest." We went with him through a long and dark corridor, lined on either side with stout joists which kept the mud walls together. They seemed to have been there for centuries. Soon we turned to the right into another dark passage. Our kind host warned us of some steps which we ascended groping; then he opened a door and said, "Here is your room!" We entered an apartment in which we found everything tastefully and comfortably arranged. The wainscoting was new; there was a wardrobe and a mahogany bureau, a soft lounge, and in the centre of the room an elegant little round table. At the lower end stood a large bedstead of antique form, and—a new harmonium! The walls were decorated with paintings and richly framed pictures.

Our baggage was immediately brought to our room; at the same time the farmer's daughter came to ask us what we desired for supper. I handed her a box of canned meat and told her to put it in boiling water for a quarter of an hour. When this was done we sat down to an excellent meal, our host furnishing us with delicious bread and fresh milk. After supper I went to see how our ponies were doing. I found them on a meadow at a short distance from the house. They were so busily engaged browsing the tender grass that they did not even raise their heads to look at me. Poor creatures! it is an indispensable condition of their existence to profit, as much as possible, by these few hours of rest, to eat their fill and thus prepare themselves for the fatigues of the next day. Their work is often above their strength and they succumb on the way, as is proved by the numerous skeletons we afterwards met on our journey. Whilst walking in the prairie, I perceived that whenever the horses changed place they leaped in a rather curious fashion. On examining them I discovered that the farmer had, according to custom, tied their fore-feet together lest they should return to Reykjavik during the night. I greatly desired to procure them a more comfortable rest, but I could not interfere. I hurried back to the house to enjoy a much needed rest after so fatiguing a day.

The good farmer kept us company for a while. He eagerly inquired about the news of the capital and of foreign lands. The Icelanders of to-day are as desirous of news as were their ancestors in years gone by. They say that formerly it was no unusual event to see an important and noisy assembly break up at once, when they heard that a ship had moored in a neighboring harbor: every one ran to hear the news. I asked our host where he had bought the elegant harmonium.

"I did not buy it," he replied, "my son made it."

"But how is it possible?" said I in astonishment.

"My son has been at Reykjavik," continued the farmer, "there he studied an instrument in all its details and on his return he spent his leisure hours manufacturing a similar one."

Could you ever imagine that a simple peasant lad, living on an isolated farm, would be able to construct a harmonium by no means inferior in art and perfection to those made by well-known manufacturers? We were at our wits' end, when we were further informed that he had moreover learned, without master,

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to play on his instrument. The following morning he executed, very well indeed, several Danish and Icelandic melodies, and sang with much feeling. It seems that in the interior of the country many farmers are in possession of even larger and better made harmoniums than the one we saw—all the work of their sons. A young man in the North has made a reputation for himself in this kind of workmanship, and he has already made presents of several instruments to the farmers of his neighborhood. We had the pleasure, later on, of seeing one of these harmoniums in the farmhouse of "Mödrvöllum," at Ofjord. It is so perfect in its every detail that no one could guess where and by whom it was manufactured.



GODA FALLS.

We slept profoundly during the whole night; the beds, the coverlets, everything was so exquisitely neat and comfortable. In the morning our kind hostess brought us, on a tray, hot coffee and rolls. Shortly after we went to see how our ponies had spent the night. We found them still grazing, but with less avidity than on the eve. One of them had broken the rope which bound his feet but even then—through force of habit—he continued as before to advance leaping, although he was no longer fettered. The good hostess prepared a sumptuous breakfast of all the best things she had to offer; it was followed by another cup of coffee. This is indeed the national drink, and the saying is true—"If you wish to know what coffee is, go to Iceland." Coffee is taken at least three times a day, and wherever you stop on a journey, you are invited to partake of a delicious cup of this beverage.

Breakfast over, we prepared, without delay, to resume our journey, for between Middlar and Thingvalla, where we hoped to spend the night, there is not a single habitation, and along the whole road nothing is seen on either side but lofty mountains covered with snow and ice. As a thick fog hung over the meadows, we put on the rubber suits we had provided for such contingencies. On the point of starting, I wished to pay for our board; but our host positively declined to take any remuneration, saying that he never accepted payment for hospitality tendered to his countrymen. As

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I steadily insisted, he accepted a paltry sum. He accompanied us a certain distance, and we parted.

For hours the landscape presented a wild aspect, until we reached the "Selja" valley, which was covered with a fresh and vivid green. We forded five or six rivers and torrents. When we reached the foot of the Mossfellshöj we stopped for a short time to rest ourselves and to give our horses a chance to taste the fresh grass, which abounded there. Poor little animals! They needed refreshment, for soon they were to exert all their strength to climb the mountain before us. The ascent is tiresome, and there is not a blade of grass to greet their eyes during a long and wearisome pull. We bathed the backs of our horses before replacing the saddles, and then started. When we reached the top of the mountain we beheld a wild and striking panorama. On the left were the snow-crowned Esja Mountains; on the right immense black mountains of fantastic shapes formed from base to crest of innumerable boulders of lava—relics of the glacial period—broken up and thrown at random in the strangest confusion. Before us stretched the great plateau of the Mossfellshöj, with a path winding through it as far as the eye could reach. This was to be our direction for many a mile.

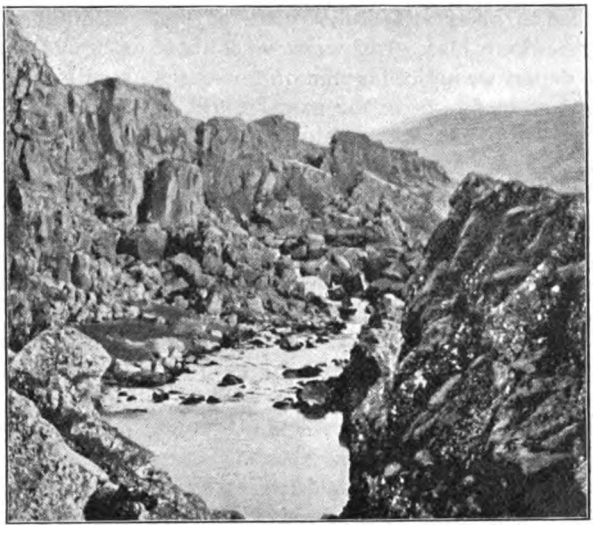
Some years ago eight persons were travelling here in the midst of winter. They were overtaken in this unlucky spot by a violent snow blizzard, and losing their way all perished. It is since this accident, that the road has been put in its present condition; for now a line of sign posts, ten or twelve feet high, erected along the road, point out its direction. These silent but indispensable guides, look like so many spectres stretching a thin arm over the road in sign of warning.

After a ride of two hours, we arrived at the middle of the plateau. There we saw almost bordering the road a strange building which provoked sad reflections. It is built of thick stone walls with no windows, the only entrance being a wooden door, surmounted by a large wooden cross. Here the travellers take refuge when they cross the mountain in winter and are overtaken by a storm. Naturally enough the thought of the eight victims who perished so miserably, for lack of such a refuge, stole over our minds. We hurried on at a rapid pace, for it was cool on the heights, and we had two more hours to ride before we could begin the descent. As we neared the foot of the mountain we were gladdened by the appearance of a country entirely different from the dark plateau we had crossed. We were surrounded by rolling prairies which were intersected by crystal rivulets; the temperature grew exceedingly mild; here we made a halt to take our meal, and after an hour's repose we were again on our way to Thingvalla.

The lake of Thingvalla is one of the largest of Iceland. Its circumference measures about forty miles. On its borders rise the high and majestic walls of Althing, a spot erected by nature almost into a fortress, where formerly the people held the meetings of their "Thing" or Parliament. In its immediate neighborhood is situated the farmhouse "Thingvalla," where we expected to find a shelter for the night. We had reached the famous "Almannagja," of which Lord Dufferin says that it is worth visiting Iceland were it only to have a sight of this superb scene. In truth, this great rent in the rocks presents one of the wildest and most fantastic aspects. At the entrance we alighted and led our horses by the bridle; for to penetrate into this marvellous chasm we have to descend by a staircase of basalt, hewn by nature itself. Arrived at the bottom, we mount again, to cross this strange passage whose rocky walls rise perpendicular to a giddy height, and are crowned by most extravagant forms in the shape of towers, bastions, minarets, spires, grinning monsters, hideous spectres, and weird

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figures. One would indeed fancy that in the dark past some Titans amused themselves here, sculpturing in these rocks this entire freakish design.



CHASM OF ALMANNAGJA IN THE THINGVALLA.

Besides its most novel appearance, this spot is of historical interest. Here, according to time-honored traditions, many a bloody battle was fought, the most important of which was the one engaged in between the sons of Njaels, and the mighty Flosi. Snori posted himself with his men at the entrance of the defile, to favor the flight of the sons of Njaels, in case of defeat, or to cut off the retreat of the enemy, should victory smile on them. The "Sagas" relate that, on this memorable occasion, the battle fought between these walls of lava was one of the fiercest.

We soon gained the other end of the chasm. The grandeur of the scene that struck our eyes beggars description. Straight ahead of us stretched the verdant plain of Thingvalla, eight miles broad, and the beautiful lake of the same name. On the left, the waters of the Oxeraa fall, leaping from rock to rock, thus forming a succession of cascades. We advanced to the bank of the river; the ponies plunged into it without the least fear, and waded through the waters up to the shoulders. In the middle of the river we alighted on a small green isle of great historical interest. On this isle, in ancient times, the warlike members of the Althing usually settled their quarrels. Here took place the celebrated duel between "Gumlange Ormstunga" and "Ravu" in presence of the whole body of the Althing. The victory was adjudged to neither combatant; it was the last combat of the kind, for on the following day, the assembly of the Althing unanimously voted a law prohibiting forever duelling in Iceland.

We delayed but a few moments on this bloodstained islet, so rich in sad memories, and soon gained the opposite bank of the river. Before us rose the "Logberg." From its top all decisions of tribunals used to be proclaimed and the new laws promulgated, and it was from this spot also that the Catholic religion was declared the religion of the state; all the pagans had to submit and receive baptism in the waters of the Oxeraa.

As it was already 9 P. M. and ourselves and the horses were exhausted, we directed our steps straight to the farm-house of Thingvalla, where we hoped to spend the night; but our hope was to prove unfounded. On the lawn, in front of the house, we perceived a large white tent, and a number of horses grazing. The owner of the property is a Protestant minister; he came to meet us. I asked him whether he could give us hospitality for the night. "I am sorry to say," he answered, "that it is impossible, the house is already crowded with strangers, all the beds are occupied; the men of the farm are obliged to sleep under this tent."

I judged it useless to insist and de-

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cided to go on and find a place of rest somewhere else. Just as we were about to depart we noticed a man on horseback who seemed to be in the same plight as ourselves. On approaching, he saluted us in a friendly manner, and inquired whither we were bound.

"To the North," I answered.

"In this case," said he, "you have to pass near my farm; should you wish, we will travel together. If the stranger's room is unoccupied, I shall be happy to offer you hospitality for the night."

We accepted the generous invitation the more readily as we would otherwise have had to ride for many an hour before we could enjoy a much needed rest. One thing only made me uneasy; namely, that we had heard nothing of this house; it was not on our list of the farms which had been recommended to us, and I did not like to go to a place which was altogether unknown to me. We passed again before the Logberg and the cascade, crossed the Oxeraa River, and skirted the bloody isle. We then turned to the right and ascended a path among rocks. Whilst we proceeded, our guide informed us that his farmhouse was called "Skoarket," which means cottage of the woods, and that it was situated in the copse on the summit of the mountain, about two miles from Thingvalla. "It is," said he, "a humble little dwelling, but we will do our best to make everything as comfortable as possible." Arrived at the top of the first hill we could see the little cottage before us. The kind farmer bid us good bye and galloped ahead to inform his family of our arrival. All the inhabitants of the farm came to meet us, and gave us a most courteous reception. They hastened to take care of our horses and led us into an adjoining building where the guest room was. We admired the holiday garments of the whole family, hanging on the walls. They were red, blue, green, yellow, in fine, all the colors of the rainbow. We asked for some hot water to make a broth with our extract of meat, and we heated a box of canned meat. Our supper was readily prepared; our host furnished us, according to custom, with fresh milk. The good landlady, a very sprightly little woman, was every now and then at our heels to see whether anything was wanting. How full these simple people are of kindness and politeness, without ever dreaming of the least remuneration.

After supper we went to see our faithful little horses. We were so far from Reykjavik that I begged our host not to tie their feet; they did not abuse my confidence. Henceforth I always let them graze at full liberty. Whilst we were out our beds were prepared. The bedsteads were relics of the remotest antiquity. The four heavy columns were coarsely sculptured; the wood had never been painted, but from continual rubbing it shone like a mirror.

The following morning, as soon as we were up we were served, according to custom, with hot coffee and crackers. Our host then invited us to visit his farm of which he seemed very proud. He had introduced many changes and made many improvements, and everything was in exquisite order. The environs were splendid. On one side majestic mountains, on the other Thingvalla with all its marvels—its immense plain, the lake, the Oxeraa River, the celebrated chasm of Almannagja and the roaring cascade. We must confess that the ancient Icelanders chose a superb spot for their assemblies. Lake Thingvalla, like all the lakes of Iceland, abounds in trout, and this delicate fish is seldom wanting at table. At the farm of "Grunsthinga" the landlady assured us that on the eve of our arrival, the men had caught more than 800 trout in their nets, and that in a small lake on the top of a mountain. Two hours later, when they were ready to load their horses with their rich draught, they drew the net again and took at one haul ninety fishes.

(*To be continued.*)

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OLD ENGLISH GUILDS.

By Rev. H. Van Rensselaer, S.J.

THE age in which we live is prolific in protective unions. It is undoubtedly wise for the workers in any branch of industry to unite to protect their interests. But there is always danger of tyranny on the part of the leaders. We have seen this frequently of late in the matter of strikes insisted on against the better judgment of the many concerned, and too often ending disastrously. Time and money were lost and nothing gained except ill-will between employers and employees.

One thing to be remarked in these modern trade-unions is the absence of any religious feature. This probably arises from the fact of the present unhappy divisions among Christians, which would render any religious platform almost impossible of acceptance by all who would wish to enjoy the temporal benefits of the union.

This is one of the standing rebukes to the authors of the so-called Reformation. Before that era of religious dissension all could combine in a common worship. It is touching to read the charters of the guilds of the olden times. A strong fervent spirit of loyalty to Christ, His Mother, His Church, His Vicar upon earth, and His saints in heaven characterizes them all. They are an abiding monument of the hold Catholicism had on the minds and hearts of the people until those minds and hearts were perverted by the false prophets, who came to them in the clothing of sheep but inwardly were ravenous wolves. By their fruits you shall know them. So we propose to portray the Catholic Guilds in pre-Reformation times, and then contrast them with those of later days well known to us.

As we have said the religious spirit appears strongly in these guilds. Yet it was not a hard, strict, rigid, narrow, sour, forbidding spirit, such as many might imagine, and which actually characterized Puritanism. On the contrary, Catholics of the olden time knew how to combine three features: charity, conviviality, and piety in their fraternities. Doubtless on this account they were so popular that all adults, both men and women, belonged to one or many of them.

Some of those associations were organized expressly for the performance of works of mercy and charity. Others were primarily instituted for material protection or assistance in art or trade, but even these almost invariably adopted the three features above mentioned. The members all agreed in the unity of the faith, were knitted together in the bond of charity and were influenced by the same spirit. Hence these guilds were always consecrated to God, and placed under the patronage of our Lady or some saint, or else commemorated some mystery of religion. They commonly had a priest who acted as chaplain and said the Masses for the living and dead members which the statutes of every guild so piously prescribed. Moreover, the public meetings always opened with prayer, though they do not seem to have had any meetings for purely spiritual instructions, as is customary in our modern confraternities. The feasts of patron saints were celebrated with great solemnity, and offerings of waxen candles were made, both by the guild and the members individually. Many spiritual favors were granted by the Roman Pontiffs to these pious fraternities in the very same form that the reigning Pope grants to similar associations in our days.

Among the works of charity commonly practised we find that the members cared for the sick, the aged, the poor, and

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prisoners. They provided dowries for portionless maidens. They were hospitable to strangers and sent pilgrims to shrines. They helped build churches and supplied them with vestments and holy vessels. They supported schools and contributed to various public works.

Good fellowship was nurtured by social and convivial intercourse at stated times in the year. In the statutes of the guild of the Holy Cross in Stratford-on-Avon, dating back to the thirteenth century, we have an example. "It is further ordained by the brethren and sistren that each of them shall give twopence a year, at a meeting which shall be held once a year, viz.: a feast which shall be held in Easter week, in such manner that brotherly love shall be cherished among them, and evil speaking be driven out, that peace shall always dwell among them and true love be upheld. And every sister of the guild shall bring with her to this feast a great tankard; and all the tankards shall be filled with ale; and afterwards the ale shall be given to the poor. So likewise shall the brethren do. But before the ale shall be given to the poor, and before any brother or sister shall touch the feast in the hall, all the brethren and sistren there shall put up their prayer, that God and the Blessed Virgin and the venerable Cross, in whose honor they have come together, will keep them from all ills and sins. And if any brother or sister shall, after the bell has sounded, quarrel, or stir up a quarrel, he shall pay a halfpenny."

This feasting may shock the false sensibilities of some people, but as the drinking of ale was universal in England and was done publicly, there was little likelihood of its ever being abused by the good brethren and sistren assembled. We must remark how, while feasting themselves, they were not unmindful of the poor, but made provision for their good cheer. Guests were also welcomed, as would appear from a guild statute, which reads: "Also, when that the brethren and sistren be gathered at their general day, what good man come to our fraternity he shall have meat and drink while it last." But the real spirit of the feast is told in the purpose, expressed so quaintly, but beautifully, "that brotherly love shall be cherished among them and evil speaking be driven out, that peace shall always dwell among them and true love be upheld." Then remark the penalty imposed for any breach of charity in the shape of a quarrel, the offender "shall pay a halfpenny."

In the statutes of another guild it is ordered that, on the feast day "the brethren and sistren shall meet together, and shall eat bread and cheese and drink ale, rejoicing in the Lord in praise of the glorious Virgin Mary," whose guild and feast it was. Nor were the good things only for those able to attend, for the statutes continue: "The aldermen and stewards of the guild shall visit those brethren and sistren who are poor, ailing, or weak, and who have not enough of their own to live upon; and they shall give to these as they think right out of the guild stock, viz.: to each one eightpence, sixpence, or at least fourpence, every week, to help their needs. And if any of these poor brethren die, or any other of the guild who is not well off, he shall be buried at the cost of the guild, and have all becoming services." It may be interesting to hear what these "becoming services" for the dead were in those days. "It is ordained by the assent of all the brethren and sistren of this fraternity (that of St. Peter in Wigendale, Norfolk) that every brother and sister shall be ready to go to the kirk when any brother or sister is dead of this fraternity; and that every brother offer a halfpenny; and that each brother give a halfpenny worth of bread for his soul, and that he have seven masses sung for his soul."

In another guild the assessment at the death of a member was fivepence each in cash, and each was to have six Masses sung or else sing six psalters of Psalms.

It was a common practice at the meet-

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ings to have two Masses sung: one for the living, the other for the dead. Then each brother was to sing two psalters of Psalms for the same intentions.

This gives us an idea of the charity of the living towards the faithful departed in the old days in England.

How thoroughly Catholic and *Roman* was the only religion then known may be gathered from the prayer which opened the meetings. We quote as a sample that of the Fraternity of St. Christopher, in Norwich.

"In the worship of Jesu Christ, and of His dear Mother, and of St. Christopher, the holy martyr, and all holy hallows, devoutly we begin this Fraternity by these ordinances underwritten:

"In the beginning ye shall pray devoutly for the state of holy Church, and for the peace of the land; for the Pope of Rome and his cardinals, for the patriarch of Jerusalem; for the Holy Land and the holy Cross, that God for His might and mercy bring it out of heathen power into rule of holy Church; and that God of His mercy make peace and unity in holy Church; and for all archbishops and bishops, and specially for our Bishop of Norwich; for all parsons and priests, and all orders of holy Church, that God of His mercy save them and keep them, body and soul, and give them grace here order to keep, and so to rule holy Church and man's soul, that it be to God's worship and salvation of their souls, and to all Christian men; for our lord the King, for our lady the Queen; dukes, earls, barons, and bachelors of the land, that God of His grace save them and keep them from deadly sin, and give them grace, the realm and holy Church and their own souls so to keep that it be worship to God and to all Christian men salvation; for all knights, squires, citizens and burgesses, franklins and all the tillers and men of crafts, widows, maidens, wives, and for all the commonalty and Christian people, that God of His mercy save them and keep them in this world, live with truth, and give them grace so to do that it be worship of God and salvation to souls; for all true shipmen and true pilgrims, that God for His grace give them wedering (weather) and passage, that they may safely come and go; for the fruit of the land and of the sea and the wedering; for all men that be in false belief and would be in good belief, God give them grace to come to their desire; for our fathers' souls and mothers, brethren and sistren and for all the brethren and sistren of this guild, and for all Christian souls. Amen.

"And also it is ordained, that this bede and prayer shall be rehearsed and said at every time that the aldermen and the brethren be together."

This was called "bidding the bedes." It corresponds to our practice in the Apostleship of Prayer of reading the intentions at public meetings, and in like manner it was followed by the reciting of some *Paters* and *Aves*.

This "bede" dates back to 1384, and shows the devotion of the people for the Pope of Rome in those days. The eyes of all turned longingly to the Holy Land, the scene of Christ's earthly life, and especially to the Holy Cross, on which He suffered and which was then in the hands of the infidels.

It must have been a goodly sight on the feast day of a guild to see the brethren and sistren in holiday dress or livery, crowned with oak-leaves or flowers, each bearing a lighted waxen taper, "go two and two slowly pacing" to their church or chapel, where they offered a great candle of wax adorned with garlands of flowers. There at the guild altar they heard Mass solemnly sung. Mindful of the dead they met again the next day to assist at a dirge and requiem for the deceased members. Having piously provided for the good of their souls, they proceeded to transact business, and then came the social meeting whereat they ate and drank, "rejoicing in the Lord."

We cannot fail to remark how the

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sisters were treated as equals by the brethren. They were not only admitted as members but had a voice in the management of the guilds. Moreover, their presence at the convivial meetings must have acted as a restraint on any of the brethren who might otherwise have overstepped the bounds of moderation in drinking or speaking So our "new woman" is not up in many respects with her sisters of the olden time.

We learn from these guilds how thoroughly the religious spirit permeated the daily life of the English in pre-Reformation times. As we have seen, the fraternities were all under the invocation of some patron saint, or in honor of some holy mystery. Thus the drapers chose our Lady as the mother of the "Holy Lamb;" while the fishmongers were under the patronage of the fisherman St. Peter. The motto of the ironmongers was, "God is our strength;" that of the skinners was, "To God only be all glory." Each fraternity had their own altar in the church which they attended, and they provided the ornaments and vestments for it. They kept the statue of their heavenly patron well furnished with waxen candles. In fact, a certain guild "was begun for this intent, for to increase a light of torches at Sacrament of Christ's body at high altar."

It is sad to think of the ruthless destruction of all these honored shrines, and the outrageous theft of moneys left for the founding of Masses in perpetuity, or, as the old phrasing has it, "A solemn obit to be holden while the world standeth fast." The world, indeed, stands fast, and the Church built on the rock stands fast, but the waves of fanaticism, under the guise of religion, swept over the once-favored England desecrating and almost obliterating the monuments of the people's charity and piety.

How did this happen? How did those guilds suffer shipwreck in the storm? The pirates were on the high seas and acting under the command of king and parliament. The Bluebeard Henry and his misguided son Edward, by acts of parliament, legalized the destruction and plunder of the fraternities in order to satisfy a horde of greedy, unscrupulous, fanatical courtiers, canting against the idolatry of Catholics, but themselves adoring the gold and precious things which the Catholics possessed. They railed against the relics of the saints because they coveted the costly reliquaries that contained them. The money and lands devoted to holy purposes were diverted from the intention of the givers, and passed into the hands of men who reviled the piety, which prompted the gift, as superstition, and the honor paid to the saints as idolatry.

Nowadays our patience is sorely tried by those who coolly ask and expect us to admire the sovereigns who abused their power to mutilate the ancient faith, abolish the sacrifice of the Mass, alienate the property of the Church, destroy its monasteries and religious houses, scatter the relics of the saints to the winds, demolish their shrines and persecute to the death their clients. No, the Established Church has no connection with the Church of old England with its Mass priests, its veneration of the Mother of God and of the saints. The history of the guilds alone is sufficient proof of the intrinsic difference. The London guilds were the only ones that escaped dissolution, and that by proving that they were for trading purposes. But they changed with the times, and now little remains in them to remind the present brethren of their predecessors in Catholic days.

A striking thing to notice is the abolition by royal act of the dogma of purgatory and the influence of this change of faith in wills. In the early part of the reign of Henry VIII. the testator always left his soul to God Almighty, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints, and made provision for dirge and Mass for the repose of his soul. But when Mass is forbidden, then the testator asks for

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dirge and *Communion* on the day of burial, and leaves alms to the poor to pray for his soul. Even this is too Catholic, so the next form of will is a legacy to the ghostly father to have the testator in "remembrance." The next step is to wish to be buried "with laudable ceremonies as are permitted by law," with a request for the prayers of a friend to whom a sum of money is left. Doubts as to what the dying person should ask are shown in the case of one who wished his body to be buried "with such duties as the Church is endowed with, as it pleaseth Almighty God for to provide." The sour leaven of Protestantism had begun its work. All henceforth die in the odor of sanctity, and at the hour of death heaven straightway opens to receive them. Therefore no dirges, no Masses, no prayers for those who die so satisfied with their own righteousness.

We need scarcely take space to draw comparisons between the guilds of the past and the trade-unions of the present. The differences are so evident. Certainly they are not in favor of the present system. Some organizations indeed have beneficial features, but, as we remarked in the beginning, there can be no real union of all the members of any art or trade nowadays on account of the disunion in matters of religion. The common bond of Catholicism is wanting. Secret societies have tried to fill the breach, but by providing a religion of their own, thus bringing down on them the necessary denunciation of the Church. The only secrets of the brethren and sistren of the old guilds regarded matters of trade, and there was no such thing as blind obedience to whatever the supreme authorities should see fit to ordain. The only obedience promised was to the known and approved statutes of the fraternity.

Protestantism, which is essentially a rebellion against the authority of God residing in His Church, has thus rendered impossible the beautiful spirit of fraternal charity which flourished in pre-Reformation days in the Catholic guilds. The spirit of faith has gone from those who cut themselves off from the centre of unity, and there can be no agreement in the unity of the faith prescribed by the Apostle. Without faith there is no true charity, though there may be a counterfeit, which is really philanthropy, and which deceives many by its specious exterior. We turn with regret from the guilds of the olden times and long for the fulfilment of Christ's prayer for unity, that once again such fraternities might be possible.

The matter of the article has been largely drawn from that admirable book "Our Lady's Dowry," by the eminent Redemptorist Father, T. E. Bridgett.

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FORGIVEN.

By P. J. Coleman.

" To err is human,
To forgive, divine."

THERE was mirk in London town, no mythical Cimmerian gloom but darkness opaque and palpable. The sun had gone down early—a disc of bronze in the sullen heaven. The wonted roar of London's streets had subsided to-night to a mere whisper; the thunder of traffic was lulled; locomotion was impossible in the gloom. From the river comes the constant booming of fog-horns. Linkboys lighted pedestrians on the greasy sidewalks, and, betimes, a dripping omnibus crept cautiously, rumbling over the slippery asphalt. Here and there an electric globe made an ineffectual flicker in the gloom and the great shops emitted a feeble glow, visible only on actual contact—mere ghosts of light haunting the darkness of the dreary evening. It was such a night as sends one with a tingle of pleasure into the warm glow of hearth and lighted lamp—such a night as bids one bask with joy in the heaven of household smiles.

But hearth, or lamp, or household smile was not for Maurice Davenant. High up in a sordid attic of the more sordid St. Giles' district, the young man sat, bowed in bitter thoughts. For the gloom without was not more intense than the gloom within his heart.

His garret was bare and cold. The fog seemed to have penetrated its damp walls and to have settled on the pallet in the corner, which, save for the single chair he sat upon and the table laden with a few books, an ink-pot, some pens, and a litter of scribbled paper, was all its furniture. A red rag of a rug by the bed made the only bright patch in the place. An open cupboard showed a little oil-stove thrust uselessly away in a corner and a few table accessories—knife, fork, spoon, plate, cup and saucer. But there was no food therein, only a few stale crusts that the mice had been nibbling last night.

Far away in Westminster "Big Ben" tolled the hour of six with ponderous deliberation. The young man heard, or, hearing, heeded it not. With face bowed in his hands, a faded cap thrust back from a mass of tangled brown hair, he sat forward, elbows on knees. You would have thought him sleeping, but he was not. He was only wrestling with despair, with bitter thoughts that assailed and shook his soul like demons.

His clothes were shabby and threadbare. The cap on his head would have attracted your attention. It was unmistakably a college cap, with its alternate gold and maroon quarters. Had you seen his face, you would, at a glance have seen thereon, for all its starved meagreness, lineaments of culture and refinement. There was intellect in his blue eyes and clear expanse of brow; sweetness and character in the well-set mouth and chin. Want and privation may have channelled his features, but they had no ill lines, no traces of coarse dissipation.

* * *

Maurice Davenant was the son of an Irish family. When he came to London five years before no one had a brighter career ahead. Propitious fates seemed to have strewn his path with roses. Educated, high-thoughted, his strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure. He had received a careful training in a great college in the north country. There his brilliant talents made him the envy and admiration of his fellows. Where others

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plodded, he soared, and when he came out first in the great university examination all said that he had deserved well. *Palmam qui meruit, ferat*, it was the motto engraved on the gold medals he had won in other collegiate branches, and none envied him. His professors prophesied great things of him; his class-fellows were proud of him, but none prouder than his old friend George White. For by those idiosyncrasies of nature, by that subtle instinct of sympathy that segregates certain men of kindred parts from their fellows and knits them together in lasting friendship, George and Maurice had, of all their fellows, been the fastest friends. Theirs was a community of nature and thought and talents. True there had often been little school-boy rivalries between them in the struggle for academical honors; but their hearts were too generous for jealousy and their respective successes had but mutually endeared them the more, as foemen worthy of each other's steel. So that when they had gone forth together from the gray old college on the Norland fells, they had sworn strong vows of friendship, promising with hearty handclasp to pray for and watch over each other through life.

Then George had, strange to say, for he had been accounted "wild" at college, taken the garb of a great religious order, and Maurice, after a delightful and all too brief a vacation in Ireland, had broken home ties and with his mother's last kiss on his mouth, her image in his heart, and her tearful blessing in his ears, made for the Mecca of all British talent, London; London alas! too often but the Circe with her meretricious smile luring genius to the husks of swine.

For a time the correspondence so faithfully pledged had been kept up between George and himself. They were delightful moments, those when the young novice's letters came to him in the loneliness of his London life. Alas, in the foul atmosphere of London, with its seductive temptations, they kept his heart fresh and pure, for they recalled old scenes, old times, old dreams and breathed of fervent affection, purified and intensified by the sweet and solemn fervor of a religious vocation. In time, too, those letters became more than periodical envoys of pleasant reminiscences to Maurice. For as his spirit flagged in the hard struggle of literature, when, betimes, he found himself hopeless and despondent in the fierce competition, not only for success but for mere recognition, they were as ministering angels to him —delightful visitants of comfort and encouragement. And when he had begun to make his mark, when his first volume of verses had appeared and the critics foretold great things for its author, no critique, no congratulations pleased him like those of George and of his mother.

But in time he met his fate in the person of Rose Adaire, and with her the tragedy that darkened his life. And it was of this love, now but a fragrant memory, and of this tragedy that he was thinking, as he sat there in silent agony, in the squalor of his London attic.

Of the friends he had made in the great metropolis, none was dearer to him than Arthur Burke. Chance had brought them together in their lodgings in Chelsea. They had adjoining rooms on the same floor and passed much of their time in delightful co-partnery of books and kindred hobbies. But there were some things about Burke that, for all their friendship, puzzled Maurice. Often, in conversation over their pipes, he would unaccountably lapse into taciturn moods, from which his friend's good-natured raillery and ready sympathy failed to arouse him. There was, too, an air of mystery in his frequent absences at night and his belated home-comings at daybreak, in his unexplained and, to Maurice, inexplicable borrowing of money; for he had a good position as Civil Servant in the Home Office. Then, too, there had been many little thefts from various folk in the house. One morn-

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ing at breakfast, his landlady's husband had complained of losing money from his wardrobe. Mrs. Burton herself, at various times, had missed trinkets and jewelled odds and ends, which losses had invariably brought censure and discharge to the servants.

But though these losses had remained an enigma and their recurrence a cause of chagrin to the Burton household, Burke himself had unexpectedly solved the mystery of his nocturnal disappearances and auroral home-comings, when one evening he asked Maurice to accompany him to the "Dragon," a notorious gambling house in the aristocratic West-End.

"The 'Dragon?' Impossible, Arthur!" said Maurice, starting and putting down the book he had opened.

This, then, was the secret of the haggard look and ghostly pallor; of the sullen silence and churlish moodishness that had supplanted the old geniality and amiable *camaraderie*.

"The 'Dragon,' I said, and why not?" answered Burke, with a twinge of shame, avoiding his friend's honest eyes.

"O, Arthur, you surely cannot mean it," said Maurice reproachfully, placing his hands on the other's shoulders and eyeing him squarely. "You surely must know the consequences of going there? Why, it was only last week that young Lord Monmouth committed suicide in the unholy place. Have you forgotten it?"

"The more fool he, if he couldn't put up with his losses like a man. As for the consequences, I know them well, a game of roulette and perhaps a fortune by morning," answered Burke, with an unsuccessful feint at indifference.

"And what if you did make a fortune? It's an old truth, Arthur—*ill got, ill gone!*" urged Maurice. "I hate to be sanctimonious, nor do I lay claim to superior virtue, but oh! I wish you'd not go!"

"Well, old man, the fact is, I must. I've gotten into a heap of debt and see no other way of paying it, except by a shot at the table!"

Clearly he had been bewitched by the fatal Circe and now it was impossible to break the charm that held him. In vain Maurice expostulated with him. In vain he begged and besought him to desist, urging all sweetest pleas to touch his honor. And when Burke, callous to his prayers and scornful of his entreaties, had in turn used his most insidious arguments as tempter, Maurice said with gentle earnestness:

"No, Arthur! I will not go, if for no other reason, for the sake of Rose Adaire. I would be all that she would have me be—all that he should be who would be a friend of hers."

It was his trump card, but it failed to win. Rose Adaire, the daughter of a physician's widow, was a mutual friend of the two young men.

Burke started. He knew that Maurice thought highly of the girl. But here was something more than mere esteem. In those few earnest words he had proclaimed the love that was the ruling passion of his life—its inspiration, its day-star. For a moment there was silence, broken anon by Burke.

"Ah, well! you know you were always a dreamer. You poetic chaps have such finicky notions. As for Rosie—she's a splendid girl, but too deuced exacting. She lives in an atmosphere too attenuately fine for me. Not that I don't admire and respect her for it, but——" And he broke off with an ironical laugh.

"You will see her to-night, eh? Well, give her my regards, but for heaven's sake don't let her know anything of this. Good-bye, old man; the fellows are waiting for me," and with a parting toss of his hand he was off.

Maurice had spoken from his heart—*I would be all that she would have me be.* For, though the soul of honor before it, the coming of Rose into his life, her first sweet smile had been the accolade of all that was knightly and chivalrous

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within him. It touched him to a loftier manhood and a purer and more earnest purpose. His love for the girl was as a consuming flame, purging away whatever of dross he had inherited from our poor, frail humanity.

With the reverential temperament of the Celt, his ideal of womanhood had ever been of the loftiest. And here it was realized in this girl, so modest where others were forward, so sweet and gentle where others were petulant or proud or capricious, so simple and ingenuous where others were airish or posy or effected, so unselfish where others were exactingly wrapped up in self. He could not help likening her unto the violet:—

O, flower of gentle maidenhood,
Because it thus doth symbolize
Thy lowly ministry of good,
The little violet I prize,
It sweetens all the sombre wood,
So thou the world in lowly wise.

And his worship of Rose was commensurate with his reverence for her. She was his inspiration by day, his dream by night. Her love and the hope of winning it was as a star before him, lighting him up heights of lofty purpose and pure ambition. He was so happy in his love, when suddenly over its enchanted world came the clouds, marring its beauty, dimming the sunshine of its noonday. The memory of the dismal episode was written in shame on his heart, sealed in dishonor on his life.

With a shudder he recalled it now, as he sat there in his desolation.

It had been a bright day in early May. The verdure of spring was in the fields; the young green on the trees. The air was redolent of flowers; the swallows had come, and orchard and hedgerow were white with hawthorne and apple-bloom. One of the boys in the college where he taught part of the day, had familiarly fastened a rosebud in his buttonhole, and he still wore it when he called on Rose in the evening. It was a little fancy of his to wear rosebuds. They were so like Rose in their fresh, young beauty and the sweetness that was as her soul's exhalation of virginal innocence. He found her alone. She had been reading *Lancelot and Elaine* and their talk drifted to the poem. Maurice was censorious of Lancelot for rejecting the love of the Lily Maid of Astolat. He spoke with feeling, and, with the intuition of her sex, Rose knew that the pleading tone with which he told another's love but interpreted his own. There were tears in her eyes, not unnoticed of Maurice. Tears of joy they were. And as he took the bud from his coat and fastened it in the dark coils of her hair, he went on, reading his heart into the words—

A rose, but one rose, no other rose had I,
A rose, one rose, and this was wondrous fair,
One rose, a rose, that gladdened earth and sky,
One rose, my rose, that sweetened all mine air.

Then, "what if some day I should do wrong and cause you tears of grief?"

"You couldn't," she answered; "but if you ever wandered from your true self and did so——"

"What then?"

"I'd forgive you from my heart."

Ah! how often since that night had Maurice remembered those beautiful words! How often he had needed the test of their truth!

And when he had risen to go, Rose said, "Guess who was here before you?"

"I give it up," he answered playfully.

"Mr. Burke," she said, with a blush.

"Arthur, eh?" answered Maurice. "He'll be glad to hear of my luck."

"He may be—I hope so," she answered.

An hour later Arthur Burke was surprised by his friend's rapturous, "Congratulate me, old man!" as he burst impetuously into his room.

"Why so?" asked Blake.

"We're engaged!" And Maurice wrung his friend's hand.

"Who?" asked Burke.

"Rose—Miss Adaire and myself!"

"Happy fellow!" exclaimed Burke. "Congratulate you! With all my heart?"

But Maurice did not notice the sinister

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light that had suddenly come into his eyes and belied the smile on his lips, nor the evasive look that furtively met his own.

Late that night, while Maurice lay wrapt in blissful dreams, a stealthy figure stole into his room, opened his wardrobe, put something in a vest hanging there and as cautiously left the room. And Maurice—poor, trusting Maurice—knew not in that moment his career had been blasted, his good name stolen, and his character besmirched.

Next morning there was commotion at the breakfast table. Mrs. Burton came down, pale and perturbed, Mr. Burton with an ugly wrinkle between his knit brows. Arthur Burke was unusually hilarious, the other lodgers in their usual morning moods. Maurice noticed Mrs. Burton's face and promptly asked if she felt unwell

"No, thank you, Mr. Burke," she answered; "but I'm very angry. I'm sorry to say it, but there's a thief in our midst. My room was entered last night while I was at the theatre with Clarence, my drawer unlocked and a diamond bracelet and some rings stolen."

The gentlemen looked from one to another aghast. This was an imputation on all of them, and it behooved them to clear themselves.

"Some one in the house—I will not say at this table," chimed in Mr. Burton, "has a duplicate key of the room and entered it This thing has gone altogether too far."

Some of the gentlemen disavowed and cursed the infamous deed, but Maurice came to the rescue with his suggestion

"It's a stigma on each and every one of us, and there's but one thing to be done. Let us search every room in the house!"

He was confident that they were all innocent. Mrs. Burton objected, but the gentlemen with Mr. Burton seized and insisted on the suggestion.

Accordingly, after breakfast they went together to their rooms, unlocked trunks, turned out the contents of drawer and closet, rifled wardrobes and searched pockets. And when they had thus gone through the respective rooms and come, at length, to Maurice's, there in the pocket of a vest hanging in his wardrobe, Mr. Burton found one of his wife's missing rings and the duplicate key of her room.

For a moment, that to Maurice seemed an eternity, there was dead silence. The gentlemen put up their eyebrows significantly, coughed nervously and fell to drawing hieroglyphics on the floor with their toes. All looked at him accusingly, and Mr. Burton's reproach was as a knife in his heart, as he said pitifully, with a hint of infinite scorn:

"You, Mr. Davenant, of all men! You to be guilty of this!"

Maurice confronted him calmly, his frank eyes squarely meeting his, as he said slowly: "I am innocent, Mr. Barton! Circumstances are against me now, but time will vindicate me!"

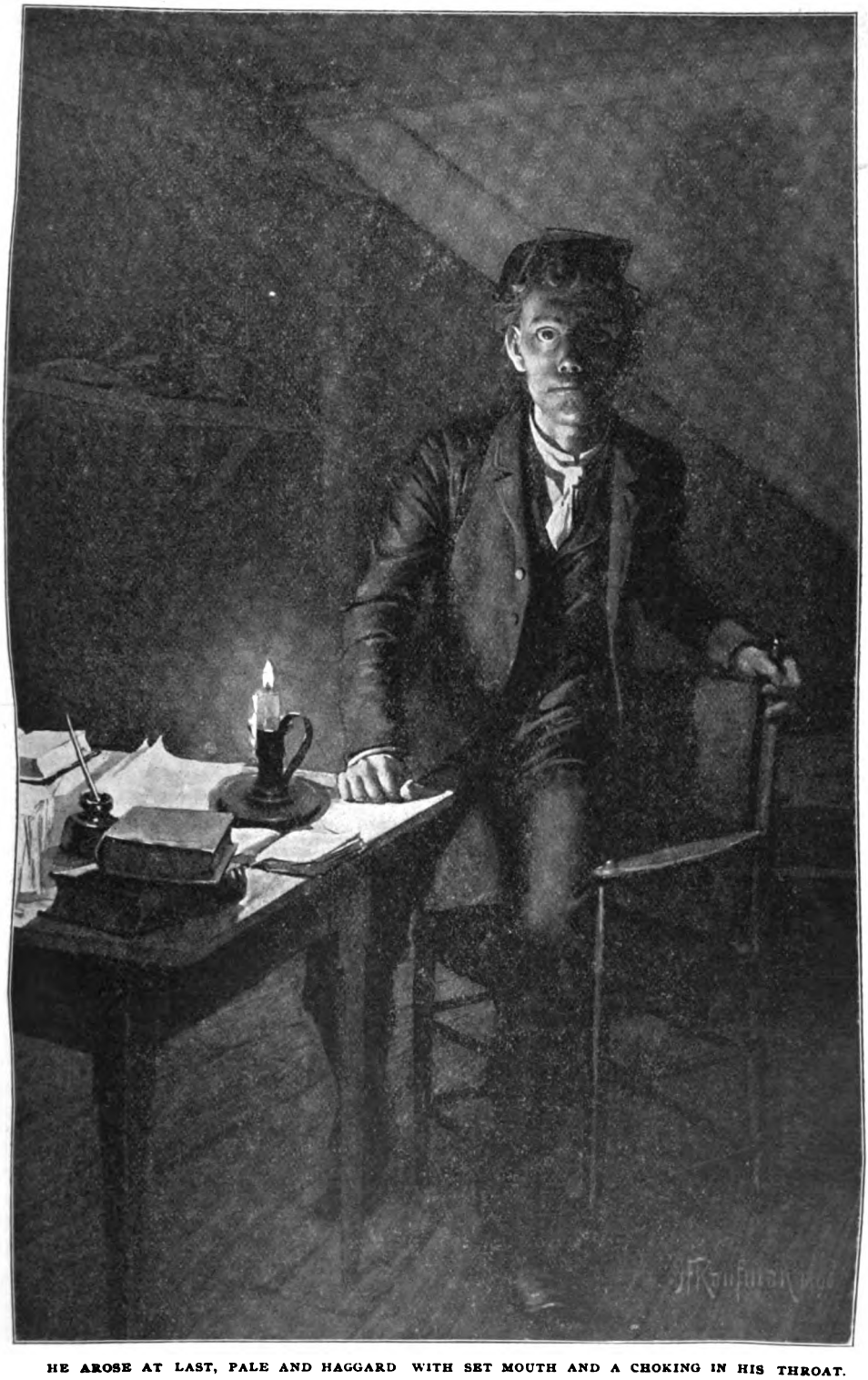
"I sincerely hope so," broke in the gentlemen, individually.

"Nevertheless, Mr. Davenant," resumed Mr. Barton, "my duty is clear and I must call in a policeman!"

Then followed the trial at the Old Bailey, its infamous dock, its shameful charge, its criminal brand, the twelve "good men and true," the lawyers bewigged and begowned, in ponderous invective holding him up to reprobation, his counsel pleading eloquently for his youth and talent, the sea of pitying faces, the millions of fingers pointing scorn at him, the grave severity of the judge tempering justice with mercy, the unjust yet circumstantially unjustifiable sentence, the police van, and finally the criminal's cell in Newgate.

Oh! the misery, the shame, the anguish of that lonely cell, with its lonelier vigils of poignant revery; its hideous dreams in which, night after night, his mother in far away Ireland, his beloved Rose, his college professors, his literary fellows, his old friend George

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HE AROSE AT LAST, PALE AND HAGGARD WITH SET MOUTH AND A CHOKING IN HIS THROAT.

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looked down upon and mocked him with reproachful eyes. He never could, he never *would* face them again! And yet, oh, God! he was innocent! And finally when the jail sent him forth a free man, but branded and stigmatized, how the world laughed at him and cast him off, consigning him to the convict's doom, hunger and heartbreak!

And to his mother, to Rose, to all the friends of his young manhood he had since been as one dead, so carefully had he obliterated himself so deeply did he dread meeting them, dishonored as he deemed himself in the eyes of the world.

* * *

That episode was a thing of the past, but now to-night after another day of torturing disappointment and fruitless quest of employment he had returned cold and hungry, to his garret. His evil genius had haunted him all day. The old cause had confronted him. Men seemed to have read the brand on his brow. The outward signs of indigence may be a mark, and, alas! too often are the concomitants of genius. Wherever he had presented himself he had been gormandized from head to foot with a stony British stare. In vain he had sought the sale of a little poem to some well-disposed editor. It did not bear his name, but a pseudonym. His own name would have sold it at a profit, but knowing that that name was dishonored and thinking in consequence that it would have damned the lines, he had adopted the pen-name. All to no purpose; and now the poem lay there on the table with other rejected manuscript and incipient essays that he was too disheartened to finish. It was an autobiographic echo headed "OUTSIDE" and ran:—

Across her windows candle-lit
I, standing outside in the gloom,
Last night beheld her shadow flit
From out her dim, enchanted room.

And somehow, as I lingered near,
The lighted lattice grew a blur
Of gold athwart the burning tear
That dimmed mine eyes at thought of her.

Ah! does she think of me at all,
In thoughts except of bitterness;
Or does she know that I recall
Her face, its beauty but to bless?

Perhaps—who knows!—a pensive smile,
In time of dreams when memory bids
The past retire a little while,
May flit across her folded lids.

Howbeit now, alone, apart,
With not a refuge from regret,
I lock her memory in my heart,
For love, when true, can ne'er forget.

Near it lay another sheet with the opening lines of a second, but unfinished poem:

How empty all my life hath been
Since she hath gone away!
Now gloom, where once was summer's green,
Eternal winter's gray!
With divers' tasks I strive to fill
The void her absence makes,
In vain, in vain, I cannot still
This heart that aches and aches!

There his hand had faltered, the pen had lost its cunning and his emotion had overmastered him.

Whatever had been the conflict of his thoughts, as he sat there in revery; into whatever abyss of desperation or profundity of temptation he had been plunged, he arose at last, pale and haggard, with set mouth and a choking in his throat.

"Merciful God! An outcast! An Ishmael! The world's hand against me, mine against the world! I will not endure it longer!" he called aloud, lifting his hands in protest against heaven.

His mind was with the Thames. In fancy he already stood on the battlements and saw the lights of the bridge

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winking and wavering in the river below. Into its merciful depths he felt himself sinking—away from disgrace, away from opprobrium, away from hunger and the cold charity of the world. He would go, it was the last remedy of the wretched—and consign himself to its cold deeps.

With this desperate resolve in mind, he staggered down the rickety stairs. Out in the fog, the chill of the night seemed to arrange his disordered mind. It was a bitter night, but he hardly noticed it. Mechanically he pulled his cap tight over his forehead, raised the collar of his coat and strode aimlessly into the gloom—whither he neither knew nor cared. Escape! escape! That was the one thought that possessed him. Escape from what? He hardly knew—from himself, from hunger, from despair, from the disgrace that compassed his life round about and would end only with his death? Oddly enough the intellectual side of his nature asserted itself. Scraps of classical learning fashioned themselves in his brain. As in a dream he found himself quoting the Homerical description of Cimmeria and its gloom. But his dominant thought was of Arthur after his pathetic parting with Guinevere in the cloisters of Amesbury, riding forth to death in his last great battle in the west:

"And more and more
The moony vapor rolling round the King,
Who seemed the phantom of a Giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold and made him gray
And grayer, till himself became as mist"

Anon his evil and good angels contended for mastery over him.

"The river!" hissed the one in his ears. "The river and rest!" There he stood torn in spirit by the dreadful conflict.

Then his good angel came to his rescue.

"Coward!" she whispered; "coward and suicide!"

The thought appalled him, not merely by reason of the shame and physical dissolution, but—awful thought!—by reason of the loss of his soul which his faith attached to the act. Strangely, too, his good angel took the shape of his beloved. He could almost touch her with his hand and feel her breath warm on his cheek, so real seemed the figment of his fancy. It was Rose that spoke to him, Rose that pleaded with him and Rose that finally prevailed.

"O, my darling!" he sobbed, "that I might see you again—only once. If I might only know that your faith in me was whole after these years!"

Then he paused, with an infinite yearning in his heart. I will go to her; she will never know it. She cannot see me and I—perhaps I may see her—if only her shadow on the blind. At any rate it will be sweet to be near her, if only for a little while—sweet to tread again the ground hallowed and consecrated by her presence!

With this thought, as an angel at his feet, he turned his steps in the direction of the girl's home. As he strode along the familiar streets, swathed in the tawny mirk, with smirches of golden nebula, where the electric lights made a ghostly flicker in the darkness, the sound of a church bell came to him. It was the *Angelus*, and with its talismanic chime all the old days, the happy, innocent boyhood, rich in promise and full of hope, rushed back upon him. He thought of the gray college in the north and heard its chimes clashing and clanging in sonorous thunder from the old eagle-capped towers at sunset, peal upon peal reverberating high up on the fells and deep down and away in the dales where the river flowed. Once more he was a boy—an eager student. He scaled the heathery heights behind the college. He breathed the sweet breath of the pines. He caught the whistle of the thrush in the wood, and the fluting of the blackbirds—oh! such silvery fluting as it used to be!—in the yews. And George—where was George, dear, dear, old George! Ah! if *he* only knew!

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Surely his old friend, his *fidus Achates*, anointed minister of God now—would not desert him or think him guilty.

Suddenly, as he stumbled on, chilled to the bone and drenched with fog as if with the dew of a harvest dawn, he heard a burst of music, swelling a moment in sweet crescendo, then fading away in gentle diminuendo, as the church door now opened and shut, letting out a pale lance of light across his path. It was the choir singing the *O Salutaris*—an old, worshipful air he had himself often sung at college. The music held him in holy thrall and drew him with irresistible impulse into the church. It was so pleasant in there—the light, the warmth, the sparkling altar, the fragrant incense, the solemn anthems that sank into his rebellious heart like God's graces and compelled him to prayer. Then he heard a voice—the priest's—chanting the antiphon, *panem de coelo praestitisti eis*.

A great tide of joy flooded his heart. It was George's voice! That and the crowding memories it brought him opened the long pent floodgates, and leaning his face in his hands on the pew he burst into a torrent of such embittered tears as only men weep in moments of supreme agony.

He would go to George and tell him all. Surely *he* would not cast him off—he, who was not only his boyhood's dearest friend, sharing with him so many hallowed memories—but who was also a consecrated priest of God, the shepherd of His lost lambs. Nay, he might even help him, perhaps have a message of forgiveness from his poor mother. His mother! And the thought of her smote his heart poignantly.

Accordingly after service he sought the sacristy. An acolyte admitted him. The priest was yet kneeling at a *prie-dieu*, his face uplifted to the little ivory crucifix above. As Maurice looked at that face he felt a strange thrill. It was, indeed, the face of the old George he had known, but altered—how, he could not exactly formulate in thought. It had grown so sweet, so good, so transfigured and spiritualized with some ethereal beauty—beauty not of line or feature, but the reflection as of some light within—the beauty of holiness.

Presently the priest arose and seeing Maurice standing there, cap in hand, turned to him with, "Do you wish to speak to me?" Breaking off abruptly he held him a moment in close scrutiny, then taking him by both hands, almost sobbed—

"Maurice! Maurice! my old friend! Where have you been?" And then his voice was lost in tears.

For a moment they stood thus gazing into each other's faces, the mist creeping over Maurice's eyes. He was beside himself with shame. Once or twice he tried to speak, but the words would not come. Surely *he* too knew the story. But did he, like the world, believe it?

"I could not come," he faltered huskily, at length. "You know why—no need to explain!"

"Ah! Maurice, is it thus you trust your friend?" said the priest reproachfully. "Surely you might have known that I didn't doubt you. Your poor mother is heart-broken. It was only yesterday she wrote me, for the hundredth time, begging me, beseeching me most piteously to find you and tell you for her that you are her boy, though all the world reject and condemn you. But find you in London! As well look for a needle in a haystack, as we used to say in Ireland." And he made a little attempt at mirth, with the old smile that Maurice knew so well.

"But now, thank God, you are come," he went on; "come in answer to the prayers I have only just been saying for you. You must come with me to-night—at once. It is not yet too late. Arthur Burke—you know him? Well, he is dying. He was cashiered from the Civil Service for gambling. For years he was a vagrant and contracted consumption on the streets. He sent for me and begged me to bring you to him

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before the end. He has something very important to say—something, Maurice, you will be overjoyed to hear."

And again the old smile lit up his face.

"We must go at once; there's no time to lose" And entering the house, Maurice following, he doffed his soutane, put on coat and hat, and led Maurice forth into the fog.

They proceeded in silence, the priest going forward eagerly, as if some matter of grave import, some message of life or death depended on haste.

"This is the place," he said, as, after many detours through tortuous streets and alleys, they stopped before the door of a lodging house in a small street off one of London's chief thoroughfares.

"Did you find his friend, Father?" said the woman that admitted them. "He's going fast and is asking for him, Maurice, I think, he calls him."

"Thank God! it is not too late then," whispered the priest. "Yes, I've found him; he is here!" And he led the way up a triple flight of stairs into a poor, but neat room, the woman lighting them with a candle.

The sick man in the bed that occupied the greater part of the room turned at the sound of their footsteps. The priest drew near him.

"Have you found him?" Burke asked feebly.

"Yes! he is here!" answered the priest softly. "Maurice!"

And Maurice went reverently forward.

"Arthur, my old friend!" he said, as he took the poor, pale proffered hand of the man face to face with death.

"Friend?" echoed the sick man, with a bitter attempt at laughter. "No, Maurice, no friend, but the most malignant, black-hearted enemy you ever had. Will you, can you forgive me?" he went on, as he struggled to his elbow, wringing Maurice's hand. "Listen, Maurice! It was I—I whom you trusted as a friend and loved as a brother—it was I that did it—I that damned your good name and blasted your life. I was jealous—I was mad. You remember that night that Rose accepted you, that night when you were so happy in your love? She had cast me off—rejected me, as now I thank God she did reject me for her own sake. Then you came in and I congratulated you; but the hatred of hell was in my heart for all the smile on my lips. You remember Mrs. Burton was out that night at the theatre. I had just rifled her jewel case, before you came back from Rose. In my frenzied jealousy I put the ring and key in your pocket. The bracelet I sold; I needed money for that accursed roulette—that accursed roulette you so often asked me to shun. Oh, that I had taken your advice, that I had followed your counsel. But now, it is too late—too late—too late."

He paused a moment, then turning to Maurice, sobbed piteously: "O Maurice, Maurice! can you, will you forgive me for all the shame I have brought upon you; will you, oh! will you?"

Maurice stood stunned by the awful confession. Its full import floated confusedly acsoss his brain; vindication, restoration of his good name, employment, success and—Rose! In all his heart, that minute, there was no thought of vengeance, only of infinite pity for the man who had so deeply wronged him.

"From my heart I forgive you, Arthur!" he said hoarsely, "as I, myself, hope for forgiveness!" And, stooping, he kissed the poor fellow's clammy brow.

"God bless you, old man!" said Arthur; "you and Rose—you must go to her! God bless you and good bye!"

Some hours later, as the myriad clocks of London tolled the hour of twelve, Arthur Burke lay dead in his lonely room, forgiven of God, let us hope, as he was generously forgiven of the friends he had so deeply wronged.

"Poor fellow!" said Maurice to the priest in the presbytery of the church, where they sat late, with a thousand topics; "poor fellow! he had suffered

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most himself, and may God pardon him!"

"Of course," said the priest, "your mother knows all about it. I wrote her a week ago, not that she needed confirmation of your innocence. Oh! Maurice, a mother's love! who can fathom it? What a divine and Christlike thing it is! How passing human understanding! You must go to her at once, go to and comfort her. But there is another duty here in London—another one to see. Nay, you need not deny the soft impeachment, my boy! I know all about it from Burke and Mrs. Adaire. She's one of my penitents, you know, and Rose, I fear, is but a little faded flower since your misfortune."

"Between friends there is no secret. It was she saved me to-night and brought me here," Maurice blurted out.

"God through her," said the priest. "But now go to your room and you can fix that between you to-morrow. Perhaps my services may be required later on." And with a smile and a hearty hand shake he bade Maurice good night.

But how could Maurice sleep that night for utter joy? How could he but pour out his heart in fervent thanks to the benign Providence that had wrought this happy consummation? And how leaden-footed seemed the hours next day, until evening brought him to the Adaire home on Greene Street! With a fluttering heart he rang the bell and was ushered into the parlor. From some far-away nook he heard a ripple of music. He knew the tunes, knew also that it was Rose who was playing. Then the music ceased, there was a rustle at the portiere, and she stood before him.

"Rose!"

"Maurice!"

And with the word she would have fallen, had he not caught her in his arms and clasped her to his heart. It was the same gentle little Rose, but paler and frailer than of old. Yes, she had suffered. It was written in the sweet, drawn face—the face that had haunted his lonely prison-cell and cheerless garret. And as she sobbed out her joy on his shoulder, he, stroking her beautiful head, put her the question:

"Do you remember that evening long ago, when I fastened the rose in your hair?"

"Yes! yes! how could I forget it?" she whispered.

"And do you remember me asking you, if ever I did wrong and caused you tears of grief, what you'd do?"

"Forgive you!" she said, softly. "Yes, I have never forgotten it. But I never doubted you—never for one moment."

"God bless my little Rose!" he answered, fervently.

"And do you remember this?" she said with an arch smile, bringing him a book and showing him the withered rose-leaves pressed away at the poem, *Lancelot and Elaine.*

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TALKS ON ETHICS.

By Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J.

"Good or evil in moral matters means agreement with or divergence from reason."
—*St. Thomas.*

BEFORE passing to the study of the supreme norm or standard of morality, let me state in propositions the matter already discussed. 1. The human will cannot have for its object evil as such. 2. Man deliberately acting always acts for an end. 3. There must be a last end for man. 4. No created object can be the last end of man. 5. God alone is man's last end. 6. Invincible ignorance exculpates the individual from moral blame. 7. Vincible ignorance cannot be advanced as an excuse for wrongdoing. 8. Grave fear or violence, while it does not exonerate from censure, may mitigate culpability. With these indubitable principles in sight we may proceed.

We will now start out in search of the discriminating norm of morality, start on a voyage of discovery, not of that which obliges us to be moral, but of that which discerns between good and evil acts.

In the first place there are good and evil acts, admitted as such by all, and from the consideration of such acts morality may be called that quality inherent in certain deeds by which the act is styled good or bad. That quality is not a fiction of the mind, not the physical act in itself, but must be some bearing on the part of the act towards something, and we call that bearing a relation. It is evident that that quality is a real quality, because we are affected by it, and it produces effects very discernible. If a man perform what we esteem a good action, we approve of it; if he is guilty of an immoral act, we disapprove of it. A thing that really affects us cannot be a mere fiction. It cannot be the physical act in itself, and therefore we may call it a relation in the act to something else, and I think we can say that that relation is some *conformity* of the act to something, if it is good, or some *non-conformity* of the act to something, if the act is bad. These acts are divided into right and wrong. The word right evidently indicates a rule of some kind. When I say a line is straight, I mean that after examining it, I find it is the shortest distance between two points. So, when we say an action is right, we mean that if we apply a certain rule to the action we shall find that it is according to rule, and that that rule is the measure of the action. When we say an action is bad, that an action is wrong, we mean that it will not stand the test of measuring, that therefore in the badness of the action there is a non-conformity to a certain understood, implied, and (in a large majority of cases) explicit rule. That rule is a standard. We do not ask ourselves whether there is such a rule, because that is a fact incontestable. We are not inquiring about moral goodness, but we are inquiring about that thing which discerns for us whether a thing is morally good or morally bad, and as there is question in moral philosophy of all responsible action, we are searching after a universal—a supreme—a discriminating or discerning rule.

There are certain pleas put forward for certain standards. All moral philosophy is simply an interrogation—asking the question—what is the rule? where is the rule? We are not now busy with the question of obligation—that will come afterward.

Every system had before itself in its inception the design, the plan, the proposition of discovering a rule for the

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moral goodness or badness of human action. Philosophy is simply the expression of the eagerness of the human mind to get an answer to the most important question a man can address to himself. Philosophizing means man's determination to find out what is the truth about that all-important thing—man's destiny. It never had any other meaning.

What are the religions or systems of philosophy that present us with a norm or standard of morality? Morality in its standard should address itself, not to the material element in man, but to the whole man as we find him constituted. There is a philosophy that will consider man in his mere material part. That considers only one-half the man. We cannot, therefore, take it for a standard. There is a class of philosophers who consider man only in his spiritual nature. That also is only one-half the man. Let us call them idealists. Our system of philosophy is that which will take man in his entirety and report an answer satisfactory to the totality of the individual.

We have Materialists, Pantheists, Agnostics and Positivists. What are we going to call ourselves? Emphatically, rationalists. Our light is only the light of unaided reason, inasmuch as we may separate reason from the inevitable influence of Christianity. We walk on the streets without paying attention to the fact that if we had no sunlight, we would be groping our way like blind men. Under the influence of the sunlight, we have always light, the sun producing its influence always. There is no light in humanity that can be compared with Christianity which, shedding its rays on us for two thousand years, necessarily—whether we will or not—exercises an influence. Though doing our best in our rational search after the first principle of morality to rid ourselves of the influence of that light, we cannot succeed altogether, yet inasmuch as we can, we will try.

The Pantheists say everything is God. They say there is only one reality, and that reality is the Deity, and that everything else is only a manifestation of the Deity. They say creatures are only accidents or germs of the Deity. That is what Pantheism summarized amounts to. If so, then Pantheism takes away individual responsibility. If we are fractions of the Deity, it matters very little what we do, everything we do is attributable to the Deity. The Deity is king, and the king can do no wrong; the Deity can do no wrong. We are parts of the Deity in all our actions, and the question of responsibility is "words, words, words."

Agnostics are those who profess that we are very limited beings (we are all willing to admit that), and that true (their) philosophy relegates everything not cognizable by or knowable to the senses to the region of the unknown. Agnosticism is that system according to which they profess to know nothing, still, in the parlance of the time, "they know it all." Audacious they certainly are. They come to teach humanity, after humanity has been learning for so many years; to teach humanity their very small handful of ideas, to teach humanity that humanity has been all wrong. They talk against dogmatism, while they are the most stubborn dogmatists known. They say we are making dogmas, but we have as much right to make dogmas as they. If we don't know anything that transcends the reach of the senses, all morality is at an end, there is no use looking around for a law or standard.

Positivists are almost the same, yet they must have a god of some kind. St. Paul, in his travels, came to a place where there was an altar but no statue; on that altar there was no symbol, but there was an inscription which read: "To the unknown god," as if all humanity had gotten tired of mythological gods, as if humanity felt there was a real god somewhere, but not knowing who the real god was, they reared an

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altar in his honor. St. Paul told them that altar was well termed, and that he came with a message telling them who the unknown God was. So the Agnostics' god is unknown; they call it a force, it is something, it is a power of some kind, but it is unknown. The Positivists have their god also; they are the apostles of sweetness and light, and their god is humanity. Sacrifices made for posterity only will not be many. This incentive—the hope of doing good to humanity to come—will not endure.

Mr. Myers, her admirer and intimate friend, gives us this reminiscence of George Eliot. "I remember how at Cambridge I walked with her once in the fellows' Garden of Trinity on an evening of rainy May, and she stirred somewhat beyond her wont and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet calls of men—the words, God, immortality, duty — pronounced with terrible earnestness, how inconceivable was the first, how unbelievable the second and yet how peremptory and absolute the third. Never perhaps had sterner accents affirmed the law of sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing law. I listened and the night fell; her grave majestic countenance turned toward me like a Sibyl's in the gloom, it was as though she withdrew from my grasp one by one, the two scrolls of promise and left me only the third, awful with inevitable fate." I quote the entire passage. I leave to the reflection of my readers the blasphemy of the woman and the mawkish sentimental approval of the man.

The goodness or badness of an act is not determined by sensible pleasure, not by private utility, nor by the utility of the larger number. We are eliminating, in order that after asking the question—what is the norm—from these different systems, and finding the answer unsatisfactory, at the close we may build our own theory, which is less a theory than a statement of a fact.

The Materialists define that there is nothing to be discovered in individuals but matter; therefore only a material organization or matter in its twofold action, of seeking and regulating its operations by pleasure and pain. This is their assertion, and their assertion is really very flatly made, there is no hesitation in making it.

Helvetius and Hobbes, two men of a very great following, lay down the rule that the mere material man with all his desires and passions, likes and dislikes, is the only thing to be taken into consideration because beyond the material in man there is nothing. If, then, there is any morality, the man in his material conditions alone is to be considered. In the first place, I would ask them to prove that pleasure to be sought for and pain to be avoided is the rule of morality. Where is the proof? There is no proof forthcoming, and I will say, what is very often said in philosophy, that what is gratuitously asserted is as gratuitously denied. When you prove it, we will acknowledge you are right. That is an indirect way, but there is a more direct way. Is there anything in man higher than the senses? These Materialists say no. Still there is something they are obliged to acknowledge. I don't care how they define it, but they will certainly say that the operation by which we think is a very lofty operation, higher and more to be praised than the operation of mere feeling, tasting, seeing. If I were to say to these Materialists: "Here is this thing, the immortal in man which you say is a myth; let me put it to you honestly, which would you sooner be deprived of, the power of feeling, or the power of what you call thinking?" They have to admit a power above that of feeling. No one would say: "Take away that higher feeling and leave the lower one;" no one would be willing to make that concession. If that be the case, they have to admit something that is above pleasure and pain, something higher than anything performed by the

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senses, thereby insinuating immortality or spirituality of soul.

It strikes me, at once, we have taken away the foundation from their system. They have no rule of morality, their doctrine is something from which they derive no standard. There is something they have to acknowledge, a thing that does not feel pleasure and pain. My thought does not feel pleasure and pain; they will have to grant that. What about man's thought and will acts? What about man's aspirations? There is no question of pain in them. They will tell me that certain thoughts produce pain. Yes, I grant that. What about the thoughts themselves, what about the aspirations, what about that whole world outside of what everybody understands to be pleasure and pain? They are pleasure and pain producers, but they are not pleasure and pain. I say, what about them? Your moral law must apply to them, for there is a question of an universal law.

The idea of the Materialists expresses that man is made up of appetites, that man is one big appetite, and man's existence is the satisfaction of an appetite. This brings us back to the one thing—we are all a desire—what we started with. Our totality is made up of a desire, and we are doing our best to satisfy it. Existence is the fulfilment of a desire, so far as our responsibilities are concerned. Every time we act, we act towards filling up a void within us. But there are acts that are above the appetites and the senses. There is the appetite for honor, for friendship, of devotion to family, of devotion to country. What about that large field of human action, how is it going to be determined, how is its standard going to be decided, if the standard of morality is in seeking pleasure and eluding pain? What about the *superior* appetites of man, if we take into consideration only the material composition of man according to these philosophers? We know very well that every individual man has some time or other in his life willingly suffered pain. Many a man sacrifices himself willingly, not led by any superior norm of morality. There are certain things men will not indulge in no matter how much satisfaction the indulgence would give them; they would sooner die. See the amount of pain, if pleasure and pain be the norm, a man will undergo for the sake of living—an irrepressible desire; still this is only the beginning here. Large as may be our desire for living here, it is nothing compared with the desire of life hereafter.

It seems to me that these Materialists do not advance a proper or admissible theory of moral action that can be a standard. If it was a standard, what are we in our material part? We are animals. If we study the human organization, there is no difference between us and pure animals; the only difference is this, that they are such perfect animals they would not think of changing their animality for ours. As mere animals they are more perfect than we. We cannot get along as well as they. In that case, which would be the more moral beings? The animals. If animality is the standard of morality, the more perfect the animal, the more perfect the moral being. We are in the moral order, inferior to what we understand to be the animal kingdom.

If we take the other theory—these are only suggestions, but they are suggestive suggestions—they open the door for further thought. Take the idea of those who advance the theory that we can test the goodness or badness of an action by the advantage that accrues to the individual or the largest number of individuals. If I want to know if an action is for the good of the largest number, I must have the consensus on my finger ends, and when I find out if the action is for the good of the largest number I can perform it. That is what they mean. How long would it take us to find where the majority was.

Let us test the private Utilitarian. I

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am going to be guided by that which benefits me. Then an action that benefits me is the more moral action. Such a system begets, engenders, nourishes, develops that thing which we call egotism. Hence must we all doff our hats to "His Majesty, myself." Egotism is the natural outcome of what stamps the man as a selfish man. The more selfish a man is, the more he descends in our estimation. Let us see if that be the case. If private advantage, if the more a man gather around himself of private utility for himself, be the larger morality, let us change the photographs in the rogues' gallery, and put our own in their place, for they excel us every time. The more cunning a man is, the more sure he is of reaping what is to his own advantage. Therefore, the more of a villain an individual is, the more moral he is. That follows from their theory. We have to take these men as they pronounce themselves. For example, a crime might be for a man's advantage. If advantage is the test of morality, the discriminating law would make a man say: "This crime is to my advantage, therefore I must commit it." What would then become of the higher natural virtues? What advantage would it be to die for country, or for mankind? What would be the meaning of the heroism of our firemen and our "finest"? They would perform deeds of fancy. Such a view simply perverts the natural order of thing; it catalogues things differently, it makes crime become a virtue.

"ALWAYS LIVING TO MAKE INTERCESSION FOR US."

By Rev. James Conway, S.J.

HAVING shown Himself alive by many proofs, appearing to His Apostles and Disciples for forty days and discoursing with them concerning the kingdom of God; having completed the work for which He came into the world, the redemption of mankind, the foundation of His Church and the institution of the Sacraments for the salvation of man, Christ was taken up into heaven surrounded by the glorious captives of Limbo and the celestial legions who came to escort Him on His triumphal entrance into His kingdom. He took possession of that glorious throne which was prepared for Him at the right hand of the heavenly Father before the laying of the foundation of the world. Here He sits in His glory as the eternal King of heaven and earth. The Father has given Him "the Gentiles for His inheritance and the utmost parts of the earth for His possession." Then were fulfilled the words of the Psalmist: "The Lord said to my Lord: Sit thou at my right hand, until I make thy enemies thy footstool; . . . rule thou in the midst of thy enemies; with thee is the principality in the midst of thy strength, in the brightness of the saints."

Glorious was the triumph of the crucified Son of God. But His concern for His own did not cease with His triumph. As He died for our salvation and rose for our justification, so He ascended to His Father for our glorification. "I go to prepare a place for you," He says, "I will not leave you orphans." "It is expedient for you that I go; for if I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you; but if I go, I will send him to you." He goes, then, to prepare a place for His followers, to make them partakers of His glory. He goes to send the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, to lead His Church into all truth and to pour out His gifts upon her children.

But, what is perhaps not less significant for us, and what we would particularly emphasize in this paper is the fact that our Lord in heaven, on His glorious throne at the right hand of His

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Father, still continues the office of mediation for which He came into the world—"ALWAYS LIVING TO MAKE INTERCESSION FOR US." This is the explicit teaching of the Apostle St. Paul.

In the very act of the incarnation Jesus Christ, the Son of God, was constituted our High Priest, "holy, innocent, undefiled, separated from sinners, and made higher than the heavens," of whom the priesthood of the Old Law was only the type and the shadow. By His very position as a mediator between God and man and constituted by God as such, He was a true priest. Of Him the Psalmist sings, and St. Paul repeatedly re-echoes the words: "The Lord hath sworn, and he will not repent: thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech."

St. Paul describes the office of the priesthood in the following words: "Every high priest, taken from among men, is appointed for men in the things that appertain to God, that he may offer gifts and sacrifices for sins; who can have compassion on them who are ignorant and err, because he himself is also encompassed with infirmity." A priest is, therefore, one chosen from men by God to represent us before Him and offer sacrifices and prayers in our behalf. He is placed midway between God and man; he represents man with God, and God with man. He is essentially a mediator.

Such was Christ from His very office, and as such He was also positively appointed by God. Therefore the Apostle adds: "Neither doth any man take the honor to himself, but he that is called by God as Aaron was. So also Christ did not glorify Himself to be made a High Priest; but he that said to Him: "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee. As he saith also in another place: Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech." Jesus was, therefore, a high priest in virtue of His mediatorial office; but He was also positively ordained as such by the Father. His priesthood is eternal; He is "a priest forever." He was a priest in the moment of His conception; a priest in His birth and during His visible life here on earth; He is a priest on His glorious throne in heaven.

The principal functions of a priest are two—public sacrifice and prayer. Sacrifice is the real or symbolic destruction of a visible object for God's honor by a duly authorized priest in acknowledgment of God's supreme dominion over us and our total dependence upon Him. The victim offered or destroyed is a substitute for the person or persons for whom the sacrifice is offered. Every sacrifice is, therefore, essentially vicarious; that is, it morally represents the total offering of him for whom it is offered, who by that act acknowledges the supreme dominion of God and his own total dependence upon Him. It is evident, then, that every true sacrifice must be accepted by God as such, for without positive enactment on the part of God no creature can have this vicarious or representative value before Him. Such were all the sacrifices of the Old Law from the sacrifice of the just Abel to the last and least sacrifice instituted by Moses in Leviticus.

Sacrifice is the essential function of a priest, so that priesthood and sacrifice are correlative terms. Where there is a true priesthood there is a true sacrifice, and *vice versa*. Therefore, Christ, being a true priest, according to the order of Melchisedech, must have offered sacrifice. This was the essential function of His priesthood—that function by which He redeemed us from the slavery of sin and restored us to the friendship of God. Now, what was this sacrifice of Christ? It was the sacrifice of Calvary, the sacrifice of the Cross.

Here we have all the elements of a true sacrifice—the sacrificing high priest, the destruction or death of the victim, the acceptance on the part of God. By positive ordinance of God, Christ was substituted for sinful man. "He has borne our iniquities; He has carried our sorrows; the chastisement of our peace was

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upon Him; and by His bruises we are healed." He "hath loved us," says the Apostle "and hath delivered himself for us, as an oblation and a sacrifice to God, for an odor of sweetness." "Christ, our pasch, is sacrificed." "Christ was offered once to exhaust the sins of many." "We are sanctified by the oblation of the body of Jesus Christ once," that is, in His death. Numberless other testimonies go to prove that Christ's death on the Cross was a true sacrifice.

Jesus Christ, our High Priest, therefore, offered up a true sacrifice in laying down His life for us. This sacrifice, as the Apostle St. Paul repeatedly emphasizes, He offered *once for all*. Whereas the priests of the Old Law sacrificed daily, Christ, our Lord, "offering *one* sacrifice for sins, forever sitteth at the right hand of God; . . . for by *one* oblation he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." While the high priest of the Temple entered into the Holy of Holies *once a year*, sprinkling the blood of victims, Christ, the High Priest of the New Dispensation, "neither by the blood of goats or of calves, but by his own blood entered *once* into the sanctuary, having obtained an eternal redemption."

This is the *one* great sacrificial act of our supreme High Priest Jesus Christ—the shedding of His blood upon the Cross. But as the sacrifice proper is prefaced and completed with prayer and other acts of divine service, so also this one sacrifice of Christ is preceded, accompanied, and followed by a non-intermittent service of prayer, all of which is subordinate and directed to the one great crowning act of the sacrifice of His blood for our redemption. The life of Christ, for three and thirty years laboring and suffering here below, as well as for the forty days of His sojourn with His apostles and disciples after His resurrection and His glorious life now on His heavenly throne, are one continued divine service which culminates in the sacrifice of Calvary. As the Consecration and Communion, which form the essential parts of the holy sacrifice of the Mass, are preceded by preparatory prayers and followed by prayers of thanksgiving, all forming one function, so it is also with the sacrifice of Calvary. It is preceded by long preparation and followed by continued thanksgiving. Our Lord is "always living to make intercession for us," whether He walks visibly amongst us, or spends the nights in prayer, or bleeds for us on the Cross, or watches for us in the tabernacle, or sits in glory at the right hand of His Father.



"DO THIS IN COMMEMORATION OF ME."—RUBENS.

The sacrifice of Calvary, though prefaced with a long ordeal of sufferings, was consummated instantaneously at the moment when our Lord spoke the *Consummatum est*, and rendered His soul into the hands of the Father. Not so the function of prayer. This priestly function began at the moment of the incarnation of our Lord, was continued through His life on earth, and is, and will be, continued in His glorious life for all eternity.

The first act in His humanity, according to the teaching of St. Paul, was an act of prayer—a priestly act of self-offering to the Father as a holocaust for the sins of the world. "Coming into the

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world, he saith: Sacrifice and oblation thou wouldst not, but a body thou hast fitted to me; holocausts for sin did not please thee. Then said I: Behold I come; in the head of the book it is written of me, that I should do thy will, O God." Thus He prayed even in His Mother's womb. He prayed in the cradle; He prayed in the Temple; He prayed in Egypt; He prayed in Nazareth; He prayed in the desert; He prayed on the Mount; He prayed in the Garden of Olives; He prayed at the Last Supper; He prayed on the Cross. Therefore the Apostle St. Paul says of Him: "In the days of his flesh offering up prayers and supplications, with a strong cry and tears, to him that was able to save him from death, he was heard for his reverence." And His prayer was always a priestly prayer. As he did not need to offer sacrifice for Himself, so neither did He need to pray for Himself. As He laid down His life for us, so did He also pray for us, not for Himself.

And as He prayed for us in "the days of his flesh," that is, while He dwelt visibly in this world, He still continues in His glory, according to the Apostle, to pray for us, "always living to make intercession for us." His very presence before His Father is a permanent intercession or mediation for us. He is essentially the High Priest, the Mediator—our living mediation, expiation, reconciliation. Thus He makes intercession. He unceasingly displays before the Father the entire work of our redemption—all that He did and suffered for us. He stretches out His wounded hands for us, exhibits as the trophies of His victory over Satan and sin the wounds in His feet and side, and the prints of the thorns upon His brow. His glorious presence in heaven is, therefore, a permanent representation to the Father of the entire work of the redemption, not a new intercession or mediation; for Christ, having once died for us, can no longer satisfy or merit for us. He has done this once for all. Yet He truly lives "to make intercession for us."

His intercession in heaven is, therefore, the ever-abiding work of redemption already performed on earth—not a new work of mediation. It is the same great abiding purpose in the glorious Heart of the Saviour, for which He prayed and labored and suffered and died on this earth. It is a continuation of the same interests incessantly represented to the heavenly Father together with the prayers, labors and sufferings offered for them in His earthly life and death.

And what are those interests? The salvation of the world, the spread of the Faith, the triumph of the Church, the advancement of His kingdom, both visible in His Church and invisible in the hearts of men, the union of all men in the one true fold under the one true shepherd, the conversion of sinners, the perfection of the just, the salvation of every individual, the spiritual welfare of all, and even the temporal welfare of many. These are the interests of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the object of His intercession. For all these He prayed on earth "with unutterable groanings"; and for the same He now "makes intercession" in a manner likewise unutterable.

We must also bear in mind that our Lord in His glory represents to His Father all those interests and intentions for which He offers Himself daily in the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, which at every moment of the day and night is celebrated on thousands of altars all over the world. He does not, however, offer this dread sacrifice in heaven; for by its institution the Mass is confined to this earth, to the ministry of His visible priesthood, to whom He said: "Do this for a commemoration of me." Yet it is the same Christ who sits at the right hand of the Father in heaven, who as High Priest, in an invisible manner, daily and hourly offers Himself through the hands of His priests, renewing in an

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THE GREAT HIGH PRIEST.—DEGER

unbloody manner the sacrifice of Calvary. All those countless Masses, with their numberless intentions, He presents to His heavenly Father.

Moreover, He presents, in like manner, the prayers and intentions of His followers on earth, particularly of those who unite their intentions with His own. Their interests are His interests, and *vice versa*. Hence they are all included in His "intercession" with the Father. Herein are, likewise, included the interests and prayers of the suffering souls in purgatory—and all those prayers and good works that are offered for them by the living. United with this "intercession" of our Lord are also the prayers and intercessions and divine praises of God's angels and saints. In short, the prayers and good works of the entire Church—militant, suffering and glorious—are incorporated in this grand,

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continuous act of mediation. This "intercession" is commensurate with the Communion of Saints itself. Christ "making intercession for us" presents to His Father, as it were, the entire treasury of divine mercy and grace, not only for a given moment, but for all times, places and persons.

Conscious of this office of perpetual mediation, the Church in her liturgy, ends the prayers addressed to the Father with the formula, "Through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord." "In the conclusion of our prayers," says St. Fulgentius, "we say, 'Through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord,' but never 'Through the Holy Ghost.' And this custom the Church observes not without reason, but owing to the mystery that Jesus Christ has become the Mediator between God and man, a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech; who in His own blood once entered the Holy of Holies, where He is at the right hand of God *making intercession for us*. . . . By confessing that *our prayers are offered by the Eternal Priest, Jesus Christ*, we profess our faith that He is truly of the flesh of our race."

What a grand prospect this permanent mediation of Christ opens to us! There on His refulgent throne of glory, in the place of honor, to the right of the Eternal Father, sits the Son of God, transfigured, in all His divine majesty, exhibiting His merits and satisfactions, and the great interests of His loving Heart to the Father. Around Him, in unison with His glorious Heart, His holy Mother, the angelic choirs, and the hierarchy of the saints, giving thanks, praising, adoring, imploring with Him; millions of pious souls on this earth blend their thanksgiving, praise, adoration, and petitions with this celestial harmony; while the Church suffering in purgatory joins its plaintive notes with its melody of bliss and hope.

This is the great idea that underlies the Apostleship of Prayer. It is the most perfect realization of the Communion of Saints. Its object is to unite our prayers with those of Christ, "always living to make intercession for us," and thus to unite with one another and with the entire Church—militant, suffering and glorious—in order to add greater efficacy to our prayers. "Where two or three are united in my name there I am in the midst of them." It is this presence of Christ in the midst of us "making intercession for us," that gives force to our prayers. What, then, must be the efficacy of the prayers of 23,000,000 of the best element in the Church, thus united with Christ and with one another in the League of His Sacred Heart? "The kingdom of God suffereth violence, and the violent bear it away."

What the prayers of one cannot effect may be accomplished through the prayers of many, particularly when united with the "intercession" of our Lord Himself. Hence the essential practice of the Apostleship of Prayer is the daily union of our "prayers, works, and sufferings" with the prayers, or intentions, of the divine Heart, "ever living to make intercession for us," both on the throne of His glory in heaven, and in the Sacrifice of the Altar on earth. This is the essence and the spirit of the Apostleship. However varied may be its practices, they all tend to this one end—union with Christ 'living to make intercession for us."

In this union there is strength and efficacy. Hence the wonderful favors, spiritual and temporal, that are daily granted by God through the prayers of the League of the Sacred Heart. In this union then is the true spirit of Christianity, the true following of Christ. It makes us Christ-like, so minded as Christ Himself, according to the exhortation of the Apostle: "Have that mind in you which is in Christ Jesus." By this union we have the same mind, the same intentions, the same desires, the same aspirations; we love and hate, we seek and flee the same things; we pray and toil for the same end, as Jesus Christ

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Himself. That is true Christianity. Hence we see the wonderful revival of the Christian spirit wherever the Apostleship of Prayer has taken a foothold.

The secret of the supernatural power of this organization is not in the prayers of the individuals, or even in the prayers of the multitude, but in the fact that Christ prays with and for its members. For the members of this Apostleship, in a very special way, has Christ prayed, and still prays: "Holy Father, keep them in thy name, whom thou hast given me, that they may be one as we also are . . . Sanctify them in truth. . . . And not for them only do I pray, but for those also who through this word shall believe in me; that they all may be one, as thou, Father, in me, and I in thee, *that they also may be one in us.*"

But whether we have the happiness to be actual members of this Apostleship or not, we may well conclude with the Apostle St. Paul: "Now of the things spoken [in these pages] the sum is: we have such a High Priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of majesty in the heavens, a minister of the Holies, and of the true tabernacle, which the Lord hath pitched, and not man." This High Priest is Christ. He offered Himself once for all as a bleeding sacrifice for us on Calvary; He offers Himself daily, in an unbloody manner, on our altars, here below; in heaven, He unceasingly lifts His wounded hands in "intercession" for us; He is "always living to make intercession for us"

A NUN'S DEATH.

By Rev. Michael Watson, S.J.

O weep no more, though she you love is dead!
For what in angels' eyes is earth? A waste;
Stern, lone, and rife with deeds of shame and dread,
A feast where lean, dry husks bemock the taste.
Life is a night, lit by a flitting beam
And thrilled with anguish, oft "too deep for tears."
A sleep, a trance, a vain, fantastic dream,
A slow death-agony that lasts for years.
The Lord in mercy stretched His saving hand—
And lo, the virgin woke to life, and now
She reigns a queen within a happy land,
With joyous heart and diademed, bright brow.
You too shall waken, when your night is done,
And eye with her the glory of the Sun.

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A DAUGHTER'S HOLOCAUST.

(*Continued.*)

By J. M. Cave.

WHEN Mlle. de Joncourt awoke from a long sleep she found Philomena beside her.

"You have not slept, my darling!" she cried. "You seem exhausted; alas, how white you look!"

Philomena settled her gently on the pillows, and whispered, tenderly:

"You are only to think of getting well now, for my sake. I am all your own again. Papa was obliged to start for Vienna this morning."

Mademoiselle moaned and would have arisen, for this news alarmed her. But Philomena laid her gently back on the pillows once more, saying:

"You are not to be agitated or anxious about anything. I shall not leave you until you are quite well. Then you will perhaps take me yourself to St. Petersburg, or anywhere you like," she added, trying to smile

"And Madame de Kovski?"

"She will come for me to-day, but with your permission I will tell her that I am to go with you."

Mademoiselle smiled a smile of great content, and moved her feeble hands about under the pillow, as if seeking for something.

"Have you missed anything?"

"I thought there was a letter."

"Yes, there is; it is under your pillow. Shall I give it to you?"

"Please."

Mademoiselle took the letter to assure herself that it contained a slip of paper. She carefully put the letter back under her pillow; the slip of paper she handed to Philomena, saying; "It is yours, dear."

"Thank you," said Philomena. "I will eat your bread and share your purse till I have one of my own. Sleep now, maminka; sleep, little mother."

The tender name of "maminka" sounded sweet on those fair young lips, but the tones of the gentle voice were sweeter still. The sick lady drew down the young head to her breast, and with a murmured blessing, oft invoked upon the child who had been "the light and the love of her life," she resigned herself to slumber.

But the shock had not left Philomena unscathed. Alas, it had struck to the root of her life, and never more could she be the same as before. The first intimation of the truth came to Mlle. de Joncourt as she lay one day, listening to Philomena reading aloud, to beguile the weary hours of her convalescence. She had been listening with closed eyes, but something in the tones of the voice, an occasional hesitation as of difficulty of utterance, made her look up. Philomena was absorbed in the book for its own sake, and Mademoiselle had time to study her face. Alas and alas! What change she now found there. Pale, drawn, dark circles under the eyes; and as Mademoiselle watched, she saw from time to time, a nervous trembling of the fair young head, which would suddenly bend, as if in submission to some invisible force, a more marked trembling of the slender, beautiful hands, which tried to steady the volume, and a twitching of the sweet young lips. What could it mean? The sight of these startling symptoms so overcame the poor invalid that a cry escaped her, and looking up suddenly, Philomena met the wondering, startled gaze fixed upon her.

No more need of secrecy; Philomena arose, and put her arms around Mademoiselle, and whispered softly:

"I can bear it very well, maminka, if you will help me to be good to him. Will you?"

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Answer there needed none. The tears shed by both in that hour were carried up by their guardian angels to the throne of the All-merciful.

It was easier to both after that. No more words were necessary. A hand clasp, a loving glance, a sigh, expressed the mutual sympathy of those tender hearts.

* * *

St. Petersburg with its domes and spires, its palaces and granite quays, its bright sky and blue Neva; its incomparable panorama of busy life in winter, when the superb city lies under the spell of King Frost, the Enchanter. He has touched with silver every tree, and roof, and railing; every wall and bridge, every animated creature, and every inanimate object, till they glisten and sparkle with radiant light. The bed of the beautiful river is solid silver, thick enough and strong enough to bear the multitude that traverse its shining paths. The men and women, the horses and the equipages that traverse it are one and all touched by the same magic wand, and move beneath a covering of dainty lace-like frost. The "isvostchick" and his horse, his sledge and paulus, or covering, be it bearskin or sheepskin, are enclosed in the same white armor. The splendid horses flying down the Nevsky Prospect or along the quays, under their blue or green netting, dash through the sparkling silver snow and with their proud feet send it flying in dazzling white clouds before them. The life, the animation of it; the glory and the brilliance of it is something not to be described. We hail thee, King Frost! Russia's best friend; without thee, what were this much admired city, but a pestilential swamp, the favored home, the cradle of influenza, rheumatism, typhus, madness, suicide, persecution, luxury, and folly in a thousand forms. The three first are kept down by the strong hand of ice, but what king shall conjure the others?

Mlle. de Joncourt and Philomena are in a tiny room, in the heart of the frost-bound city. They are happy to have found a shelter there in the fifth story of a house called "Maison de L'Eglise Catholique," and really part of the church property. There in a lodging owned by two sisters, retired teachers, they have found a home. From their low windows they see quite near the cupola and cross of the Cathedral church of the Dominicans, which once belonged to the Jesuit Fathers. They see also the vestry door, the people thronging in and out, without any respect for the priests, who must robe and disrobe there as best they can; often elbowed by the throng who will take the shortest way, no matter who is inconvenienced. Through a door in the great arch they can see the Nevsky Prospect, when the door is open, which it nearly always is; and in the great courtyard, under their window, they see daily the wide, low funeral car, with its four plumed-surmounted posts. This is the vehicle of the poor, without baldaquin or crown-surmounted tent, or dazzling ostrich plumes, or brocade covering bordered with silver or gold. Philomena watches these poor funeral-cars with curious interest, as they file out through the courtyard gate, and turn to the right to receive their burden at the church door. She sees them again, through the open portal, as, preceded by torch-bearers in black cloaks, and tall black hats (very shabby indeed), they pass slowly across the open place in front of the church, which stands well back from the street; out into the great Nevsky, on their way to Viborski, Smolensky, or Volkova, as the case may be. The former is the Catholics' own sacred burial ground, while the other two are peopled promiscuously.

The poor funerals have a strange fascination for Philomena, and a strange charm. Unlike the funerals of the Russian poor, they are not lonely. The poorest beggar's corpse is respectfully followed by a pious throng, who recite

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prayers by the way. It was even a cheerful sight, she thought, to see the old women, so poorly and thinly clad, their knotty fingers blue with cold, clasped around their rosary beads, as, hugging their rags closely around them, they stumbled over the slippery or slushy road, with such recollected and reverent mien.

It was a deep joy to her to see the intimacy of the poor with heaven, in this great bewildering city; and she mentally resolved to have their prayers for her father.

* * *

In the days when Mlle. de Joncourt had been convalescing, little or nothing had been said in reference to the fatal letter. For Philomena there could be no question as to choice, and there had been none raised. Her father first and always; beggary with him in preference to the gilded saloons of Madame la Marquise de V. she said to herself; and by force of mutual love and tenderest sympathy, each had divined the other's thought.

Mlle. de Joncourt could not but reverence in her devoted pupil the strength of character, the powers of affection, the utter abnegation of self, so suddenly called forth by almost unparalleled misfortune. It came upon her like a revelation; she could never have believed that one so delicately reared, so exclusively guarded from the slightest contact with the world, so petted and caressed by the few who had access to her society, so loved and admired by the teachers and pupils of her Parisian school, all of them high-born and rich, as she was herself supposed to be, could have made such a choice; and she could not but feel that her beloved child was the object of special protection. "Her mother's spirit is watching over her," she said to herself.

When Mademoiselle had installed Philomena in that safe home, she began to seek a situation for herself, hoping by her own efforts to realize sufficient for them both. But Philomena would not suffer that. Though she shrank, as was but natural, from meeting strangers, she was determined to make an effort to support herself, and more than that, to help her unhappy father; all too plainly foreseeing that he would not stop in his wretched career till every available means failed him; and that hour would find him, she feared, homeless and friendless, save for herself.

It was not easy at this time for a Pole to find occupation in St. Petersburg, or, indeed, anywhere in the Czar's dominions, unless such as openly disavowed their country. There was much bitter feeling on both sides, much suspicion; the oppressed and the oppressor could not fraternize, and when they did, it was with the consciousness of insincerity or hypocrisy on one side or on both.

But Philomena had the powerful protection of the family under whose patronage her father had placed her. She had been urged to take up her abode with them, but neither she herself, nor her faithful "maminka," thought it prudent to accept the offer. Though she did not know it, thousands of roubles had been lost at the gaming table by her father to this same General, and yet the unhappy man had not hesitated to place his only child under such protection. Perhaps he had no other resource at that hour.

Philomena's first experience as governess was in a dazzling circle of rank and fashion, to which her father's friends introduced her, by procuring her pupils for the piano, while Mlle. de Joncourt had found a situation as resident governess in a noble family.

Philomena rejoiced that she could remain in that quiet room. The Angelus bell sounded sweetly in her ears, morning, noon and evening. The early Mass, in the dark cold morning, was her joy. Long flights of stairs to ascend and descend several times a day, the humble fare, the poorly furnished room, the small windows, often dim from the steam

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"'I CAN BEAR IT VERY WELL, MAMINKA, IF YOU WILL HELP ME TO BE GOOD TO HIM. WILL YOU?'

'ANSWER THERE NEEDED NONE. THE TEARS SHED BY BOTH IN THAT HOUR, WERE CARRIED UP BY THEIR GUARDIAN ANGELS, TO THE THRONE OF THE ALL-MERCIFUL.'

'IT WAS EASIER FOR BOTH AFTER THAT. NO MORE WORDS WERE NECESSARY. A HAND-CLASP, A LOVING GLANCE, A SIGH, EXPRESSED THE MUTUAL SYMPATHY OF THOSE TENDER HEARTS.'"

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of the *samovar* from within or from snow and frost from without; the common delft service in lieu of the silver and rare china or porcelain, to which she had all her life been accustomed; all these things, separately and collectively, had little or no power over her, after that morning Mass in the great dim solemn church, in whose deep shadows she had been told, spies were watching her faithful countrymen, or those of them who were brave enough, to risk the little left them, to kneel there one half hour, and perhaps to fortify themselves, by partaking of the Bread of Life, for what more of suffering and wrong might yet await them. She liked to see the long double rows of little lads, as they came in to the eight o'clock Mass, kneel before the high altars with reverent air, each one unstrapping his sumka, or satchel, of books from his shoulders, and depositing it noiselessly beside him. "The hope of Poland" she called them; these boys, reared and taught by oppressed, and often-exiled priests, under the stern eye of the cruel conqueror. Could they grow up in love with their oppressors? She prayed for them with all her heart, that they might be faithful unto death.

* * *

Among the objects left behind him by her father, and which he recommended her to guard carefully, was an old-fashioned silver-bound and silver-clasped case, containing packages of letters in her mother's handwriting. Philomena kissed the envelopes tenderly, handled them reverently, but did not attempt to read them. One other object she came upon, among broken ornaments of gold, old-fashioned stars and other insignia of famous orders, one and all despoiled of their jewels; and that was a tiny case closely sewed up in a covering of crimson plush. She opened it and found it to contain an authenticated fragment of the true Cross.

It filled her soul with great awe; kneeling, she carefully closed the case, and resewed the covering; pondering deeply and humbly, telling herself the while that for some great purpose this treasure had been confided to her keeping. Meditating on its solemn lesson, she could not murmur at her own lot, neither could she despair. She resolved to keep it always near her heart as an ever-present reminder, an ever-present source of strength in the battle of life.

This is a part of her first letter to her father.

"EVER DEARLY BELOVED AND HONORED FATHER:

"While waiting eagerly for news of you, I will try to tell you something of Mlle. de Joncourt and myself, lest you should be anxious about us. We made the journey from Warsaw to the Russian capital very comfortably indeed, and without stopping anywhere on the road.

We are pleasantly installed in an excellent house, kept by two sisters, elderly ladies, one a retired directress of a Catholic school, the other a music teacher. The latter lady, though nearly fifty, is very lovely still; but, sad to say, she is dying of comsumption, brought on by over-work and inevitable exposure to severe weather, while going about giving lessons.

"Our windows look into the courtyard of the Dominican Church of St. Catharine of Alexandria, the cathedral of the city. Did you ever visit it? If not I am sure you will like to hear something about it. There are days when I fancy myself again in Warsaw; for example, on days of Polish sermons, fêtes, etc., when I find myself surrounded by our own people. They are so easily recognizable. I often long to speak to some of the dark-eyed, sad-looking women, I see prostrate before the altar. A whole history of suffering is plainly written on their patient faces. Then the soldiers, in their rough gray coats, crowding around the pulpit or confessional. There are six open confessionals in the church, three on each side the altar, forming a sort of half-circle; each three rather near each other. They are in the form of chairs with high sides, and on either side a bench for the penitent to kneel on. The confessor is seated in an open armchair, as it were, without curtain or screen of any kind. It is almost like open confession to kneel there to confess; one is closely pressed by the throng the while. Through the little lattice-work

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window the priest passes the printed slip of paper, attesting that the bearer has been to confession and received absolution. These slips are supplied by the minister of worship, and the Polish soldiers after receiving it, pass into the sacristy to have their name and address inscribed in the book kept for that purpose, and is regularly examined by the Russian authorities.

"If the Polish soldiers, or indeed any of our nation, are thereafter accused, justly or unjustly of any crime, the confessor is also implicated. Perhaps this is no news to you, my dear father.

"How the city must have grown since the Empress Anne gave the cemetery of her dogs to her Catholic subjects to build a church upon. Well, it might have been used for more ignoble purposes (the poor hounds were capable of fidelity at least). At any rate it is holy ground now, if only for the martyr priests who have knelt before these altars.

"I kneel often on the stone that bears the name of our last king, Stanislas. Beneath it is the vault wherein his body was deposited, after the three' days lying in state before the high altar of this church. I sometimes sit in the pew reserved for the Emperor Paul, on that day, when he himself stepped to the coffin and placed the royal crown upon the head of Poniatowski. Paul had been good to him, because he loved to do always just the reverse of what his mother had done. That vile woman, whom some shameless sycophant has called 'The Mother of her Country,' was the evil genius of that chivalrous heart. Thanks to her wiles and her deceit, he spent his last years in humiliating attendance in the ante-rooms of the court, a sort of free-state prisoner, a wearer of invisible bonds. Thanks to her, his ancient name was here degraded. None felt it more than he himself, since he begged that they might bury him in this spot, 'where his countrymen's feet might daily trample on the dust of one who had betrayed his country.' They say his body was stolen from this vault. You can tell me, perhaps, papa, if it was translated to Cracow, to be there interred beside the remains of his illustrious father, the companion-in-arms of Charles XII., and Castellan of Cracow. The inscription on the stone is almost worn away; all who enter or leave the sacristy must tread upon it. Only the name and date are legible.

"'Stanislas Poniatowski. 1798.'

"It is pleasant to think of his nephew, our noble Polish Bayard, Joseph, of whom I have often heard you speak.

"Our priests here have no freedom and no influence with the authorities at all. At every step they are hampered by interference of the Russian authorities. They cannot dine out, receive a friend, or pay a visit, without the permission, knowledge, approval of the powers. They cannot take even a day's vacation without a mass of documentary evidence to show where and to whom they are going; who are the friends and acquaintances of their host and hostess, and so on. To change the slightest object in their Church they must have written permission. At any moment they may be compelled to receive any object, worthy or unworthy, that is sent by the minister or his aids. A paid spy, a priest, is kept always in the convent.

"But, pardon me, dear father, you are still waiting for news of Mademoiselle and your devoted, though unworthy child. Mademoiselle has found a situation as resident governess for herself in the house of Prince Alexander Nikitowitch. There are five children, and she has them all in her hands for the French language, and I am daily governess in the same family, my duty being to instruct three of these young people in music. This takes three hours daily, and leaves me ample time for other lessons. I hope soon to have more pupils; there are so many teachers that pupils are not easy to find. However, dear papa, I am earning something more than I need for myself, even now, and hope to have something over for a rainy day before very long."

Here Philomena hesitated. "Ought I to say that?" she asked herself. "Will he take advantage of that knowledge to be more reckless?" Then the thought of their debt to Mlle. de Joncourt, a thought ever present to her mind, made her leave her letter, and pace up and down the room in troubled thought. "Would it do to refer to it? Would it be a restraint upon him?"

She kept her letter back for a whole day, in anxious debate within her own mind. Then, womanlike, she did the hardest thing by adding, "No, not for a rainy day just yet; at least, not till dear Mlle. de Joncourt has been paid."

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When Philomena was again alone with her faithful friend, in giving her an account of all that she had done since they last met, and this clause of her letter amongst other things, Mademoiselle assured her that there was no such thing as debt, and that the balance of the money received from France was invested in her name, and she was free to use it when and how she would. "Was she not her mother by adoption, and was it not a mother's privilege and duty to economize for her children ? " asked the kind lady. In order that her darling should be free from that care at least (the nightmare of debt hanging over her personally), she went on to tell Philomena that she was the last female of her line, an old and honorable one it had been, but now represented only by an aged priest and perhaps a cousin, of whom she had heard nothing for years.

If still living, he was rich, and if he had passed away, his fortune had gone to persons whose very names she did not know. "So you see, dear, you are now my only care, and if I have not amassed a fortune, my only regret is for your sake."

"And your aged relative, the priest, is he not poor? "

"No, that could not be. He has passed his golden jubilee, and was retired to some house of his Order."

Still, Philomena felt, that while one relation, however distant, lived, she could not be content to feel that she was depriving them of even the moderate sum left of the generous gift of her cousin.

"Well," said Mademoiselle de Joncourt, "since you will not take my word for it, you must have proof," and she soon after wrote to France for news of her uncle and cousin.

Of the former it was easy to learn. The answer soon came; he had passed away, happily and holily, to his reward.

From the cousin no news came.

* * *

Philomena's success in teaching was remarkable and even brilliant, for the most part, but yet there was something that caused Mlle. de Joncourt great anxiety.

The nervous trembling of the beautiful hands and the sudden droop of the head had been remarked, and where all had been praise and admiration till now, she began to observe with fear that there was a spirit of criticism, a look of doubt and hesitation in speaking of her performance.

Philomena was being "studied" and "criticised." There were days when she surpassed herself; but these were, for the most part, when she was alone with her pupils, or in the society of the congenial few she had begun to look upon as friends. But when, as was all too frequently the case, intruders or invited guests of the family entered the room during her lessons, she was apt to become agitated, nervous, and then the trembling of the hands, the lips, the sorrowful droop of the head were seen.

She had no idea that any one knew or observed this, though she herself was keenly sensible of it.

The well-known courtesy of the Russians, their perfect tact, exquisite polish and refinement, never betrayed by the slightest sign, in her presence, that all was not admirably perfect. More than one mother had remarked the beauty of this youug teacher; her exceeding grace and refinement of manner, her brilliant education, and while studying her, and pointing her out as a model to their own children, one, more severely critical than the others, had discovered the poor girl's painful affliction.

It was a revelation; and the courtesy so vaunted, hardly ever reaching as deep as the heart in those all-accomplished Russian women of society, had not prevented them from talking freely of the matter, even in the presence of their spoiled children.

When Mlle. de Joncourt heard one of her pupils remark, "Mamma says Mlle. de Pavlewski must be in love, she is so

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nervous," she felt that henceforth her child's pathway would have additional thorns. She felt it her duty to prepare her for it, and tenderly and delicately she tried to perform the difficult task.

* * *

Philomena was laboring just then under the excitement of a letter from her father. A letter which told her that he was most happily situated in the house of a friend, an honored guest. That his health was perfectly restored; that, in fact, he had grown twenty years younger in the last few months, and he hoped before many weeks to have a very pleasant surprise to announce to her.

No fear now of trembling or nervousness. She was to play that evening, by invitation, at a soirée musicale, in the house of a grand duke. She carried off all the honors. She was exquisitely lovely. Happiness had crowned her, and her fair young head was high, as in other days. In the brief instants she had to herself that evening, she more than once carried her hand to the talisman, the sacred relic, that never left her, and thanked the Sacred Heart for the good news, the new hope, that might be the precursor of better days for her beloved father. No selfish thought mingled with her gratitude.

A brief scene of gaiety now followed. Gaiety in which she was the ministering genius, but in which self had no part. She was asked to play at many great houses, and society was beginning to talk of the lovely Polish countess "who earned her bread as daily governess, who played at private evening parties in noble houses, and who lived in a tiny room in the fifth story of a Roman Catholic convent."

Her beauty was even a greater attraction now than her musical talent; of the former all could judge, while comparatively few could appreciate the latter.

Her toilette was invariably pure white, of some soft material. No ornaments had Philomena, and she needed none. When some enthusiast, carried away by her beauty or talent, or both, insisted upon offering her the public homage of a bouquet or basket of flowers, they invariably found their way without delay to the altar of the Sacred Heart or our Blessed Lady.

When a pupil insisted upon attaching a bunch of roses or lilies-of-the-valley to the simple white bodice, it was removed as soon as good breeding permitted. No, Philomena cared not to adorn herself for the throng. To approach the altar, to kneel before the communion-rail, she permitted herself to make a far more careful toilette than for the grandest reception.

Her life at this time was more peaceful and full of promise than she had dared to hope it could ever be.

Her father was happy; she was busy and useful; gaining money which she hoped would never be needed for the purpose for which it had been, at first, destined.

"It will go to Father Stanislas, in that case," she promised herself. Father Stanislas was the exiled priest who had been her mother's confessor.

Mlle. de Joncourt was in better spirits too, and so proud of her success and so happy to share it. It was her delight to sit in a retired corner of the grand *salons* and listen to the ravishing strains of the music that flowed so harmoniously from beneath the touch of those fair hands. To behold the admiration, and share in the applause so abundantly lavished upon her gifted pupil; for Philomena never accepted an evening invitation without the understanding that Mademoiselle was to be included in it.

* * *

There was to be a brilliant soirée at the house of one of the ambassadors, and Philomena had been invited to play selections from Chopin, then the favorite composer of the élite of all Europe. She was acknowledged to interpret her master and countryman's compositions in a manner surpassed by none, if equalled by any.

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The Empress herself had praised her execution and interpretation of one of her own favorite morceaux, and the young artiste had been requested to repeat it especially for Her Majesty. Philomena's playing that night was beyond all praise.

She was in high spirits, too. Youth and hope and freedom from care for the moment, made her enter into the spirit of gaiety so ripe and general at that season. It was Christmas time and the whole city was alive with joy. Why should she not be innocently gay, if only for gratitude for the absence of cankering care?

Mlle. de Joncourt had insisted upon having made for her, for this occasion, a new gown of softest white silk muslin. Very dainty it was, and its perfect simplicity and absence of trimming or ornament was its greatest charm. Her graceful figure looked never more exquisite than when robed in this manner.

Her perfect arms were unadorned and bare below the elbow when she drew off her long gloves and seated herself before the grand old Becker piano in the splendid drawing-room. Her audience was the élite of the capital, royalty itself, and foreigners of note.

But of this the pure-minded girl thought not at all. One more success for her meant one more triumph for Him; one more signal mercy from the loving Heart of her divine Lord. She forgot everything but the music itself, and only the murmur of applause, and the throng gathering around to congratulate her on her brilliant success brought her back to the consciousness of where she was. She used to say that if she could not fancy herself alone, or only with her father or governess, she could not play at all; so, from girlhood, the habit of fancying herself alone, or only with them, had grown upon her until it had become habitual and natural.

As Philomena rose to leave the piano and join her friends, she happened to raise her eyes and glance down the room, when her eyes fell upon a familiar face; there, right before her, and approaching her, was her father's "best friend," the man who had been her intended husband, for a few hours or days. The surprise made her falter, and Mlle. de Joncourt, who had also seen him from her retired corner, approached quickly, and drew the young girl's arm through her own. She had seen the suddenly-bowed head, and the involuntary quiver of the beautiful lips.

M. de Katski advanced to Philomena, bowing profoundly over the small hand he had taken in his own. There was no time for words; many were crowding around, wishing to express their pleasure and offer their homage to Philomena. She returned the bow, met and responded in her own incomparably graceful way, to the congratulations offered her, and passed on.

Why was she agitated? she asked herself. This gentleman was nothing to her. If she had dreamed for a moment that he could ever be anything to her, it was not admiration, nor even interest in him, but simply in obedience to her father's ardently expressed wishes. Her heart had never throbbed one whit the faster for his presence or his absence.

But how was it that in his eyes she saw, or fancied she saw, a mocking light, and on his lips the shadow of a cynical smile? She shuddered, and felt a chill in her veins, as if a cold air had struck her.

Later in the evening M. de Katski again approached her. Philomena was too much admired and sought after at that time to allow her to withdraw early, as she would gladly have done on this particular evening.

"Will Mlle. de Pavlewski permit me to offer her my congratulations on the recent happy event?" he asked, with an unmistakably cynical smile playing about his handsome mouth, and an un-

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mistakably evil light in the eyes that fixed themselves upon her.

Philomena did not know how to reply. "The happy event—what could he mean," she asked herself.

"Was M. de Katski still so great an admirer of Chopin," she asked, thinking he referred in some way to the music.

"Certainly, always," was the gallant reply; this time accompanied by a little laugh, a disagreeable prelude to the rest of his speech, when interrupted by her; but by "the happy event" he had referred to something quite different.

Philomena looked her ignorance of his meaning. He humbly begged pardon; "he had taken too great a liberty, perhaps, but might not so old a friend of the Count and his bride be permitted to offer his congratulations to the Count's daughter?"

If he had meant to wound that innocent child for doing her father's will he had fully succeeded.

She knew now the "joyful surprise" alluded to in her father's letter, and for which she had been waiting in such high hopes.

It was not the news of the home of her childhood restored to them; it was not to tell her that her mother's grave was free, and their own again; or that her mother's ancestral roof was yet to shelter her from the dazzling glare of this bewildering world. It was——

"What was it?"

She placed her trembling fingers in the strong clasp of her true old friend, and bowing, turned away.

"Could we go home, maminka?"

With the tact and grace of a true Parisienne, as she was, Mlle. de Joncourt excused her pupil and herself, and begged permission to withdraw on the plea of fatigue.

Both the Ambassador and his lady paid their sincere compliments to Philomena, and madame even kissed the pale sweet face before she let her go.

"Pauvrette," she said, "you have tired yourself too much; but you have made such a success that, for your own sake, I can only rejoice."

The splendid equipage of the Ambassador that had been sent to bring her there, took back not the bright being full of sweet hope, but the wan face and trembling form of the poor Philomena of other days.

* * *

Who was she, this new bride? Never had Philomena felt so truly desolate. Her mother's place, that she had deemed sacred forever, who had usurped it?

There was no means for her of ascertaining; and did it make so very much difference who it was, since the hard truth remained that her father no longer belonged wholly to her.

How could she go on with her lessons? How keep up before the world that was thrusting itself into her life?

"O, mother! mother!" she moaned, "take me home! Take me home! He does not need me more!"

(*To be continued.*)

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HEADQUARTERS OF THE MISSION OF NANKIN.

By Rev. W. Hornsby, S.J.

OUR LADY'S HOME.

ACROSS the canal which flows by the residence of Zi-ka-wei, there is a large inclosure containing several separate buildings, known as *Seng-mon-yeu*, or, our Lady's Home. It is the girls' orphan asylum and boarding.school. It has the appearance of a little village in itself, with its rows of houses and its courts and alleys, and a busy little population of more than five hundred persons living within its enclosing wall.

The establishment is directed by the members of a French congregation, who are known in the United States as the Helpers of the Holy Souls. The religious community numbers twenty-seven; a large number, it may seem, but when the variety and extent of their work is considered, it is not surprising that so many are required for a single establishment. Besides the asylum and the boarding-school, there is a novitiate for the religious themselves, a novitiate for the Virgins of the Presentation, a school for catechumens, a free dispensary, and a home for old women.

The principal department of our Lady's Home is the orphan asylum. In a country like China, where the domestic habits of the people lead to a rapid increase of a poor and crowded population, it becomes a serious question what to do with the children. The question, as is well known, is in practice frequently solved in a manner more expeditious than natural. Whether it be owing to want of proper care or to other reasons, the mortality among children is very great. On a road outside the walls of Shanghai, there is a little octagonal brick structure bearing in Chinese the legend, "Dead Children"; on one face of the structure, over a hole covered by a wooden door, is written "Male Children," and over a similar hole in another face, "Female Children." So numerous are the deaths of infants in the busy and crowded city, that such an expeditious method of disposing of their remains is provided to avoid the expense and the formalities of a funeral.

To save from a temporal, and still more from a spiritual death, some of the little victims of a pagan civilization, many devoted religious women leave their homes and the peaceful convents of Europe, to brave the dangers and suffer the hardships of missionary life in China. In a green little corner of the asylum's enclosure at Zi-ka-wei there are the graves of the good Sisters who have died in the mission. Among the inscriptions on the modest tombstones, there is one which attracts an English eye—"Sister Agnes Westlake, died 1889, aged 25 years" She was the daughter of the London artist. One cannot but stop before the simple epitaph to reflect upon the noble purpose and the generous resolve that would lead a delicate maiden to join the religious of another nation and shrink not before the inhospitable name of China's shores.

There are 274 orphans in the asylum, but the number of infants received during the year is much larger. Many are received into the hospitable doors merely to be prepared, by holy baptism, to exchange for a life in a better world the existence which they cannot retain in this. The asylum is known in the city and for some distance around, and infants are brought to the door, the bearer receiving a slight remuneration for her pains.

The orphans are instructed in the truths of religion, and are trained in useful handiwork. They are taught the domestic arts of the kitchen and laun-

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BUILDING OF THE PARIS FOREIGN MISSION.

dry, and when still quite small they begin to sew. At the age of fourteen or thereabouts they are put at the spinning-wheel, or are sent to the garden to learn the cultivation of vegetables. A few years later they can manage the loom.

It may seem an anachronism to be still spinning and weaving by hand, but it must be remembered that, except at a few ports, there is no more complicated machinery in China than that of a flour-mill. Everything is done by hand; the Chinese were far before us in many inventions, but they are as far behind us in carrying those inventions to their perfection.

Some of the girls are taught the more refined work of embroidery, and the beautiful vestments and ornaments of the missionary churches are a proof of the skill of the orphan's needle. The most delicate patterns of birds and flowers, and the graceful Chinese letters are reproduced with the utmost fidelity. Embroidery is an old art in China; the painstaking patience of the people fit them for such work, and their embroidery is not without merit.

Before leaving the department of the orphans, a word must be said of a new labor that has been undertaken by the Sisters, in behalf of an afflicted portion of their charge. Among the little waifs and outcasts that find a home in the asylum, there are not a few deaf-mutes, that is to say, children that are mute in consequence of deafness. For the benefit of such, there arrived from France last year a Sister who had received a special training in an institution of Paris as an instructress of deaf-mutes. By the patient application of the new methods, which have already proved successful for European languages, the good Sister has taught her little pupils to utter intelligible sounds and to read Chinese characters. She has been laboring under difficulties thus far, for, before knowing Chinese herself, she cannot dispense with the services of a Chinese mistress, which interferes materially with the efficiency of the method.

The next largest department of our Lady's Home is the boarding-school. There are a hundred pupils and they form a community apart, being entirely

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separated from the other divisions of the establishment. They are instructed in the ordinary branches of female education in China, in reading, writing and the composition of letters. Besides the boarding-school, there are classes for the girls of the village, with a daily attendance of sixty.

Woman's position in China, as it has been in all pagan civilizations, is not an enviable one.

The cruel practice of foot-binding is a mark of her inferiority and insures her domestic subjection. The practice is so old that the time and manner of its origin are uncertain, and so tenaciously is it preserved by the people, that the most enlightened and most powerful emperor of modern times dare not publish an edict prepared against it. Only the church can raise woman in China, as she has done in other lands, to the position in society which is her due, as the inseparable companion of the father of the family, the sharer with him of practical authority and responsibility, and the object as the weaker vessel of his love and honor.

Religious vocations are not rare among Chinese girls. There are thirty-two natives in the community of the Auxiliatrices, and eighteen in the neighboring Carmelite Convent. Moreover, there is a little congregation for Chinese only, the members of which, now numbering more than seventy, are now called *Presentandines* or Virgins of the Presentation. They are formed to the religious life by the Auxiliatrices, and their object is to help in the various works of zeal. The Presentandines are now established, in little communities of two or three together, at eighteen different missionary centres, where they accomplish much good, keeping little homes for foundlings and orphans, baptizing dying infants in pagan families, and instructing female catechumens. Their gentle charity and their practical knowledge of simple remedies endear them to the poor people of the community, and frequently secure them a welcome, even among pagans, where the advances of a foreign missionary would be repelled with distrust. That the mission can count for a single year 32,000 children of pagans regenerated before death by the saving waters of baptism, is in no small measure due to the zeal of these good Chinese religious.

The minor department of our Lady's Home are the two novitiates for the Auxiliatrices and the Presentandines, with nine and eight novices respectively; the school for catechumens, with fifty-four under instruction; and the recently opened home for old women, with twenty inmates. Their frequent calls at the medical dispensary, and the number of consultations last year amounted to 5,071. Medical science in China is in such a primitive state that missionaries can use to advantage the little knowledge of the common remedies. At the asylum of the Auxiliatrices on the French concession at Shanghai, there were 8,677 consultations last year, and 1,238 baptisms of infants; and at the hospital of the Sisters of Charity on the American concession, there were 49,052 consultations, 1,396 cases received, and for 214 deaths, there were 202 baptisms. The medical and missionary work go hand in hand.

THE BOYS' ORPHAN ASYLUM AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

The boys' orphan asylum is situated a few hundred yards south of the main buildings of Zi-ka-wei. It is under the general direction of a Chinese Jesuit Father, and the three principal departments of printing, of building and cabinet making, and of painting, are directed respectively by a French, a German, and a Chinese lay-brother. The number of orphans at the asylum does not exceed a hundred, but many former inmates, still depending upon the asylum, have gone out as apprentices, or have been adopted into Christian families. Many of the workmen in the different departments

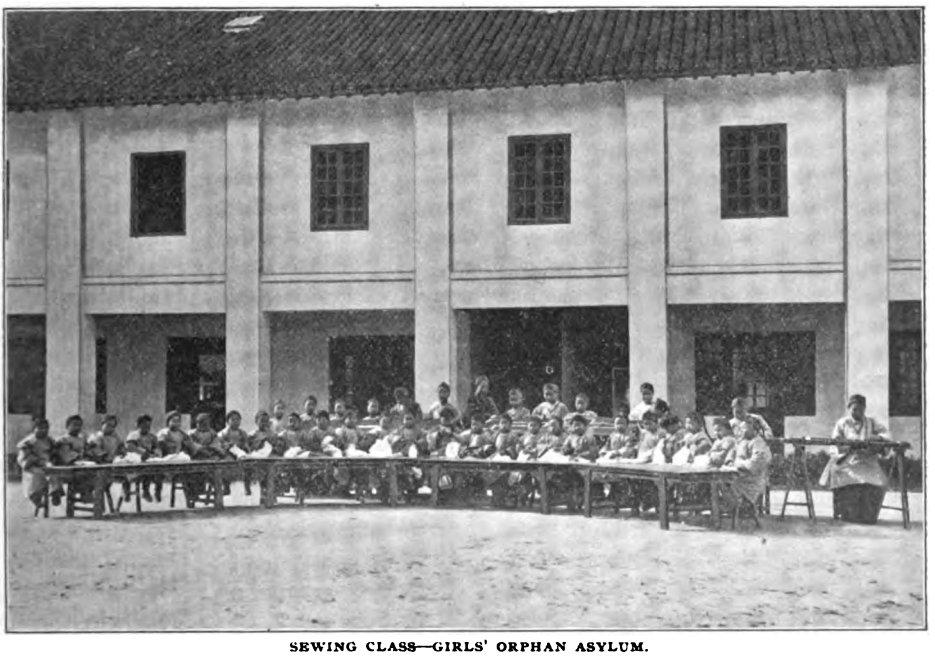
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though no longer classed as orphans, have known no home but the asylum, and have received their training in the same workshops in which they are still engaged. Those who thus remain receive a remuneration for their work, and, if they so desire, they are started in life by being married to an orphan of the girls' asylum. The marriage is contracted in the Chinese way without a previous interview between the contracting parties.

The department of the press, though not the most attractive division, is perhaps the most important. The press in China is an older institution than it is in Europe, and its power has long been recognized. What is known as the literary class in China is comparatively small, but absolute illiteracy is almost as rare as it is in the West, and works composed in a simple style can reach and influence a very large number of readers. The missionaries' leading enemies use the press against the foreign preachers and their religion, and it is of the first importance that the missionaries themselves should be equipped with the same arms as their enemies.

The printing department of the asylum is provided with several large presses and a number of smaller ones, as well as a complete lithographic plant. As regular work, besides *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, there is a large newspaper appearing twice a week. The writings of the missionaries, in Latin, Chinese, French, and English, including the publications of the observatory and the museum, are all printed at the asylum. The splendid lithographic plates in the publications of the museum, drawn by the orphans and printed at their press, excited surprise abroad that such excellent work could be done in China.

Among the Chinese publications of the asylum's press, there are many reprints of the works of the early missionaries. Nothing has been since produced to surpass those early writings, whether for elegance of style or for convincing exposition of Christian truths. Such was, for instance, Father Ricci's first work, *The True Idea of God;* such also the beautiful commentaries on the *Gospels of Sundays and Feast Days* by Father Diaz, and the same author's elegant



SEWING CLASS—GIRLS' ORPHAN ASYLUM.

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version of Thomas à Kempis, under the title of the *Golden Book on Contempt of the World*. The books composed by the missionaries at present are, as a rule, written in a humbler style, so as to be intelligible to the common people, and many of them are illustrated with clear and simple representations of the various truths and mysteries.

The atelier of painting is under the direction of a Chinese lay-brother. It is the department which makes the greatest impression upon the visitor. To see a Chinese orphan, palette and pencil in hand, reproducing in oil with creditable skill, pictures of the mysteries and of the saints, is certainly not what one would expect. Last year sixty-three pieces in oil left the easels. Most of the work consists simply in copies, and the pictures thus multiplied are put at the disposal of the Rev. Father Superior of the mission for distribution among the churches. The little boys are engaged coloring large engravings which are intended for the chapels of the smaller missionary stations.

The building and cabinet-making workshops are under the direction of a lay-brother who was prepared for his work in the mission by a course of architecture and design at an institution of Paris. The object of the department is the drawing of plans and the preparation of woodwork for new churches and chapels, and the construction of altars and tabernacles. The mission is continually developing, by God's blessing, and new stations are being founded and old ones forming into large centres. Each succeeding year finds the number of Christians and priests increased by at least a thousand. There is thus always plenty of work to keep many hands busy in the workshops of Zi-ka-wei. The plans have just been prepared for a large church, 150 feet long by 70 feet broad, to be built in a central missionary station east of Shanghai.

It must not be imagined that all of the orphans are trained in the fine arts of painting, sculpture and architecture. Many do not advance beyond the carpenter's bench, and the tailor and the shoemaker claim a number of apprentices.

THE OBSERVATORY AND THE MUSEUM.

Science has always been particularly cultivated by the missionaries of China. No mission of the Church, in these latter centuries, has been more conspicuous for the learning of its missionaries, and no where else has science been employed to better advantage in the interest of the Gospel. It was by his science that Father Ricci introduced himself into the court of Pekin and founded the mission of China, and for 150 years his successors presided over the imperial board of astronomy, and used all the influence of their high position to further the evangelization of the Empire. The map of China and Tartary made by the Jesuits 200 years ago is still official for the government, and for some interior provinces it is the only complete and authentic map that has been made. The missionaries were the first to explore the great wall and to describe the steppes of Tartary. They were the first to make known the peculiar Chinese industries, the manufacture of porcelain and of silk, of varnish and lacquer, and they described the inoculation of small-pox. For the scholars of the West, they discussed the Chinese language and literature, the ancient astronomy, the history and the ethnological bearings of the nation. For the Chinese, they composed and translated works on mathematics, physics, anatomy and natural history. Indeed, so varied was their scientific activity that their character as missionaries might be depreciated had we not certain facts to the contrary. In 1726, for instance, the Christians in the single province of Nankin numbered 100,000 and a single missionary, Father Parrennin, a correspondent of the French Academy, procured by the saving waters of baptism everlasting life for 10,000 infants.

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NURSERY—GIRLS' ASYLUM

The observatory and the museum of Zi-ka-wei show that the successors of China's early apostles are not forgetting the traditions of the mission. Of all the meteorological observations along the coast of Japan and China, none are better equipped or more esteemed by navigators than the observatory of Zi-ka-wei. Shipping is the life of Shanghai's commerce, and at certain seasons the furious typhoons of the China seas render navigation dangerous. It is, therefore, important for merchants and mariners to have reliable reports of the meteorological conditions. The Zi-ka-wei observatory sends daily bulletins to the city, which are posted up in the European settlement and copied in the morning and afternoon papers. Rev. Father Chevalier, director of the observatory, is president of the Shanghai Meteorological Society. Besides papers read before the members, he publishes, in the interest of the society, carefully studied reports, giving the result of his work at the observatory and of his special studies on the storms of the China seas.

The instruments for meteorological and magnetic observations are complete and of the most improved make. There is one old instrument, however, which is still kept working rather for its historical interest than for its scientific precision. It is a large instrument, recording automatically the barometric and thermometric variations and the changes and force of the wind. It belonged formerly to its inventor, Father Secchi, S.J., the famous astronomer of Pope Pius IX., and it was exhibited by Father Secchi at the Paris Exposition of 1869. From Rome to Paris, and from Paris to Shanghai, the old instrument is now recording the changes of the elements on the distant shore of China.

The observatory makes no pretensions as yet in the line of astronomy. Still, to regulate the time, there is a small but well mounted transit-instrument and two astronomical clocks. The time-ball, on the beautiful water-front of the Shanghai foreign settlement, is dropped every day at noon by the Zi-ka-wei Observatory.

The museum of natural history was founded some twenty years ago by its present director, Father Peter Heude. It occupies a little building in a lot ad-

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joining the grounds of the observatory. Father Heude's studies are of a strictly scientific character, and in his collection of specimens he has aimed rather at promoting his own special researches than at forming a showy museum. His published works contain the description of many new species, and are considered a valuable contribution to the study of the special branches which he has treated. G. W. Tryon, in his standard work on conchology, [1] mentions Father Heude as the authority for the Yang-tse Valley, and on another page he refers to the localities explored by Father Heude as the richest known for species in that branch of science, with the exception of certain parts of North America. His publications are all of an exclusively scientific character and addressed only to the learned.

Father Heude divides his time between scientific exploration and study in his museum. He is at present on a visit to Java, Borneo and other Polynesian islands. However, no scientific or literary accomplishments excuse any one in the mission from learning the language and exercising the sacred ministry, and Father Heude, when at home, may often be seen leaving his studies to hear the confessions of pious old women.

The foregoing description of the headquarters at Zi-ka-wei may give some idea of the organization and of the general results of the mission, but it throws little light upon the lives and work of the missionaries themselves.

The readers of THE MESSENGER will be glad to know that there are two American Catholic missionaries taking part in the evangelization of China. They are Rev. X. Engbring of Ohio, and Rev. R. Goette of St. Louis, Mo., both of the Franciscan Order and both working in the same mission, in an interior province of the Yang-tse Valley. That their labors among the heathen may be rewarded by the salvation of many souls, and their apostolic example may find many imitators among the youth of their country, should be the prayer of all who are devoted to the interests of the Sacred Heart.

[1] *Structural Conchology*; Philadelphia, 1882; Vol. I, p. 212.



SPINNING AND WEAVING—GIRLS' ASYLUM.

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GENERAL INTENTION

FOR AUGUST, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with His Blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

THE MISSION IN ICELAND.

THE discovery and colonization of Iceland are narrated at length in a famous book written at the beginning of the twelfth century by the Icelandic Catholic priest, Ari hiun frodi, "Ari the Sage." He died in 1148 at the age of eighty-one, and is regarded as the father of Icelandic literature. His work is entitled *Landnàmabók*, "*Book on the Occupation of the Country.*"

In the preface he speaks as follows of Venerable Bede: "Bede was the first, after the fall of the Roman Empire, to recall the accounts of Pytheas, the famous Marseilles navigator and astronomer, as well as those left by Strabo and Pliny, concerning the existence of an island in the Arctic seas, which they called Ultima Thule. This island, wrote Bede, is a six days' journey to the north of Great Britain. Now Bede the priest died in the 735th year after the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, so that his account was written 100 years before the colonization of the island by the Normans. But before the arrival of the Normans in Iceland there were there already a people whom the colonists called *Papar*. It is thought that these earlier settlers came from the West, for in their possession were found Irish books, bells, crosses, and other articles from which it is inferred that they were *Westmenn*, Irishmen.

English books also make mention of frequent relations between the two countries at this epoch.

Historians accept this narrative of the Icelandic historian as exact. In the eighth century some Irish monks went to Iceland to find peace and solitude; they remained there till the invading Normans came to drive them out. The newcomers established themselves on the island towards the end of the ninth century, founded a flourishing republic, and for many years in their piratical excursions harassed all the seas round about.

This first occupation of the island by the Norwegian Vikings took place in 874. They began to emigrate from Norway to the lovely isle in crowds, and soon nearly 100,000 men, the very élite of this hardy race, had left the Scandinavian peninsula for Iceland.

For two centuries after the occupation of Iceland, the isle was given to the pagan worship of Odin, Thor and other deities of Valhalla. In the beginning of the eleventh century, however, the whole nation en masse was converted to Christianity. The General Assembly, *Althing*, though a pagan body, decided by a small majority to embrace the religion of Christ. This decision was not reached without great opposition, but once the vote was taken, all submitted to it. In the eleventh century a French Bishop, Rudolph of Rouen, went to Iceland and for nine-

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teen years labored as a missionary among the new converts and confirmed them in the faith.

Iceland's history after the establishment of Christianity is very interesting, for it attained a high degree of refinement and civilization, far superior, in fact, to that of the other countries of the North. Nearly everything that is known of the history of Northern Europe is derived from the Icelandic historians of this epoch. The scalds of Iceland were in great demand at all the courts of the North, in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, England and Ireland: the Icelandic literature of that period is regarded as one of the most beautiful and most classical of all literatures. The Eddas and Sagas, the historical and poetical works of Snorro Sturleson, called the Thucydides of the North, the splendid productions of the numerous Icelandic scalds, are literary monuments which are worthy of the profoundest admiration. Besides their literary occupations, the Icelanders were given to long expeditions of surprising boldness: for instance, in the year 1000 they discovered America and established flourishing colonies, which, later on, were erected into several dioceses.

In those times the Catholic bishops had great influence over the Icelanders. Many Benedictine and Augustinian monasteries were built in the isle and the Catholic religion had unrestrained liberty. There was not, so to speak, in the whole island, so say the Sagas, a house nor a family nor a community which was not devoted to some literary work. The first colonists drew up a code of laws, which gradually developed under the influence of Christianity, and at the time of which we are speaking constituted a system of remarkable perfection. Everything was foreseen and regulated in the Gragas, as this code was called. To cite one example: Very wise and detailed laws were laid down in regard to insurance against fire, plague and other accidents. This insurance was to a certain degree obligatory; every proprietor was bound to insure his herds and certain buildings named in the code. The other proprietors in the section where the accident occurred were obliged to repair the loss in accordance with a very rigorous system of taxation. No proprietor, however, had a right to this indemnification more than three times.

The republic was rich and flourishing and had attained a high degree of civilization, but like all human institutions it bore within itself the germs of decay. For over a century a few families arrogated to themselves supreme power over the rest, and in consequence intestine wars broke out all over the country, torrents of blood were shed till the population was decimated, the license of the nobility knew no bounds; in a word this people till then, so wisely governed and so happy, was making rapid strides to its ruin.

In vain did the great Pope Innocent III. write to the Icelanders in 1198 two touching letters of exhortation, one to the bishops, the other to the nobles. The Pontiff's counsels were unheeded; the horrors of civil war continued unabated till about 1264, when the unhappy people, already exhausted by so many disorders lost its independence, and lowered its neck under the yoke of Kings of Norway. Later on the island passed under the sway of the Kings of Denmark.

The greater number of Iceland's Catholic bishops were men distinguished for learning and sanctity. Some received their literary education in France. Two are canonized, St. Jon (John) Ogmundarson, first bishop of the diocese of Holar, and St. Thorlak Thorlakson, sixth bishop of Skalholt. The last two bishops of the country both died for the faith, Ogmundar Palsson, a confessor of the faith, in a Danish prison, in 1542; Jon Arason, a martyr in Iceland itself. The King of Denmark, Christian III., was determined at all hazards to introduce the new doctrines of Luther into the island, but finding it impossible to

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conquer the fidelity of the people to the Catholic religion, finally sent two warships to subdue them. Jon Arason resisted with indomitable courage; he collected a small army and swore that he would die rather than submit to the heretic king. The Sovereign Pontiff, Paul III., on the eighth of March, 1548, sent him several valuable gifts which are preserved in Iceland to this day, and a Brief in which he commended his zeal and encouraged him to continue the struggle. This letter was as it were the parting adieu of the Vicar of Christ to Catholic Iceland.

The Danish soldiers captured Ogmundar Palsson, whose see embraced the south of the island, and took him to Denmark, where he died in prison, as we said. A so-called Lutheran bishop was installed in his place in the King's name. As soon as Jon Arason, whose diocese embraced the northern part, learned this news, he set out at the head of his little army for the South. He succeeded in capturing the Protestant bishop, whom he treated with courtesy, and reconquered to the faith the greater part of the island; but in the midst of his success he was betrayed and fell into the hands of the followers of the King of Denmark. He decapitated him on November 7, 1550. Thus died a hero—and with him the Catholic hierarchy in Iceland became extinct.

After Jon Arason's death begins a period of unheard-of sufferings and evils, which lasted from 1550 till the beginning of the present century. Their existence was a veritable martyrdom. No nation has suffered more, not even Poland or Ireland has passed through such a purgatory.

The first thing which the Danes did after the violent introduction of Protestantism was to plunder the Catholic churches and monasteries, whole cargoes of personal property, gold, silver, ornaments, church utensils and valuable furniture were transported to Copenhagen. Moreover all the lands which had belonged to the bishops, priests and monasteries were confiscated by the crown.

The population which formerly reached a hundred thousand free men, at the end of the last century was reduced to 38,000. It was a dying nation; "an heroic race debased," as Lord Dufferin calls it. All happiness had disappeared, and as the government feared the utter extinction of the race, they sent at last a commission to investigate the causes of this national decline.

It is something very remarkable and very consoling to see how these islanders preserved a spirit of piety through their trials in spite of their forced Lutheranism. The love of our Lord, particularly of Jesus suffering, has always been conspicuous among them and displayed itself in a most touching manner. A magnificent poem in fifty cantos, on the passion of our Lord, was composed by the leper scald, the minister Hallgrimer Peturrson. It is one of the most beautiful poems of its kind extant. At the present time it is chanted throughout the island by every family during Lent.

The Catholic faith was utterly obliterated from Iceland in the sixteenth century. From 1550 to 1854 no attempt was made to win back the isle to the true faith. The first effort was made in 1854 by two French priests, the Abbé Bernard of the diocese of Cambrai, and the Abbé Baudoin of Rheims. At that time liberty of conscience had not been accorded to the people, and the missionaries succeeded in converting only one person, Gunnar Einarsson, a young man of good standing, who is now the father of a family. His family is the only Catholic family in Iceland. In 1874 liberty of conscience was granted, but the brave Abbé Baudoin died immediately after the concession, and his colleague, the Abbé Bernard had long before been named Vicar Apostolic of Norway. No one succeeded the Abbé Baudoin as missionary to Iceland till 1895, when our Holy Father, Leo XIII., requested Mgr. Von

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Euch, Vicar Apostolic to Denmark to send two of his Danish missionaries to Iceland. During the summer of that year two young missionaries left Copenhagen for Reykjavik, the capital of the island. They were received with great kindness They intended to learn the language before beginning to preach, but the inhabitants made such earnest petition that they begin immediately in Danish, that they had to yield to their entreaties. So far their little chapel is filled every Sunday; they have about 150 at each sermon.

On the first of last June four sisters of the congregation of St. Joseph of Chambéry went from Copenhagen to the new mission. Two of these heroic religious are Frenchwomen, and while devoting their lives to the Icelanders, they will at the same time be of service to their fellow countrymen, the French sailors, who every summer take up their station in these waters

One of the undertakings which will have to occupy the missionaries and sisters, and which of itself alone presents to us a glimpse of a world of misery, is the care of the lepers, those unfortunate victims of the most horrible of maladies. Leprosy, which seemed to have almost disappeared from Europe, has made its dismal appearance in Iceland. The frightful fact has been ascertained that out of a population of 75,000 there are several hundreds of lepers. What a fearful scourge for the Continent if leprosy were to spread in the same proportion as in Iceland!

In 1894 Copenhagen was horror-struck on hearing that there were fifty lepers in Iceland. The Danish government immediately sent out an expedition to Iceland under the leadership of Dr. Ehlers, to ascertain the progress made by the disease They visited only a third of the island and found 149 victims of the disease. The following year they resumed their investigations and made an authentic report, which declares that there are several hundred lepers in the island and that the disease is spreading, and moreover that the only means of arresting the progress of the evil is to build a leper hospital large enough to accommodate all the lepers in the island.

The Rev. J. Sveinsson, a priest of the Society of Jesus, who is a native of Iceland, but who has received his education in France and is at present a missionary in Denmark, has taken upon himself the task of trying to execute this plan under the patronage of the Sacred Heart.

It is true that a number of brave souls have offered to consecrate their lives to the care of these unfortunate beings. We can mention among others five young women, three French, one Belgian, one Dane, (this last being of a very prominent family of Copenhagen), who have made the heroic sacrifice of leaving all in exchange for the care of the afflicted in the icy isle. Of late other devoted souls have volunteered; but success depends on one condition, namely, sufficient contributions from private charity to enable them to build a leper hospital.

The new mission of Iceland is under the special patronage of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Father Sveinsson, who visited his native isle in 1894, was filled with joyful surprise, when he entered for the first time the little Catholic chapel of Reykjavik, which had been abandoned since the death of the last missionary, to find there behind the altar a beautiful painting of the Sacred Heart, sent no doubt long ago by some unknown friend of our Lord to the brave Abbé Baudoin.

May the Heart of Jesus be pleased to pour out His richest blessings upon the new Iceland mission and upon its lepers.

PRAYER FOR THE INTENTION OF THE MONTH.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular for the mission in Iceland.

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THE READER

WE are indebted to the Rev. Benedict Guldner, S.J., Professor of Rhetoric in Loyola College, Baltimore, for a literary item of very special interest just now. Reading the diary of Father James Marquette, as printed in John Gilmary Shea's *Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley*, he discovered that portions of it bore a strong resemblance to passages in Longfellow's "Hiawatha." Having compared the texts, Father Guldner found that Longfellow had reproduced, with very little change, entire passages from the journal of the Jesuit missionary. This puts beyond doubt the fact (and Longfellow himself, in a note in his first edition, at least indirectly, acknowledges as much) that the black robe in "Hiawatha" is Père Marquette, and that Hiawatha himself is none other than the venerable old man whom Marquette describes in his diary.

A few passages will suffice to show that Longfellow had Marquette's diary before him when he wrote the twenty-second canto of "Hiawatha":

Marquette writes:

At the door of the cabin in which we were to be received, was an old man awaiting us in a very remarkable posture. . . . This man was standing perfectly naked, with his hands stretched out and raised toward the sun, as if he wished to screen himself from its rays, which, nevertheless, passed through his fingers to his face.

Longfellow's version is:

At the doorway of his wigwam
Hiawatha stood and waited. . . .
Towards the setting sun his hands were lifted,
Both the palms spread out against it,
And between the part'd fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked shoulders. . . .

Again Father Marquette:

When we came near him, he paid us this compliment: "How beautiful is the sun, O Frenchman, when thou comest to visit us! All our town awaits thee, and thou shalt enter all our cabins in peace."

Longfellow's rendering is as follows:

Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:
Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams.

We may be permitted here to insert one more of these parallel passages.

Marquette:

The Sachem rose and spoke thus: "I thank thee, Blackgown, for taking so much pains to visit us; never has the earth been so beautiful, nor the sun so bright as to-day; never has our river been so calm, nor so free from rocks, which your canoes have removed as they passed; never has our tobacco had so fine a flavor, nor our corn-fields looked so beautiful as we behold them to-day."

Longfellow:

Never bloomed the earth so gayly,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As to-day they shine and blossom,
When you come so far to see us!
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks or sand-bars,
For your birch-canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand-bar.
Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
Never the broad leaves of our corn-fields
Were so beautiful to look on.

From the data which we possess we believe, then, that it would not be rash to conclude that we are indebted to Father Marquette's journal for the inspiration of the first attempt at a strictly indigenous American epic poem. This was a peculiar gift of Longfellow—everywhere to detect and to exploit whatever was truly poetic. This he found in the narratives and descriptions of the early missionaries, and particularly of Père Marquette; and he used it to good pur-

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pose. Thus Marquette and his fellow-missionaries prepared the way not only for the explorers and the historian, but also for the poet of America. Well may the country then look upon them as national benefactors. These men were the pioneers of culture in the soil of the United States, while the English and Scotch Puritans were whitewashing paintings, defacing statues, desecrating churches, and execrating the fine arts generally in Great Britain. The lineal descendants of those same levelling iconoclasts, true to their traditions, threaten to demolish the artistic monument which the country has set up to preserve the memory of James Marquette.

* * *

Among the documents on the subject of reunion there is certainly none on the Anglican side that is worthier of notice than that of Mr. Gladstone. It is intended for the Pope, although not addressed to His Holiness.

He first asserts that "for the clergy of the Anglican communions, numbering between 30,000 and 40,000, and for their flocks the whole subject is one of settled solidity." If such is the case, why does he write a long article on the question? He admits that Rome hitherto has never recognized the validity of the orders, and so he says: "A positive condemnation of them, if viewed drily in its letter, would do no more than harden the existing usage of re-ordination in the case, which, at most periods, has been a rare one of Anglican clergy, who might seek admission to the clerical order in the Roman Church." By saying "at most periods" he can defend his assertion that the case is rare. Certainly, he is aware that in the last period of fifty years it is anything but rare, and if rare before it was because the Catholic spirit had not begun to animate the dry bones of the Established Church.

He then considers what would be the effect of a hostile decision. "A proscription of Anglican orders would be no less important than deplorable. And this because it would stand as a practical affirmation of the principle that it is wise to make the religious differences between the Churches of Christendom more conspicuous to the world, and also to bring them into a state of the highest fixity so as to enhance the difficulty of approaching them at any future time in the spirit of reconciliation."

He turns to the other alternative—a favorable decision. He takes for granted that the "matters which enter into the essence of the discussion fall under three heads:

"1. The external competency of the consecrators.

"2. The external sufficiency of the commission they have conferred.

"3. That sufficiency of intention which the Eleventh Canon of the Council of Trent appears to require."

He says that "even the dismissal from the controversy of any one of these three heads would be in the nature of an advance towards concord." How about the "settled solidity" of the Anglican Communions of which he asserts?

He speaks in the "capacity of an absolutely private person." "He is not one of those who look for an early restitution of such a Christian unity as that which marked the earlier history of the Church." "It is the Pope who, as the first Bishop of Christendom" (mark the admission), "has the noblest sphere of action, but the humblest of the Christian flock has his place of daily duty, and according as he fills it, helps to make or mar every good and holy work. In this character the writer has viewed with profound and thankful satisfaction, during the last half century and more, the progressive advance of a great work of restoration in Christian doctrine."

Restoration implies decay or loss in the matter of Christian doctrines; such decay or loss is a serious thing to admit.

He then reviews the revival movements in the Church of England, and paints a most sad and condemnatory

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picture of that Church, for he mentions "the widespread depression of evangelical doctrine, the insufficient exhibition of the person and work of the Redeemer, the coldness and deadness as well as the infrequency of public worship, the relegation of the Holy Eucharist to impoverished ideas and to the place of one (though doubtless a solemn one) among its occasional incidents, the gradual effacement of church observances from personal and daily life." Truly not a very flattering, though a truthful picture of the Established Church during three centuries. He then "records an admission." "It is not to be denied that a very large part of the improvements has lain in a direction which has diminished the breadth of the separation between ourselves and the authorized teaching of the unreformed church, both in the East and West, so that, while on the one hand they were improvements in religious doctrine and life, on the other hand thay were testimonials recorded against ourselves and in favor of bodies outside our own precincts; that is to say, they were valuable contributions to the cause of Christian reunion."

He hails with profound interest the Commission appointed by Leo XIII. as an effort towards the abatement of controversial differences. For, he remarks, "religious controversies do not, like bodily wounds, heal by the genial force of nature." Nor does time lessen them. "Let us remember that we are now far advanced in the fourth century since the Convocation of Canterbury, under Warham, in 1531, passed its canon or resolution on the Royal Governorship of the Church." Be it remembered that this same Royal Governorship of the Church, now held by a woman, is still a fixed fact. "How much has happened during those centuries to inflame the strife, how little to abate or quench it. What courage must it require in a Pope, what an elevation above all the heads of stormy partisanship, what genuineness of love for the whole Christian flock, whether separated or annexed, to enable him to approach the huge mass of hostile and still burning recollections in the spirit, and for the purpose, of peace.

"And yet that is what Pope Leo XIII. has done—first in entertaining the question of this inquiry, and, secondly, in determining and providing by the infusion both of capacity and of impartiality into the investigating tribunal, that no instrument should be overlooked, no guarantee omitted for the probable attainment of truth."

"But what of the advantage to be derived from any proceeding which shall end, or shall reduce within narrower bounds the debate upon Anglican orders?"

To appreciate the advantage, he reviews the religious aspect of the world and says: "The one controversy, which according to my deep conviction, overshadows, and in the last resort absorbs all others, is the controversy between Faith and Unbelief. It is easy to understand the reliance which the loyal Roman Catholic places upon the vast organization and imposing belief and action of his Church, as his provision for meeting the emergency. But I presume that even he must feel that the hundreds of millions, who profess the name of Christ without owning the authority of His Church, must count for something in the case, and that the more he is able to show their affirmative belief to stand in consonance with his, the more he strengthens both the common cause—for surely there is a common cause—and his own particular position."

He instances the "Central doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation" as being believed by ninty-nine out of every hundred professing Christians. We are inclined to doubt this supposition of such general orthodoxy in regard to these fundamental doctrines, and consequently the "broad basis" afforded by "this unity amid diversity" is more ideal than real.

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"The historical transmission of the truth by a visible Church with an ordained constitution is a matter of profound importance according to the belief and practice of fully three-fourths of Christendom." He includes the Anglican church. "It is surely better for the Roman, and also the Oriental church to find the churches of the Anglican succession standing side by side with them in the assertion of what they deem an important Christian principle, than to be obliged to regard them as mere pretenders in this behalf, and *pro tanto* to reduce the cloud of witnesses willing and desirous to testify on behalf of the principle. These considerations of advantage must, of course, be subordinated to historic truth, but for the moment, advantage is the point with which I deal." This is an important thing to note that advantage is the point with which he deals.

He disclaims that these reflections are intended for the Pope's consideration, though that would seem to be their real purpose. Throughout he speaks in the most respectful way of the Holy Father. It is hard to believe that the author is the former fierce adversary of the Vatican.

"In conclusion, it is not for me to say what will be the upshot of the proceedings now in progress at Rome. But be their issue what it may, there is, in my view, no room for doubt as to the attitude which has been taken by the actual head of the Roman Catholic Church in regard to them. It seems to me an attitude in the largest sense paternal, and while it will probably stand among the latest recollections of my life-time, it will ever be cherished with cordial sentiments of reverence, of gratitude, and high appreciation."

What are we to think of Mr. Gladstone's effort in behalf of reunion? It is to be praised for its generally respectful tone towards the Holy Father, but at the same time he seems to advocate, in spite of his protest to the contrary, the subordination of historic truth to considerations of "advantage." For instance he says: "It is to the last degree improbable that a ruler of known wisdom would at this time put in motion the machinery of the Curia for the purpose of widening the breach which severs the Roman Catholic Church from a communion which, though small in comparison, is extended through the large and fast-increasing range of the English-speaking races, and which represents in the religious sphere one of the most powerful nations of European Christendom."

Certainly Leo. XIII. has no desire to widen the breach but wishes rather to bridge it over. Winking at false claims however, will not effect this, nor will the suppression of the verdict, if unfavorable, help the cause. Yet Mr. Gladstone seems to imply that such will be the case and bases his opinion on information which he has been allowed through the kindness of Lord Halifax to share, and which convinces him "that if the investigations of the Curia did not lead to a favorable result, wisdom and charity would in any case arrest them at such a point as to prevent their becoming an occasion and a means of embittering religious controversy."

As the Church never has recognized Anglican orders, a definitive and authoritative pronouncement will not be "an occasion and a means of embittering religious controversy," but rather an eye-opener for those who are still clinging to the prospect of Rome's ratification of their orders. Whatever the decision may be, Leo XIII. will surely give the result to the world.



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Leo XIII. and Menelek.—The Holy Father has given evidences in the past few months of his love for his countrymen. He testified his sorrow at the loss of the lives of so many of them at Adowah by the postponement of the *Te Deum* that was to have been sung in St. Peter's on the last anniversary of his coronation. He could not rejoice when so many of his children were mourning. It was a simple act but one which revealed his sympathetic heart. Again he showed his appreciation of the fitness of things by the erection of the Prefecture-Apostolic of Erythrea and by substituting Italian Capuchins for the French Lazarists laboring in the Catholic missions of Abyssinia, thinking that their own countrymen would be more acceptable to the Italian troops and colonists.

A crowning proof of the solicitude of Leo XIII. for his countrymen is the sending of Mgr. Macario, Coptic Patriarch of Alexandria, as the bearer of a letter from His Holiness to Menelek begging for the liberation of the Italian prisoners. To appreciate fully this act of the Sovereign Pontiff, we must consider that the soldiers, for whose release he is negotiating, belong to that army which besieged and took Rome and which unjustly keep him captive in his own domains. But the Holy Father does not hold them responsible for the actions of their commanders. He sees in them his countrymen, his children in dire distress, and his paternal and patriotic heart yearns to relieve them. May this magnanimous action of Leo XIII. turn the hearts of his misguided people towards one who really has their best interests at heart.

Catholic Sailors at the Vatican.—A trip to Rome on Sunday, June 14, was arranged for the Catholic officers and men of the British fleet lying off Civita Vecchia. They numbered 350 men and fifty-two officers, all under the command of Captain Grant. They reached Rome by rail at the Trastevere station and were received by members of the Anglo-Roman committee. Having refreshed themselves with coffee, they set out for the Vatican, which they entered by the Bronze Gate. There the Swiss Guard on duty presented arms and were saluted by the British tars.

The first thing on the programme was to hear Mass. They accordingly proceeded to the Sistine chapel, which was reserved for them, the galleries only being open to favored visitors. The Pope entered the Chapel, borne on the *sedia gestatoria*, and having vested, celebrated the holy sacrifice At the conclusion of a Mass of thanksgiving, said by Mgr. Mazzolini, the Pope withdrew for awhile, then returning took his seat in front of the altar, and all the officers and midshipmen approached and kissed his hand. He then arose and gave the apostolic benediction.

His Holiness was then borne out on the *sedia gestatoria*, imparting his blessing as he went. The sailors were enthusiastic and loudly cheered the Holy Father.

At noon an excellent dinner was served for all in the Charlemagne Portico, adjoining the Basilica. Afterwards they visited the gardens of the Vatican and were then conveyed in carriages through the principal streets of Rome. In the afternoon they attended service in the church of St. Sylvester. Before leaving for Civita Vecchia they had refreshments in the Trastevere station. The men gave great edification by their admirable behavior. The affair was under the management of Archbishop Stonor and the Duke of Norfolk.

More Masonic Verdicts.—Speaking of the workings of Freemasonry in the last number of THE MESSENGER we called attention to the fact that many people distinguish between Masons on the Continent of Europe and in England and the United States. They recoil in horror from the excesses of the former but are more lenient to the latter. Father

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Wyndham, an Oblate of St. Charles, has written an able letter to the *London Tablet* in proof of the substantial identity of Freemasonry wherever it may be. He instances a protest, drawn up by twenty-six sovereign delegates, addressed to the "Most Serene College of Emerited Masons," which sets forth reasons against the election of the Italian Adriano Lemmi in 1893 to succeed as "Sovereign Pontiff of Universal Freemasonry" the American Albert Pike, who had died in 1891. The charge was that Lemmi had not rightfully invested the money contributed by "the adepts of the perfect initiation" of the English and American lodges for Masonic propaganda in Italy, "where the Pope of the Superstition is proudly enthroned." Of course Leo XIII. is intended. All Masons, it is true, are not "adepts of the perfect initiation," but the money was contributed, doubtless, by all Masons, though ignorant it may be of the specific use to which it was to be applied in Italy.

Grand Master Adriano Lemmi discloses the work to be done in a circular letter in 1886 to the "Venerable Brothers of the Lodges of Upper Italy. The following are the principal points:

I. The education question is to be one of the daily preoccupations of Freemasons.

a. Catholics, or persons who have Catholic instincts, are not to be admitted as teachers, and theories and habits hostile to religion are to be instilled.

b. Schools are to be withdrawn from communal or municipal control, and subjected to the direct control of the state.

c. Teachers are to be allured by the prospect of higher salaries, and those who are favorably disposed toward religion are to be rendered unpopular, and forced to resign.

II. Encouragement is to be given to (*a*) cremation of the dead; (*b*) civil marriages; (*c*) civil burials.

III. The baptism of children, so far as possible, is not to be permitted.

IV. Everything that has a religious character is to be brought into discredit.

V. Assistance is to be given to those only who belong in spirit to Freemasonry, or who give hopes of becoming Masons."

It is quite evident that this campaign is not confined to Italy, but is being carried on in our own country. The twenty-six sovereign delegates before mentioned impugned Lemmi as a *Satanist*, worshipping the devil ("the Excelsior") under the name of Satan; instead of being a *Luciferian*, and worshipping the devil under the title of Lucifer. In other words Lemmi is charged with worshipping the devil as the evil one, instead of worshipping him as the good one. In this blasphemous aspect Jehovah, the God of the Christians, is the evil one.

The excesses to which the leaders have gone are beginning to open the eyes even of anti-Catholics. An example is given in an occurrence in the Italian Chamber of Deputies, when one of the Deputies declaimed against the Masons as "corruptors of the State." In the upper house Senator Rossi declared that, owing to the secrets of the society, there exists a wide belief that its members have secret objects. The scope is hidden from outsiders, and even from many of the adepts. He instanced their love of controlling governments, and their especial predilection for the ministry of public instruction and of worship. Another senator, Parenzo, partly agreed with Signor Rossi, in as much as the secrecy of the Masons was contrary to the spirit of modern times. The premier, the Marquis di Rudini, asserted that secret societies effected no good, and that they were a veritable menace against the integrity of the public administration. Evidently the star of Freemasonry is no longer in the ascendant since the fall of Crispi, and the retirement of Lemmi. Moreover, even the radicals acknowledge that the once all-powerful organization is now converted into a mutual aid society of rapacious place hunters, office seekers, and penniless adventurers, who make a living at the expense of dupes. It is held responsible for the late bank scandals, the depletion of the treasury, and the African catastrophe.

Preparations for the International anti-Masonic Congress, to be held in Rome next December are in progress At a preparatory meeting in the Eternal City, an interesting feature was a speech by Signor Solutore A. Zola, the recently converted ex-Grand Master of Egyptian Freemasonry. He said: "After having for thirty years combated in the camp of the enemy, returning through a favor of the Blessed Virgin into the bosom of the Church, who has received me maternally and without reproaches, I am received fraternally by you also, who are willing to forget my past, and to greet in me a prodigal son, and one who comes back to you as a new brother."

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ST. CLAVER'S GUILD.—

The following account is from the pen of Bishop Gordon, Vicar-Apostolic of Jamaica, W. I. It appeared in the May number of the *St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly:*

"On the thirty-first of October, 1895, two Sisters of Mercy, accompanied by three young servant girls and a man of all work, inaugurated in Kingston, Jamaica, W. I., an undertaking never before attempted elsewhere, a self-supporting orphanage, independent alike of Government or eleemosynary aid, and relying solely on the work of boys ranging from eight to sixteen years for its support. Those for whose benefit the work was being commenced were represented on the occasion by one solitary child picked up in the streets of Kingston, where he had been wandering for days, and who was delighted to find himself transferred to a home where kind hearts and wise heads would feed, clothe, educate and care for him till he was able and equipped to fight the battle of life. His future companions and successors were to be thousands of boys between the ages of six and fifteen years whose parents or guardians, or failing them, a magistrate, were willing to apprentice them to a course of training in which agriculture and horticulture would bear a chief part. The three girls had formerly been inmates of St. Mary's Orphanage or Industrial School in Kingston, and had been placed in good situations on the completion of their terms. Learning that the Sisters intended to start the new work they relinquished their places, and offered their services gratuitously to the new orphanage. "You have been kind to us," they said, "and we wish to show that we are grateful, and can be kind to others who need help now as we needed it then." One of their number made the additional sacrifice of delaying her marriage six months beyond the time she had fixed. Although the work was begun on the thirty-first of October, the Sisters only entered on the more valuable part of their property two months ago. They have thus only had two months to garner their main crop, a process now just about finished.

"The spot on which it was destined that the orphanage should stand was well chosen. About a mile and a half from Spanish Town, the old capital of the island, there rises from the fertile plain which gave the town its old name of Saint Iago de la Vega, a limestone hillock fissured with caves and holes. Round its base flows one of the canals of the Government Rio Cobre irrigation works, from which the level lands belonging to the Orphanage can be irrigated by gravitation, whilst the higher ground will be supplied with the water necessary for the growth of fruit-trees, with which it is intended to cover it, even on its bare and barren parts, by means of a pump driven by a mule or donkey. The same pump will supply the buildings which crown the summit with the water needed for domestic purposes. The level land amounts to about fifty-three acres, of which forty-three are prime fertile loam; the other ten are laid out in guinea grass, which will be carted to the horse and cattle stock to be fed in stalls. The cattle will be of the Holstein breed, and they will be stalled, fed and groomed like horses. The rocky land consists of about sixteen or seventeen acres, ranging from fairly mixed land, in which rocks and fertile soil are fairly divided, to almost pure rock. Forty-one acres are already almost laid down in bananas, and this is looked on as the mainstay of the institution. Until the bananas are sufficiently grown to afford shade, quick-growing crops will be planted on the ground between the suckers so as to help to feed the boys. When the latter are grown sufficiently, the quick-growing crops will be replaced by Liberian coffee and oranges, for which purpose land has been set apart as a nursery in which to raise the young plants on for seed. They will constitute the permanent crop. A good main road skirts the property on which the produce

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of the land can be conveyed to Spanish Town, the centre of the railway system of the island, or to Kingston, the capital and principal seaport of Jamaica, thirteen miles distant, by rail or road, or even to Port Henderson, six miles distant. The orphanage is, therefore, within easy distance of the most populous centres from which the main portion of the orphans will probably be drawn.

The buildings consist of two main blocks. In the top story of one is the convent, and in the basement is a large apartment which is made to pay the double debt of chapel and school-room, and from it juts out the sanctuary in which the *Master* dwells and watches over His lambs. The top story is approached by an outside staircase. The other building is given up to the boys' dormitories, and is constructed on the principle of affording the maximum of accommodation in the minimum of space. This principle is observed in the other buildings also, and can be more readily carried out in the balmy climate of Jamaica, where perpetual summer reigns, and the open air is freely admitted day and night. In addition to the main buildings, there are other smaller ones, servants' quarters, kitchen, etc. They are all constructed of solid stone and brick.

Simple and economical as has been the construction, there has been already a considerable expenditure of capital, and there remains the heavy charge of maintaining the boys till the crops are reaped and placed on the market. At first it was intended to have only about twenty boys until the produce could be raised and sold or consumed, and with this object we gave the land, erected the buildings suitable for forty boys, put in the crops, and promised $500 per annum. In doing this, we calculated what could best be spared from an income already quite exhausted by the heavy drains of a growing diocese in which almost everything in the shape of churches, schools, a college and numerous other things had to be provided for, and debt incurred to meet the expenditure necessary to erect and maintain them.

But in order to meet the unexpected and largely increased maintenance account, with prospective expenditure for providing more buildings and more land, St. Claver's Guild has been instituted, and it is hoped that this work will procure a steady income for the Orphanage. The advantages the guild offers to its members are:

1st. A Weekly Mass said by the Chaplain for them.

2d. The prayers of the orphans, who will meet daily in the chapel to pray for the subscribers.

3d. The dead can be made participators in all these advantages by subscriptions being made in their name.

4th. For those who procure and maintain the full number of ten annual subscribers we will say one Mass every month.

(The subscription is only one shilling or twenty-five cents a year).

This good work thus begun on a small scale can be indefinitely enlarged, and already negotiations are in progress for obtaining an extensive tract of land to be settled by our orphans, and other lands can be acquired as needed, so that there will be an ever open shelter for every orphan boy who seeks maintenance and instruction. The girls, also, will not be neglected, for a plan is being thought of for them.

It is a pleasure to see that the work meets the approval and support of our Protestant brethren. Amongst them, I may mention the American company which owns the railways of the country, and which has been most generous in giving the use of its cars, free of charge, for the conveyance of banana suckers, furniture, and other things necessary to start the Orphanage. Then the Water Commissioners have undertaken to supply from their canal all the water required, for a time at least, for irrigation and other purposes. Dr. Donovan also, with true Irish generosity, has placed his professional skill at the service of the institution, and has not grudged it night or day.

The inception of the work and its rapid progress bear marks of the special protection of Divine Providence. It is *His* work, undoubtedly, and there is every reason to believe, from what has passed, that a special blessing will attend all those who aid it. What pleading more powerful before the throne of God than that proceeding from the pure hearts and uplifted horny hands of St Claver's little toilers?

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NOTES FROM HEAD CENTRES

EAST INDIES.—We are indebted to the Rev. Father Lazzarini, S.J , of St. Aloysius' College, Mangalore, India, for the following interesting notes:

"At the beginning of this year you were kind enough to recommend to your members of the Holy League our Sodality of the Immaculate Conception, especially begging for it an increase in devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. I am glad to be able to inform you that we have sensibly felt the blessings of that infinitely loving Heart coming upon us. The number of Promoters has increased, their zeal becomes more active, and all the Sodalists are growing in love and in confidence in our dear Lord. One proof of it is their eagerness to have their intentions recommended to the Apostleship. The practice has been introduced by putting up at the entrance to the Sodality chapel, together with the General Intention of the month, the particular intentions of the individuals at their own request. All are frequently reminded to direct their Morning Offering for such intentions; and the fact is that several times the intention recommended was thanksgiving for grace obtained. I think it is a great honor which is paid to our Lord by increasing our confidence in His infinite bounty.

"I may tell your Reverence, for the glory of the Sacred Heart, a most remarkable grace that was obtained last month. There was in the jail a heathen Brahmin to be hanged within a short time. Some good person awakened in him a desire to die a Christian, but nothing could be done with him because of a Government rule forbidding to talk of conversion to the inmates of hospitals, jails, and other such public institutions, unless they first, of their own accord, ask from the officer in charge the permission to speak with the priest or minister. You see how this rule makes conversions next to impossible. How can a poor pagan in those conditions get by himself the thought, and then overcome, besides other common difficulties, the one of asking permission of a superintendent who may be himself a pagan, or anything but favorable to the conversion of souls?

"The execution was to take place within eight days when a Sodalist brought the matter to our knowledge, and as the Sodality was to go to a public adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, an intention was specially recommended to them without saying what it was. The following morning the poor man took courage to manifest his desire of becoming a Catholic to the proper authority, who was a pagan, and in the five days that remained gave great edification to the Fathers who went to instruct him, and to the other Christians who since then were free to talk to him on religious matters. I have been told by them that he listened with touching devotion to the passion of our Lord, being specially pleased with the history of the penitent thief, to whom he liked to compare himself. To one of his relations, who had gone to see him and who was telling him that they would dispose of his remains according to the rites of their caste, he plainly answered that they need not trouble themselves as he had given himself entirely to the Christians. On Friday, November 15, he received with great devotion Baptism and Holy Communion, handed over to the Fathers the so called sacred cord worn by the Brahmins, and wished to pass the whole day speaking of the kingdom of heaven. The following morning, Saturday, with the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel and the Badge of the Sacred Heart hanging around his neck, he paid his debt to human justice, and from the scaffold went to receive the reward of baptismal grace as we have every reason to hope, since he showed the very best sentiments up to the last moment. Even whilst walking to the place of execution he requested the Father by his side to suggest to him, now and then, suitable ejaculations.

"The salvation of this soul is no doubt the fruit of prayer. Not only had he been recommended from the very

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beginning to the different Centres of the Apostleship of Prayer, but in the course of those few days, as the devil was trying to complete his work, the Promoters were requested to ask their friends to say more prayers and offer good works for that man up to the last. At their next meeting they reported Communions received, Masses heard, Rosaries said, alms given during all those days for this intention. Finally, after the execution, a solemn funeral was held. People and priests had come from three parishes, a good many Sodalists were also in attendance, in all some three hundred persons accompanied this new penitent thief to the church, where a Requiem Mass was sung, *presente corpore*, and thence to the grave. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be ever blessed, both for His loving providence over this fortunate soul and for the zeal He has enkindled in many on this occasion.

"Consoling also is the work which the Apostleship does among the workmen of our press and book-binding establishment —men and boys. Few of them are Sodalists, but they are all attached to the Sodality as members of the Holy League. The beginning of the Apostleship among them was very humble. Some two or three years ago a young Promoter of another Centre spoke to a young man of the press; the latter spoke to some of his companions, and then to others, and in a short time the Apostleship was introduced in the establishment. There are now between thirty and forty of the 2d and 3d Degree and two Promoters—there may be even more; a certain number attend the monthly General Communion; they make every morning the Morning Offering in common before beginning work; and they faithfully contribute every month to the treasury of good works offered up for the intentions of the Apostleship of Prayer. In these offerings it is consoling to see some hundreds of hours of work, which they have sanctified in loving remembrance of the Sacred Heart."

ENGLAND.—We are pleased to learn through the English *Messenger* that the Apostleship of the Sea is vigorously pushed on the British and Irish coast. A letter from Her Majesty's steamship, "Revenge," gives a picture of the faith and goodness of a poor congregation in a little village near Berehaven on the southwest coast of Ireland. The chapel there was so small that only forty-two blue-jackets could be squeezed in, and that by the charity of the people, who willingly gave up their seats to them. The sailors were much edified by the devotion of those people, and by the number of them who went to Holy Communion at a late hour, after walking a long distance fasting.

The Catholics on Her Majesty's steamship "Cambria" have been very fortunate this Easter. A Franciscan Father obtained leave to come on board and give them service and instruction. On another day he had them on shore for the Stations of the Cross and instructions, and again on another day for Confession and Benediction, on a fourth day he had a special Mass for them at which a large number went to Holy Communion, a number of residents and visitors attending the service. A special sermon followed, and the Litany for a Happy Death. One of the men had the privilege of reading the Holy Passion in English while the priest was reciting it at the altar. The Father also gave each man a copy of *Catholic Belief* and *Manual of Scripture History*—books which they value exceedingly, as giving them the means of explaining and defending their faith when, as must often be the case, some point of it is questioned or attacked.

A correspondent from Her Majesty's steamship "Edinburgh" tells with what unfailing regularity the parcels of Catholic literature reach that ship. For the most part the same can be said of every ship and station. The British Navy has been greatly increased; there are not only more ships, but many more men, of whom a goodly number are Catholics, especially since a new training-ship has been appointed to draw recruits from Ireland. New supplies are called for. Every Catholic coast-guard, we are assured, from St. Abb's Head to the Shetland Islands is now enrolled in the Apostleship of Prayer.



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DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

Catholic Magazines. It may not be within the scope of a magazine as a general thing to notice current literature in its contemporaries. Such is our own case. Catholic weeklies may plead lack of space or time for a review of the press. We find that natural enough. But we have very little sympathy, and still less admiration, for those Catholic papers and magazines, which devote entire columns and pages to the appreciative review of those secular magazines that often contain much that is objectionable from a moral, religious, artistic and literary standpoint, while they cannot afford to give more than a couple of lines, if any, to the best of our Catholic periodicals. Now, we would ask in the name of common sense and Christian decency, if we have Catholic magazines that are worth reading, why not give them a showing? You will promote a good cause, and lose nothing, but gain in the end, by so doing. If they are not up to the standard give them at least the benefit of your honest criticism, and be not afraid to point out their real shortcomings; but do not leave the world under the impression that there is no such thing as Catholic magazines; do not condemn them with silence while you liberally open your valuable columns for the advertisement of what is often worldly and agnostic, not to say positively immoral and anti-Christian. Treat them fairly as they deserve; they do not claim infallibility; if they are reasonable, they will welcome fair and open criticism.

Indeed if there is one thing that Catholic literature needs more than another it is intelligent, honest, straightforward criticism. By criticism, however, we do not mean fault-finding, but fair and candid appreciation of the merits as well as the shortcomings of literary productions. Such criticism is of incalculable value to the reading public, while it forms the most effective restraint for authors and publishers. Why should an ambitious author, because he happens to be a Catholic, be allowed to palm off as an epoch-making work a book which contains nothing original, offers no new facilities to readers, and has no reason for existence? Or why should publishers, because they are Catholics, be allowed with impunity to inflict works on the public which are an outrage to cultivated taste and common sense? Why should writers in our magazines, because they are Catholics, be allowed to talk glibly about things that are far beyond their depth, and of which they never had the slightest conception? The sooner we arrive at an intelligent, honest and outspoken Catholic criticism the better it will be for the cause of Catholic literature.

The General Intention. The Mission in Iceland appeals to the zeal of every Associate of the League. To win back to the Church a country once Catholic, appeals to every Catholic heart. This appeal is more touching when the country is so isolated, and the facilities for missionary labor so few. Still the heart of the Holy Father goes out to the inhabitants of this distant island, and zealous souls are ready to undertake the labor of spreading the Gospel. The conditions to be met with in accomplishing this work may be gathered from reading the General Intention and Father Sveinsson's account of his visit to his native land. Father Sveinsson makes a special appeal in behalf of the lepers. He is already engaged in collecting the funds necessary for the leper hospital. By the corporal works of mercy which devoted souls are ready to perform for the sufferers, the island may be won to Christ, and those who assist by prayer and alms will share in this result.

Father Isaac Jogues. Our readers will doubtless be charmed with the August frontispiece. Apart from its interest as a representation of the First Apostle of the Mohawks, the fine conception and execution of the statue will appeal to our artistic taste, and will add fresh laurels to the fame of Mr. Joseph Sibbel, the sculptor. It represents the heroic missionary holding aloft the cross. Even without words it is a sermon. One can-

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not help feeling a glow of love for the cross, the symbol of our faith, as we look upon it in the hand of this apostolic man, who lost his life while trying to save souls. It was his practice when in captivity to carve the sign of salvation in the bark of trees, and thus take possession for Christ of our virgin forests. Long hours would he spend upon his knees in prayer, in the heat of summer and the cold of winter, in sunshine and in rain, before these rude symbols, which reminded him of the passion and death of Christ for those poor savages among whom his lot was cast. Our readers will be interested to hear that the original statue of Father Jogues is to have a prominent place in the new St. Joseph's Seminary at Dunwoodie, by the special choice and wish of His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, who thus honors the pioneer priest of New York State.

The Pilgrimages to Auriesville.

August is the month of pilgrimages to the Shrine of our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville. As it is the 250th anniversary of the death of Father Isaac Jogues, there will probably be a larger concourse of people this year than usual. For the last few years some 5,000 pilgrims have resorted yearly to the shrine. They came chiefly from the neighboring towns, as there are only very scanty accommodations to be had in the little hamlet. This fact accounts for the moderate number of those who make the pilgrimage. It would swell indefinitely could any adequate provision be made for the reception of pilgrims. But faith and fervor have always characterized those who do go to Auriesville. This has encouraged the Fathers of the Central Direction to erect a temporary sanctuary where the Holy Sacrifice will be offered for the benefit of the pilgrims every day during the month of August. The favorite days for the pilgrimages are the Sundays and the fifteenth of August. Those who may not be fortunate enough to be able to go thither in person can at least join their intentions to those who actually will be pilgrims.

The Feast of the Assumption.

There is always danger in our days of people neglecting the holydays of obligation. The Church in her motherly solicitude for the spiritual welfare of her children, calls them now and again to pause in the hurry and scurry of their busy lives and rest both body and soul, by abstaining from servile labor and by assisting at Mass. But adapting herself to the age in which we live, and taking into account the peculiar circumstances in which Catholics find themselves in this country, she has diminished the number of these days of precept, that by so doing she might diminish the occasions of sin by the breaking of the precept to observe them holily. So that now only six in the year are of obligation. Yet how many of her children are extremely lax in keeping these six. How they grasp at the slightest excuse to free themselves from the responsibility. They allege the impossibility of abstaining from their daily labor without the danger of losing their situation. The Church never demands things that are impossible, but good-will often makes possible what sloth would account impossible. At least if work cannot be neglected, the spiritual part of the obligation of hearing Mass might be fulfilled If this, too, cannot be, then show good will by receiving Benediction in the evening. A splendid opportunity for reparation is offered to the Associates of the League on the fifteenth of August. Let them atone for the sloth, neglect, coldness and want of fervor on the part of so many Catholics. Midsummer Lady Day in the old countries is a high festival in honor of the Queen of heaven. Let us show her that the sea and sky have not changed our affection for her and that our devotion is as fervent in our land and in our times as in other lands and in other times. It is the crowning of one who was a pure creature like ourselves, however highly privileged she was. The coronation of Mary is an encouragement to us to co-operate with the graces which her divine Son merited for us and which she, our fond Mother, obtains for those who are her devout clients.

Payments.

Remittances should be made to the Central Direction by check, money or express order, or registered letter. These should be made out to the "Apostleship of Prayer." We have frequently called the attention of subscribers to the fact that if they enclose money in unregistered letters, they do so at their own risk. They must not expect us to make good money lost through their own carelessness in taking the ordinary precautions to have the money reach us safely.

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BOOK NOTICES

STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY. By Reuben Parsons, D.D., Vol. III., Centuries fifteenth and sixteenth. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. 8vo. Pages 607. 1896.

It is with much pleasure we welcome the third instalment of this excellent series of historical studies. Like the preceding volumes it is scholarly and at the same time exceedingly interesting, while not pretending by any means to be light reading. The subjects are so chosen as to embody the chief facts of the ecclesiastical history of the two centuries which it covers. It begins with John Huss and ends with Giordano Bruno. Some of the most attractive subjects are Joan of Arc, Savonarola, Leo X., Luther, Erasmus, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, the tragedy of Beatrice Cenci. Such subjects cannot but arouse the interest of the reader; and every number in the varied contents will repay careful reading. The work deserves, and is sure to have a wide circulation. We wish the learned and industrious author a hearty Godspeed in his excellent work.

A VISIT TO EUROPE AND THE HOLY LAND. By Rev. H. F. Fairbanks. Fourth edition, with illustrations. New York: Benziger Brothers. 12mo. Pages 463. Price $1.50.

This is a very interesting and beautifully gotten-up volume. What lends a special charm to it is the fact that the author gives us as much as possible of his own direct observations, and as little as possible from the guide-book and other aids frequently employed by writers of travel. The reverend author conducts his reader from New York harbor to Queenstown and the southern parts of Ireland; thence through England and Wales, France, Italy, into Egypt, where he pilots him through the most interesting scenes. He dwells with special predilection on the scenes which have been hallowed by the presence of our divine Lord. The Eternal City is "done" with much interest. Thence his journey is continued northward through Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, Holland, England, Scotland. The two closing chapters are devoted to the "Emerald gem of the Ocean." The illustrations are well chosen.

RETREATS given by Father Dignam, S.J. With letters and notes of spiritual directions, and a few conferences and sermons. With a Preface by Father Gretton, S.J. London: Burns and Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers. 12mo. Pages 409.

However poorly these notes, taken down by some of his hearers, without any view to publication, may represent the spoken words of the late Father Dignam, it cannot be denied that they are in most cases very suggestive and interesting, and will prove useful and edifying, not only to those who once had the privilege to listen to his sweet and earnest discourses, but to all those who have a true appreciation of the interior life. Those who are devout to the Sacred Heart will find in these notes much to foster and promote their devotion. The great idea of his life and the motive of his words and actions were to "entice the hearts of men" to the divine Heart. This is that "special fragrance," which, as the Very Rev. Father Martin, General of the Society of Jesus, said, "hangs around his life," and is surely diffused over these simple notes.

READINGS FROM THE BIBLE.—Selected for Schools and to be Read in Unison. Under the supervision of the Chicago Woman's Educational Union. Chicago: Scott, Forsman & Co. 1896. 16mo. Pages 192.

From the standpoint of Rationalists, Universalists, Jews, Mahometans and pagans, this collection of Bible readings may be considered very appropriate. All that refers to the creation, fall, and redemption of man, is scrupulously excluded from its pages. There is no reference to the divinity, the birth, death and resurrection of our Lord. It consists almost exclusively of moral precepts,

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most of which might as well be taken from the *Koran* or the *Vedas* as from the Scriptures. This caricature should represent to the child the teaching of the Bible. No Christian (I will not say Catholic) can fail to see that the tenor of the book is in the highest degree misleading, however honest the intention of the compilers may have been. The name of a prominent Catholic layman on the title page makes it still more misleading for Catholics, as also the parading in the introduction of the names of Catholic prelates, whose non-committal utterances are construed as a positive approval.

ENGLISH LITERATURE. A Manual for Academies, High Schools and Colleges. SUGGESTIONS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE. By the Brothers of the Christian Schools. New York: P. O'Shea. 1896. 12mo. Pages 508 and 92.

The above *manual* comes nearer the idea of a Catholic text-book on English Literature than anything we have yet met with. While not pretending to be a scientific or critical history of English literature it is a sufficiently reliable guide for the teacher and pupil, which will make the latter acquainted with those authors and works which are worth knowing in our language. Valuable critical remarks are interspersed, given mostly in the words of some critic of note. It is to be regretted that the editors did not indicate the source at least of the more important quotations. Little space could naturally be given to American Literature, and the relative importance attributed to certain authors and works might in some instances be questioned.

The *Suggestions* are sometimes quite suggestive and practical, but many of them are irrelevant. They may have been of great service to the individual teacher who composed them, but we doubt whether they could be of much service to anybody else.

THE MONK'S PARDON. A historical romance of the time of Philip IV. of Spain. From the French of Raoul de Naveny. By Anna T. Sadlier. Fourth edition. New York: Benziger Brothers. 12mo. Pages 311. Price $1.25.

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK and THE BADGES OF BELMONT. By Maurice Francis Egan. Second edition. New York: Benziger Brothers. 12mo. Pages 279. Price $1.00.

These two popular story-books need no introduction to Catholic readers. Those who have not yet read them, have so far deprived themselves of a great intellectual treat which we trust they will no longer forego. No cultured Catholic parents, we trust, will withhold from their children the exquisite pleasure of reading the two stories of Dr. Egan, which have been written purposely for, and dedicated to, our young people, in the person of a worthy representative, Miss May Cronyen, of Buffalo, N. Y.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ST. FRANCIS' MANUAL. A prayer-book for members of the Third Order. Arranged by Clementine Dreymann, O.S.F. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' MISSION BOOK. Manual of instruction, prayers, etc. By the Redemptorist Fathers. New York: Benziger Brothers.

MOMENTS WITH MARY. Selections from St. Francis of Sales for the Mornings and Evenings of May. Translated and arranged by Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ST. ALOYSIUS MANUAL. Composed from approved sources. Sixth edition. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

GUIDE FOR CONFESSION AND COMMUNION. By St. Francis de Sales. Translated from the French by Anne R. Bennet-Gladstone. New York: Benziger Brothers.

LITTLE MANUAL OF ST. ANTHONY. A complete collection of prayers and devotions in honor of that great saint. New York: Benziger Brothers.

MANY INCENTIVES TO LOVE JESUS AND HIS SACRED HEART. By Very Rev. J. A. Maltus, O.P. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers.

THE SUBLIMITY OF THE MOST BLESSED SACRAMENT. A course of sermons for the Forty Hours' Adoration. Translated from the German by a Catholic priest. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

VIEWS AND PORTRAITS OF MAYNOOTH COLLEGE. A centenary album. Dublin: Browne & Nolan.

IL MEDAGLIEVE DI LEONE XIII. Composizioni poetiche in lingua Latina, Francese, Spagnola, Tedesca, Inglese. Roma: Società San Giovanni, Desclée, Lefevre & Co.

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IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 156,648.

"*In all things give thanks*" (I. Thes. v, 18.)

Spiritual Favors:—Grace of a religious vocation; restoration of peace in a family; a reconciliation after ten years: a reconciliation between a husband and wife after a long misunderstanding; cessation of a serious scandal of thirty years' standing; happy death of a young girl who was at first very unwilling to receive the last sacraments; a reconciliation granted within a few hours of its being asked; averting of a grave scandal; and many graces not specified.

Return to Religious Duties:—Of a husband who had joined a secret society, and who resisted all appeals. Mass and publication were promised, and that very day he promised to resign; of a young girl who had been careless for some years, of another young woman who had become very indifferent; of a woman who had been twenty years away from all religious duties; of a young man long careless, but has now become a weekly communicant; of a young woman after nearly four years of neglect; of a physician, a convert, who had neglected his duty for over fifty years, he became an Associate some time ago; of a brother who had been careless all his life, he died a good death; of a father, indifferent for many years; of a young man, neglectful for fifteen years and professedly an infidel, his conversion began by consenting to wear the Badge; of a woman after thirty years, at the end of a novena of First Fridays; and many similar graces.

Conversions:—Of a husband; of a lady; seven conversions to the Faith in one League centre; of an aged father; of an old man; of a young girl within a month of the time the intention was sent in, she received the sacraments and died a holy death; and other graces.

Temporal Favors:—Favorable termination of a tedious lawsuit; settlement of a temporal matter causing great annoyance, it promised to be of some duration, but in twelve hours after promising publication the affair was satisfactorily settled; obtaining of teachers' certificates; securing of a house much desired; a succesful examination; partial return of reason to a poor woman who has been insane for twenty-seven years; successful examination under adverse circumstances; success in a lawsuit; speedy reception of incorporation papers for an academy; a successful venture; and other favors.

Cures:—Of one ill in bed for three months and without hope of recovery, a promise was made of publication, Mass, nine Holy Communions and nine hours of adoration in thanksgiving, the patient is well and able to teach class; of a physician seriously ill from an internal abscess which had to be operated on, the doctors gave no hope, but it proved successful; of a mother of a family whose recovery was despaired of by three doctors; relief from brain and nerve sensations; recovery of one at the point of

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death, he was out of danger a few minutes after publication was promised; of a child from spasms; of a mother and sister; immediate relief from pain caused by an abscess produced by the bite of a dog; of a mother low with nervous prostration, she began to recover on the first day of a novena; cure of nervous twitching of the eye; recovery of a friend at the point of death; cure of a serious sore on the tongue; recovery of a wife and mother from pneumonia when two doctors considered the case hopeless; cure of a baby from scurvy on the ninth day of a novena made by its mother; cure of rheumatism; recovery of hearing after promising publication; cure of a sore finger; recovery from appendicitis without a much dreaded operation, as the patient's condition did not permit the use of chloroform; recovery of a religious from a severe illness, as soon as a relic of Blessed Margaret Mary was placed on her head; cure of a nervous affection of the eye by applying a St. Benedict's medal; recovery of a religious who was at death's door; of a sore foot, the wound began to heal immediately after a Mass was said in honor of the Sacred Heart for that intention; of a finger so badly bruised that after treatment the doctors declared amputation necessary to save the hand, Mass and publication were promised, and that very day another doctor said that the finger could be saved, and it is now well; of an Indian boy at the point of death with inflammation of the brain, publication and a novena of First Friday Masses were promised, and within that same hour a change for the better took place, and he is now well; of a person, an invalid for fifteen years, and a cripple; of a man not expected to live, he began to mend as soon as the letter containing the intention was written; of a child suffering for two years from neuralgia in the side; of one who had suffered from an incurable infirmity for forty years, the Novena of Grace was made; cure on the feast of the Sacred Heart of a child severely strained; and other cures.

Employment and Means:—Position for a man who apparently had no chance; for a father and son; a place much desired but seemingly unattainable; means to visit a sister after a separation of fourteen years; means to meet bills; employment for one who was the chief support of a family; money to pay debts overdue; when a family were without food or money, St Anthony when implored, sent both; employment for a man idle for two years; a firm on the verge of bankruptcy was saved; a man's business had so run down that he had no income for his family, the wife besought the Sacred Heart and promised bread for the poor to St. Anthony if the husband got a good salaried position, soon after an offer came from an unexpected source; and many other positions.

Preservation:—On a journey by sea; of a husband from diphtheria, and his cure in one hour; of several in great danger during the recent tornado though many were killed in the same building; of a husband and wife during the cyclone, no damage was done within a room in which a lamp was burning before a picture of the Sacred Heart, though part of the house fell down; of a convent chapel from fire, for while the community were in the parish church at Mass, the cover of the Sacred Heart altar in the chapel caught fire and burned until it reached the foot of the statue, where it was extinguished; of life and property during the cyclone; and many other favors.

Favors through the Badge:—A person troubled for two years with neuralgia in the foot found immediate relief by applying the Badge; recovery from a severe illness; four members of a family were very ill with high fever and were cured after a Badge had been placed on them and publication promised; cure of a very painful knee; cure of sudden loss of sight in one eye; speedy relief from severe pain; reform of a drunkard; cure of an affection of the knee; recovery of a mother whose life was despaired of by the doctor; the Badge and Cross were put on her, Masses, Communions and publication were promised; recovery from a serious accident; recovery from a serious operation; cure of a dreadful pain; a Protestant child was cured of a serious sore throat; recovery of an Associate very ill with inflammatory rheumatism and not relieved by physicians, she wore the Badge, promised publication and made a novena, on the ninth day she was able to leave her bed and has been improving ever since; escape from catching scarlet fever of a child exposed to the danger; escape from croup; immediate relief of a little girl from intense pain from a gathering in her head; cure of an Indian child pronounced incurable by the doctors; and many other favors.

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PROMOTERS·RECEPTIONS·

Diplomas and Indulgenced Crosses for the solemn reception of Promoters who have faithfully served the required probation have been sent to the following Local Centres of the League of the Sacred Heart (April 20 to May 20, 1896).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centres.	Diplomas and Crosses.
Providence	Central Falls, R. I.	Holy Trinity Church	58
Richmond	Newport News, Va.	St. Vincent de Paul's "	1
St. Augustine	St. Augustine, Fla.	Cathedral	20
"	Fernandina, Fla.	St. Joseph's Convent	1
St. Joseph	St. Joseph, Mo	Cathedral	1
St. Louis	St. Charles, Mo.	Sacred Heart Convent	3
"	St. Louis, Mo.	St. John's Church	13
"	" "	St. Joseph's (S.J.) "	2
"	" "	St. Lawrence O'Toole's "	20
"	" "	Visitation Convent	6
San Antonio	San Antonio Tex.	St. Patrick's Church	3
San Francisco	San Francisco, Cal	St. Ignatius' (S.J.) "	44
"	" "	Sacred Heart "	35
Savannah	Augusta, Ga.	Sacred Heart "	4
Springfield	Adams, Mass.	St. Charles' "	13
"	Gilbertville, Mass.	St. Aloysius' "	4
"	North Adams, Mass.	St. Francis' "	41
Syracuse	Oswego, N. Y.	St. John's "	25
Vincennes	St. Meinrad's, Ind.	St. Meinrad's (O.S.B.) Seminary	1
Wilmington	Wilmington, Del.	St. Patrick's "	1

Number of Receptions, 20. Number of Promoters, 296.

Diplomas and Indulgenced Crosses for the solemn reception of Promoters who have faithfully served the required probation have been sent to the following Local Centres of the League of the Sacred Heart (May 20 to June 20, 1896).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centres.	Diploma and Crosses.
Albany	Albany, N. Y.	Immaculate Conception Cathedral	12
"	" "	St. Joseph's Church	8
"	Cohoes "	St. Bernard's "	4
"	East Albany, N. Y.	St. John's "	6
"	Kenwood, N. Y.	Sacred Heart Convent	4
Alton	Newton, Ill.	St. Thomas' Church	5
"	Springfield, Ill.	St. Agnes' "	4
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.	St. Gregory's "	2
"	Leonardtown, Md.	St. Aloysius' (S.J.) "	11
"	St. Inigo's Manor Md.	St. Ignatius' (S.J.) "	20
"	Washington, D. C.	St. John's (Christian Brothers) College	7
"	" "	St. Patrick's Church	6
"	" "	St. Peter's "	10
Belleville	Belleville, Ill.	St. Luke's "	1
Boston	Amesbury, Mass.	St. Joseph's "	6
"	Boston, Mass.	Boston (S.J.) College	31
"	" "	Immaculate Conception (S.J.) Church	1
"	" "	St. Joseph's "	15
"	" "	St. Mary's (S.J.) "	1
"	" "	St. Patrick's "	8
"	Canton, Mass.	St. John's "	6
"	Chelsea, Mass.	St. Rose's "	30
"	Hopkinton, Mass.	St. John's "	7
"	Neponset, Mass.	St. Ann's "	11
"	North Chelmsford, Mass.	St. John the Evangelist "	13
"	Salem, Mass	Immaculate Conception "	9
"	Somerville, Mass.	St. Joseph's "	4
"	South Boston, Mass.	St. Vincent's "	33
"	Stoneham, Mass.	St. Patrick's "	2

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Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.		Diploma and Crosses.
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N.Y.	St. Ambrose's	Church	23
"	" "	St. Charles Borromeo's	"	3
"	" "	St. Charles'	Convent	8
"	" "	St. Francis Xavier's	Church	12
"	" "	St. John's	Home	1
"	" "	St Joseph's	Church	18
"	" "	St. Joseph's	Institute	4
"	" "	St. Michael's	Church	13
"	" "	Nativity of the Blessed Lord	"	21
"	" "	Our Lady of Angels'	"	10
"	" "	Our Lady of Victory	"	54
"	" "	St. Patrick's	"	28
"	" "	SS. Peter and Paul's	"	2
"	Corona N. Y.	Our Lady of Sorrows	"	29
"	Great Neck, N. Y.	St. Aloysius'	"	27
"	South Brooklyn, N. Y	Visitation	"	4
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	Immaculate Conception	"	7
"	Horseheads, N. Y.	St. Mary's	"	20
"	Jamestown, N. Y.	Mercy	Convent	2
"	Waverly, N. Y.	St. James'	Church	4
Charleston	Charles on, S. C.	St. John the Baptist	Cathedral	7
Chicago	Chicago, Ill	Mt. Carmel	Academy	6
"	" "	St. Columbkilles	Church	12
"	" "	St. Mark's	"	8
"	" "	Our Lady of Sorrows (O.S.)	"	1
"	" "	St. Patrick's	"	1
"	" "	Sacred Heart (S.J.)	"	6
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, O.	St. Lawrence's	"	6
"	Fayetteville, O.	St. Patrick's	"	3
"	London, O.	St. Patrick's	"	7
Cleveland	Akron, O.	St. Vincent's	"	1
"	Cleveland, O.	Immaculate Conception	"	8
"	Lima, O	St. Rose's	"	3
"	Youngstown, O	St. Columba's	"	4
Columbus	Columbus, O	Holy Family	"	11
Dallas	Fort Worth, Tex.	St. Patrick's	"	3
Denver	Denver, Col.	St. Joseph's (C.SS.R.)	"	15
"	Pueblo, Col.	St. Patrick's (S.J.)	"	4
Detroit	Detroit, Mich.	SS. Peter and Paul's	Cathedral	17
"	Lenox, Mich.	St. Augustine's	Church	3
"	Pinckney, Mich.	St. Mary's	"	1
"	Port Huron, "	St. Stephen's	"	5
"	Wyandotte, "	St. Patrick's	"	8
Dubuque	Cedar Rapids, Ia	St. Patrick's	"	43
"	Vinton, Ia.	St. Mary's	"	2
Erie	Meadville, Pa.	St. Bridget's	"	8
Fort Wayne	Hammond, Ind.	St. Joseph's	School	33
"	Huntington, Ind.	SS. Peter and Paul's	Church	24
"	Lafayette, Ind.	St. Mary's	"	37
"	Notre Dame, Ind.	Notre Dame	University	15
"	Tipton, Ind.	St Joseph's	Academy	13
Galveston	Galveston, Tex.	Sacred Heart	Church	4
Green Bay	Florence, Wis.	Immaculate Conception	"	4
"	Oconto Wis.	St. Joseph's	"	7
Harrisburg	Harrisburg, Pa		Pro-Cathedral	5
"	Milton, Pa.	St. Joseph's	Church	7
"	Sunbury, Pa.	St. Michael's	"	6
Hartford	Ansonia, Conn.	Assumption	"	15
"	Bethel, Conn.	St. Mary's	"	28
"	Danbury, Conn.	St. Peter's	"	20
"	Derby, Conn.	St. Mary's	"	10
"	Hartford, Conn	St. Joseph's	Cathedral	13
"	" "	Our Lady of Sorrows	Church	6
"	" "	St. Peter's	"	52
"	Stamford "	St John's	"	3
Jamestown	Lidgerwood N. D.	St. John Nepomucenes'	"	1
Kansas City, Kans.	Leavenworth, Kans.	Mt. St. Mary's	Academy	9
" "	St. Mary's, Kans.	St. Mary's (S.J.)	Church	2
Kansas City, Mo.	Holden, Mo.	St. Cecilia's	Seminary	1
" "	Kansas City, Mo.	St. Aloysius'	Church	5
La Crosse	Chippewa Falls, Wis.	Notre Dame (C.SS.R.)	"	9
"	Mauston, Wis.	St. Patrick's	"	17
"	Prairie du Chien, Wis	Sacred Heart (S.J.)	College	1
Louisville	Knottsville, Ky.	St. William's	Church	4
"	Stanley, Ky.	St. Peter's	"	5
Manchester	Manchester, N. H	St. Elmo's (O.S.B.)	College	1
"	" "	St. Joseph's	Cathedral	67
Marquette	Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.	St. Mary's (S.J.)	Church	21
Milwaukee	Milwaukee, Wis.	The Gesu (S.J.)	"	24
"	" "	Marquette (S.J.)	College	4
"	Racine, Wis.	St. Patrick's	Church	36
"	" "	St. Rose's	"	5
Mobile	Mobile, Ala.	St. Mary's	"	11
"	" "	St. Patrick's	"	3
Monterey and Los Angeles	Los Angeles, Cal.	St Vibiana	Cathedral	2
	Santa Cruz, Cal	Holy Cross	Church	15

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Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.		Diplomas and Crosses.
Natchez	Yazoo City, Miss.	Assumption	Church	3
Natchitoches	Shreveport, La.	St. Vincent de Paul's	"	3
Nesqually	Seattle, Wash.	Immaculate Conception (S.J.)	"	4
"	Spokane, Wash.	Our Lady of Lourdes	"	3
Newark	Harrison, N. J.	Holy Cross	"	3
"	Hoboken, N. J.	Our Lady of Grace	"	26
"	Jersey City, N. J.	St. Mary's	"	34
"	" "	St. Michael's	"	17
"	" "	St. Paul's of the Cross	"	1
"	" "	St. Peter's	"	19
"	Newark, N. J.	St. Joseph's	"	28
"	Paterson, N. J.	St. John's	"	11
New Orleans	New Orleans, La.	Immaculate Conception	"	10
"	" "	St. John the Baptist	"	6
"	" "	St. Joseph's	"	5
"	Grand Coteau, La.	Sacred Heart (S.J.)	"	4
"	" "	Sacred Heart	Convent	1
New York	Chester, N. Y.	St. Columba's	Church	13
"	Fordham "	St. John's (S.J.)	College	11
"	Kingston "	St. Joseph's	Church	6
"	New Brighton, N. Y.	St. Peter's	"	16
"	New Rochelle "	St. Gabriel's	"	14
"	New York, N. Y.	St. Agnes'	"	16
"	" "	St. Anthony's	"	11
"	" "	St. Bernard's	"	19
"	" "	St. Charles Borromeo's	"	4
"	" "	St. Bridgid's	"	19
"	" "	Epiphany	"	31
"	" "	Guardian Angel's	"	24
"	" "	Holy Cross	"	5
"	" "	Holy Innocents	"	24
"	" "	Holy Name	"	6
"	" "	Holy Rosary	"	8
"	" "	St. John Evangelist	"	8
"	" "	St. Joseph's	"	13
"	" "	St. Lawrence's (S.J.)	"	33
"	" "	St. Monica's	"	43
"	" "	Our Lady of Good Counsel	"	1
"	" "	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel (S.P.N.)	"	5
"	" "	St. Patrick's	"	15
"	" "	St. Paul's	"	6
"	" "	St. Peter's	"	18
"	" "	St. Rose of Lima's	"	2
"	" "	Sacred Heart	Home	16
"	" "	Sacred Heart	Convent	9
"	" "	St. Stephen's	Church	16
"	" "	St. Teresa's	"	20
"	Peekskill, N. Y.	Assumption	"	5
"	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	St. Mary's	"	13
"	Princes Bay.	Mt. Loretto	"	1
"	Riverdale, N. Y.	Mt. St. Vincent	Academy	6

Number of Receptions, 166. Number of Promoters, 2040.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Angelus	480,824	11.	Masses heard	237,457
2.	Beads	424,407	12.	Mortifications	279,392
3.	Stations of the Cross	99 873	13.	Works of Mercy	206,944
4.	Holy Communions	82,644	14.	Works of Zeal	612.720
5.	Spiritual Communions	405,100	15.	Prayers	4,498,182
6.	Examens of Conscience	616,593	16.	Charitable Conversation	73,918
7.	Hours of Labor	962 999	17.	Sufferings or Afflictions	164,006
8.	Hours of Silence	394 577	18.	Self-conquest	195,900
9.	Pious Reading	133,197	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	497,868
10.	Masses Celebrated	13,441	20.	Various Good Works	629,268

Special Thanksgivings, 1,477; Total, 11,110,787.

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RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation from the Central Direction from April 20 to May 20, 1896.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Diploma.
Albany	Albany, N. Y.	Holy Names Convent	May 14
Alton	Morri-onville, Ill.	St. Monica's Church	May 8
Belleville	Waterloo, Ill.	SS. Peter and Paul's "	Apr. 29
Cleveland	McKinley, O.	St. Patrick's "	May 3
Dubuque	Dubuque, Ia.	St. Patrick's "	May 16
"	Lansing, Ia.	Immaculate Conception "	May 15
Green Bay	Black Creek, Wis.	St. Mary's "	Apr. 23
"	Eaton, Wis.	SS. Cyril and Methodius' "	Apr. 23
"	Isaar, Wis.	S.. Sebastian's "	Apr. 23
"	Marinette, Wis.	Sacred Heart "	May 14
"	Seymour, Wis.	St. John's "	Apr. 23
Hartford	Thomaston, Conn.	St. Thomas' "	May 4
Ind. Territory (V.A.)	Okarche, Oklahoma	Holy Trinity "	May 5
Jamestown	Michigan City, N. Dak.	St. Lawrence's "	May 16
LaCrosse	Courtes Oreilles, Wis.	St. Francis Solanus' "	May 3
"	Glenwood, Wis.	St. John's "	May 6
"	Grattan, Wis.	Our Lady of Lourdes' "	Apr. 23
Marquette	Ontonagon, Mich	Holy Family "	Apr. 29
Milwaukee	Lake Geneva, Wis.	St. Francis de Sales' "	Apr. 30
Monterey and Los Angeles	Banning, Cal.	St. Boniface Indian " / Industrial School	Apr. 29
Nashville	Memphis, Tenn.	St. Agnes' Academy	May 15
Nesqually	Ellensburg, Wash.	St Andrew's Church	May 8
New Orleans	St. Gabriel, La.	St. Gabriel's "	May 7
New York	Brewster, N. Y.	St. Lawrence's "	May 15
Omaha	Grand Island, Neb.	Nativity B.V.M. "	Apr. 30
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Monica's "	May 3
Sacramento	Nevada City, Cal.	St. Canice's "	Apr. 23
St. Louis	Perryville Mo.	St. Mary's Seminary	Apr. 30
St. Paul	Kilkenny, Minn.	St. Canice's Church	May 1

Aggregations, 29; churches, 25; seminary, 1; convents, 2; academy, 1.

LETTERS WITH INTENTIONS (*Continued*).

SOUTH CAROLINA.
Abbeville, 18.
Charleston, 17, 18.

SOUTH DAKOTA.
Chamberlain, 10, GO.
Emmett, 9.
Mitchell, 11.
Redfield, 25.
Sturgis, 12.

TENNESSEE.
Chattanooga, 16, GO.
Jackson, 8.
Memphis, 24, 29, 16, 17, 19.
Nashville, 27.

TEXAS.
Austin, 15, 16.
Denison, 22.
El Paso, 20, 6, GO.
Fort Worth, 8.
Galveston, 31, GO 9, 14
Houston, 8.
San Antonio, 28, 3, 19.
Texarkana, 24, 18.
Victoria, 15.
Wylie, 24, 6, 13.

UTAH.
Salt Lake City, 27, 16.

VERMONT.
Bennington, 25, GO.
Burlington, 27, 31.
Pittsford, 19.
Rutherford, 21.
Underhill Center, 18.

VIRGINIA.
Alexandria, 11, 19
Cape Charles, 8.
Fortress Monroe, 29.
Newport News, 20.
Norfolk, 25, 17.
Portsmouth, 24, 18.
Richmond, 26, 18.
Roanoke, 19.
Staunton, 16.
West End, 9.

WASHINGTON.
Everett, 25.
North Yakima, 21.
Seattle, 16.
Spokane, 28, 12.

WEST VIRGINIA.
Grafton, 20, 16.
Harper's Ferry, 16.
Mannington, 18.
Shepherdstown, 18.
Weston, 27, 19.
Wheeling, 27, 12, 17.

WISCONSIN.
Blanchardsville, 26.
Chippewa, 1.
Columbus, 15.
Fort Howard, 23.
Green Bay, 30, 16.
Greencastle, 22.
Hartford, 19.
Hersey, 27.
Jacksonport, 13.
Janesville, 9.
Kenosha, 20.
Kilbourn City, 30.
Madison, 5.
Menawa, 13, GO.
Mendota, 29.
Merrill, 9.
Milwaukee, 21, 22, 26, 28, GO. 4, 18.
New London, 16.

WISCONSIN (con'd.)
Northport, 17.
Portage, 28.
Prairie Du Chien, 27, 29.
Racine, 30, 11.
Sheboygan, 11.
Washburn, 19.
Watertown, 12.

WYOMING.
Rock Springs, 18.
Saint Stephens, 2.

CANADA.
Halifax, 3.
St. John.

FOREIGN.
Copenhagen, Denmark, 6.
Kingston, Jamaica, 22, GO.
Spanish Town Jamaica, 9.

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LETTERS WITH INTENTIONS

Letters received from May 20 to June 20, 1896, and not otherwise acknowledged. The number after the name of the place indicates the date of the letter.

ALABAMA.

Birmingham, 29.
Mobile, 27, GO. 17.
Tuscaloosa, 13.

ARIZONA.

Phoenix, 8.

ARKANSAS.

Helena, 15.
Littte Rock, 29.
Pine Bluff, 23.
Pocahontas, 17.

CALIFORNIA.

Berkeley, 28.
Eureka, 8, 18.
Los Angeles, 25, 5, 13, 15.
Marysville, 23.
Menlo Park, 25.
Oakland, 21, 10.
Petaluma, 8.
San Francisco, 20, 22, 26, GO. 27, 1, GO. 11, 12, 13, 16.
San José, 25, 15.
Santa Barbara, 3
Santa Clara, 22, 13.
Shorb, 28
Woodland, 3

COLORADO.

Animas, 14.
Colorado Springs, 22.
Denver, 20, 25, 27, 28.
Fort Logan, 4.
Georgetown, 22.
Las Animas, 31.
Leadville, 8.
Pueblo, 23, 16.
Trinidad, 3.

CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, 16.
Bethel, 20.
Bridgeport, 17, 19.
Derby, 20, 18.
Greenwich, 3.
Hartford, 26, 29, 16, 19.
Little River, 27.
Meriden, 28.
Middletown, 29.
Mystic, 17.
New Hartford, 28.
New Haven, 25, GO. 4, 19.
New London, 19.
Newtown, 20.
Norwalk, 18.
Ridgefield, 20, 13.
Rockville, 10.
Waterbury, 29, 31, 11, 19.

DELAWARE.

Wilmington, 21, 28, 29, 31.

DIS. OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, 20, 21, 25, 26, GO. 28, 29, 30, 15, 16, 17,

FLORIDA.

Fernandino, 16.
Jacksonville, 6 9.
Key West, 20, 23.
Orlando, 7.
Palatka, 8.
Pensacola, 15.
Saint Augustine, 11.
Saint Leo, 13.

GEORGIA.

Augusta, 13.
Bainbridge, 22.
Macon, 9, 19.
Savannah, 25, 16.

IDAHO.

Boise City, 30, 4.

ILLINOIS.

Alton, 8.
Anna, 13.
Aurora, 20.
Bloomington, 16.
Bradford, 13.
Cairo, 22, 26.
Chatsworth, 20.
Chicago, 21, 25, 27, 29, 1, 8, 9, 10, 13, G.O. 15, 26, 16, 17, 18, 19.
Collinsville, 9
Decatur, 18, 19.
Edwardsville, 26.
Effingham, 8.
Elgin, 17.
Farmersville, 26.
Freeport, 6.
Joliet, 1, 12, 15.
Lincoln, 30.
Litchfield, 29.
Lockport, 27.
Lostant, 22.
Moline, 25.
Morris, 16.
Morrisonville, 15.
Mount Sterling, 28.
Munster, 12.
Nauvoo, 20, 9.
Ottawa, 18.
Pana, 26.
Peoria, 22, 25, 16.
Quincy, 21. 29.
Rochelle, 8.
Rockford, 29, 13.
Sainte Marie, 23.
Springfield, 29, 4, 12, G.O.
Stockton, 23
Streator, 1.
Taylorville, 22.
Wenona, 20 15.
Winchester, 26.

INDIANA.

Columbus, 30, 17.
Elwood, 12.
Fort Wayne, 22, 13.
Green Castle, 20.
Hammond, 20, 29.
Indianapolis, 20.
Lafayette, 6.

INDIANA (con'd.)

Madison, 26.
Notre Dame, 21, 29.
Saint Mary's, 18.
Saint Meinrad, 3.
Shelbyville, 24.
Terre Haute, 1, 19.
Tipton, 18.
Valparaiso, 16, 17, 19.
Washington, 30.

IOWA.

Albia, 23.
Barnum 18.
Burlington, 16.
Council Bluffs, 27.
Davenport, 26, 27.
Dubuque, 23, 26, 27, 4, 15, 16, 17, 18.
Eagle Grove, 13.
Farley, 18.
Fort Madison, 4.
Independence, 16.
Iowa City, 23.
Keokuk, 11.
Lawler, 31, 18.
Lycurgus, 26.
Marshalltown, 31.
Solon, 17.
Sumner, 28.
Webster City, 14.
West Ridge, 18.

KANSAS.

Abilene, 10.
Atchison, 22, 1 8.
Kansas City, 17 GO.
Leavenworth, 20, 28.
Parsons, 3.
Topeka, 31.

KENTUCKY.

Bedford, 16.
Bowling Green, 10.
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Covington, 2.
Earlington, 1.
Fancy Farm, 13.
Frankfort, 13.
Knottsville, 16.
Lebanon, 10.
Loretto, 22, 19.
Louisville, 27, 28, 13, 15.
Morgantown, 4.
Nazareth, 17.
Newport, 26.
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Saint John, 18.
Springfield, 20.
Victoria, 30.

LOUISIANA.

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Cottonport, 10.
Grand Coteau, 18.
Mansura, 10.
Monroe, 18.

LOUISIANA (con'd.)

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Omega, 10,
Shreveport, 23, GO. 15.

MAINE.

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Oldtown, 20.
Portland, 28, 19.

MARYLAND.

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Bryantown, 13.
Cecilton, 19.
Chapel Point. 28.
Collington. 27.
Davidsonville, 25.
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Frederick, 28, 10, 18.
Ingleside, 19.
Libertytown 15, 18, GO.
Milestown, 26.
Montrose, 17.
Morganza, 20.
Philopolis, 15.
Rayville, 28.
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Amherst, 18.
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Boston, 20, 21, 23, 27, 28, 29, 2, 3, GO. 5, 8, 9, 10, GO. 12, 15, 18 GO. 19.
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North Adams, 13.
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Southbridge, 1.
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Westfield, 11. 18.
Worcester, 21, GO. 24, GO. 6, 19.

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Escanaba, 20, 13, 18.
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Lexington, 23, 25.
Manistee, 8.
Manistique, 23.
Monroe, 13.
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Newport, 28.
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Saginaw, 10
Ypsilanti, 10.

MINNESOTA.

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Faribault, 25.
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Hancock, 26.
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Rochester, 9.
Redwing, 15
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Stillwater, 19.
West Duluth, 10
Winona, 17.

MISSISSIPPI

Bay Saint Louis, 9.
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Greenville, 22.
Jackson, 17.
Pass Christian, 20.
Vicksburg, 9.
Yazoo City, 16.

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De Soto, 26.
Florisant, 26.
Glencoe, 9.
Hannibal, 14.
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Kansas City, 26, 28, 18
Kirkwood, 2.
Marshall, 5.
Millwood, 12.
Moberly, 27, 17.
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Saint Joseph 26, 2, 17, GO.
St. Louis, 20 24, GO. 27, 28 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 15, 16, 17.

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NEBRASKA.

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Prague, 13.
Rulo, 17.
Sidney, 20.

NEVADA.

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Greenville, 15.
Manchester, 14, 16.
Nashua, 25.
Salmon Falls, 26

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Andover, 19.
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Binghamton, 30.
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Camden, 19.
Clayville, 8
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Dunkirk, 19
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Gazenovia, 15.
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Great Neck, 19.
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Hastings 30.
Haverstraw, 29.
Hornellsville, 28.
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Port Richmond, 1.
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Butler, 27.
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THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART

SEPTEMBER 1896



ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE $2.00 YEARLY

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CATHARINE TEGAKWITA,
The Lily of the Mohawks.

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THE MESSENGER
OF THE
SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXI. SEPTEMBER, 1896. No. 9.

ROC AMADOUR.

"O these are voices of the past,
Links of a broken chain,
Wings that can bear us back to times,
That may not come again;
Yet, God forbid that we should lose
The echoes that remain."

—*A. A. Proctor.*

THE "echoes" that I would fain recall come from the hills of stony Quercy, in that favored land of France, favored from the beginning, and, therefore, more persistently and more forcibly besieged by the enemies of Christ and His Church than any other spot on earth.

But our Lady has ever stood in the breach, or speedily repaired the wrong, by some overwhelming manifestation of her power, that had the effect of silencing God's enemies, sometimes for centuries. Shrine after shrine, miraculously founded, has taken root in the blessed soil, and notably in those places where Saracen and Huguenot had destroyed all that could be destroyed. In some places they left nothing but the everlasting hills and in spite of that, on these same hills to-day a new vegetation, fresher and greener then ever, is springing up around the solid stone walls of grander churches and chapels still under the same sacred invocations as of old.

Our Lady of Roc Amadour is one of these. Pagan and Huguenot did their work so well that this name, no doubt, will tell little to the general reader at first glance. But the analysis, if he have patience to come with us, will give him the rare pleasure of meeting and greeting the oldest and the dearest of friends. We speak to practical Catholics, of course.

There is a trite saying "that a straw will show the direction of the wind." A straw, a mere nothing, may give an impulse to words and deeds as much out of all proportion as the grain of mustard seed and the tree "that shelters the birds of the air in its branches." A fragment of a broken medal, picked up on the steps of an Old World Basilica taught us the name of "Roc Amadour."

With what infinite difficulty, even with

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the aid of a magnifying glass, we were able to decipher "Notre Dame de Roc Amadour."

Written thus it looked formidable, but it was another name by which to invoke the Queen of heaven and by dint of repeating: "Our Lady of Roc Amadour pray for us!" it grew familiar; then began to awaken long forgotten memories of chivalrous tale and legend of knight and troubadour and lady fair.

In them there was, alas, no suggestion of Mary Immaculate; on the contrary the hero was always rescuing captive damsel à la Don Quixote, or at best, Coeur de Lion. They were too richly fanciful to suppose that Rome or its supposed idolatrous teaching had aught to do with them.

But the new and true light that had been vouchsafed us led us to keep on invoking "Our Lady of Roc Amadour" for a long while. It was beginning to be little more than a revered name; its haunting power was weakening, when heart and imagination were once more fired by the story of Knight Roland and our Lady of Roc Amadour, told at a great gathering.

All was clear now, and to kneel at that shrine became a desire too strong not to be gratified. So, after long waiting, like those compulsory pilgrims of old, whose punishment decreed "that they should visit such or such a shrine, within one year, and if they could not do it in one, they might take two (perhaps even more than the allotted two years)," a day came that found us on the iron road between Toulouse and Paris.

Beyond Toulouse, a level and monotonous country stretched on all sides. No sight of hill or mountain, even when we stopped at the little station of Roc Amadour.

Where, then, were the ruins of the once famous monastery of Figeac, of the stone pyramids that held light for pilgrims? Where the phare of Candle Mountain (Mt. Candal), so high as to throw its beacon light far over dangerous pass and gorge, to guide the benighted palmer or penitent?

Not the slightest indication of them, nor of le Bastil, House of the Templars once, then a commandery of the Knights of Malta, nor of Alis, Fieux, la Vraie Croix (house of the Knights of Jerusalem), nor of St. Jean of Jaffa. No, nor yet of our Lady of Roc Amadour, the last and most famous of them all.

And yet they all existed and flourished. Their founders were kings and princes, who disdained not to traverse the rough roads themselves, even as the humblest of their subjects, for love of our Lady, knowing well "that all graces come through Mary's hands."

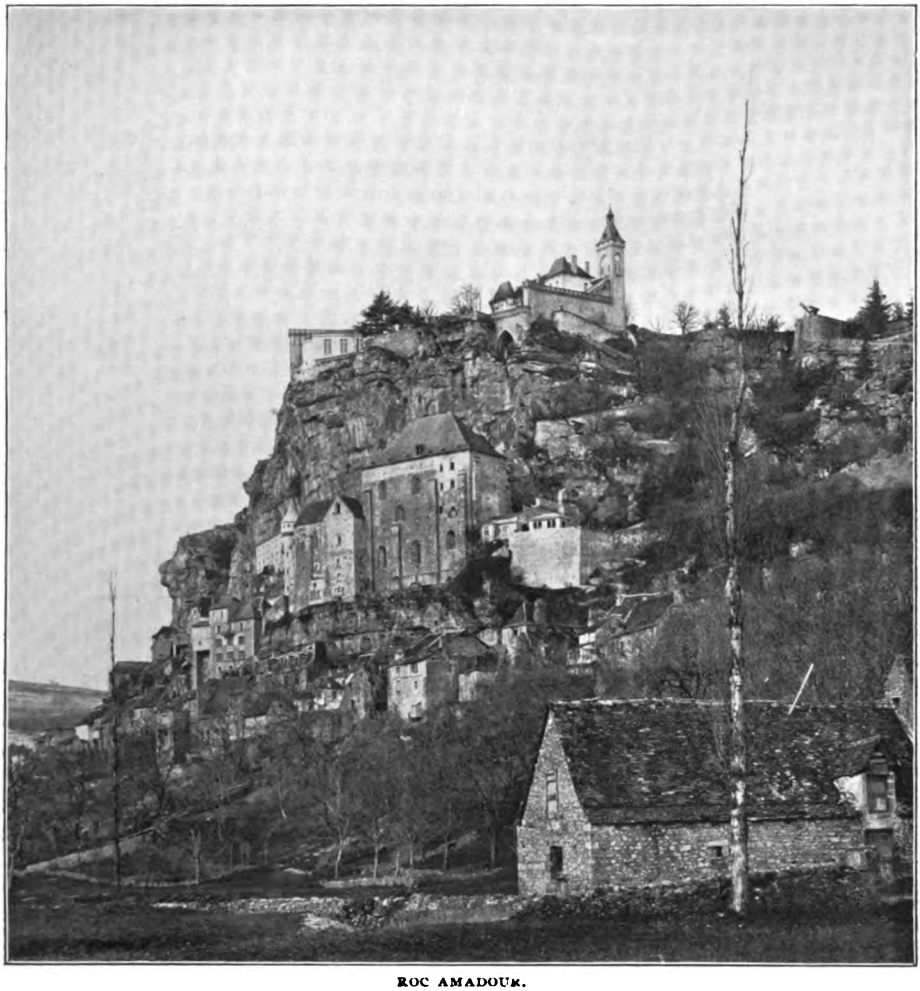
Could we, like those early pilgrims, have made our way thither afoot, we might have seen their ruins, at least. But the railway showed us a landscape flat as a tableland.

When we descended from the train, "the shades of night were falling fast." They had fallen when the omnibus drove away with seven or eight of us, and the omnibus lamps soon shut out even the faint lights of the invisible moon and stars.

It was a long night ride—or seemed so—but over an excellent road. We were not "rattled," as the New Yorker expressively calls the old-fashioned shaking and pitching and jerking common to omnibus and all ill-hung vehicles in general. Not "rattled" in the least. We might have been on runners, so smoothly did the coach go along or through what seemed to be an endless tunnel. We had a queer and unnecessary sensation of needing to be on the alert for bumps, but might have dozed peacefully had we not expected to arrive at our destination every minute, which, of itself, made the road seem ten times its actual length.

When we stopped (neither soon nor suddenly) at the portal of the refuge for pilgrims, a capital house, by the way, it was too late to visit the sanctuary, too late, even, to disturb the good nuns of "Notre Dame du Calvaire," with whom

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ROC AMADOUR.

we might have had quarters, and who have not, as had their predecessors, to be ever ready to wash the pilgrims' blistered and bleeding feet.

Our cold lunch served us for supper. In spite of most comfortable room and bed we were up with the birds, or before them, and may have disturbed some of the sleepy ones, by insisting upon being let out at daydawn.

We were taken through the rear apartments of the ancient house, into a little square, stone-flagged, stone-walled court, and a flight of stone steps was shown us. Then the door was closed behind us.

We mounted the short flight of steps that led us out of the walled court, and looked up—looked up because on either side we were shut in by walls of stone that towered beyond our vision.

We looked up. The general view of Roc Amadour may give you an idea of the sight we saw. It was simply stupendous.

On the summit of the giddy height above we could just distinguish walls and towers, the walls of the castle of Roc Amadour. This then was the Pic, or Roc, solitary as the desert, on which, in the early youth of the Church, a hermit had erected an altar to our Lady.

It was a curious sight as well as a most fascinating one. Troubadour, or

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Trouvere, could not ever have beheld a more inspiring one.

After all, those ancient potentates who devised the punishment of banishment on pilgrimage, were wiser, in their day and generation, than the children of these days of electricity. They gained their rebel subjects, body and soul, made saints out of those Moyen Age anarchists and nihilists. If some of our *fin de siècle* defaulters, for example, were sent, metaphorically at least, *la corde au cou* to Auriesville, during pilgrimage days, would they not, think you, hasten thence to restore the inheritance of the widow and the orphan, with more than three per cent. interest and themselves go forth, on voluntary pilgrimage, poor if need be, to gain back the grace of God, and the good esteem of their fellow men, instead of living hunted lives and filling suicides' graves?

But let us mount the 140 steps, then the 76 steps, and look from the Plateau of St. Michael; you are in what appears to be the chamber of a stone-walled fortress. Wanting one wall is this chamber, and thus you stand on a platform roofed and enclosed on three sides. The platform itself is the natural rock, as well as the roof and walls. Around you, though not all on the same level, are seven churches or chapels.

Before we see or hear more the bell sounds. It is for seven o'clock Mass.

We kneel in the miraculous chapel of our Lady of Roc Amadour at last. *Deo Gratias!*

The matchless sanctity of a shrine like this, rich in the eternal riches of centuries of prayer, that has left deep impression on the adamantine face of nature, that pagan and pirate have tried in vain to destroy, who shall describe? Kneeling before the altar, one can only feel its force sweep over the soul and bless the Creator in humble silence. This is not, doubtless, the oratory dedicated to the Mother of God by the holy hermit. That was destroyed, at least partially, by the fall of an immense rock. The present chapel was raised on the very same spot, however, by Mgr. de Bar, Bishop of Tulle. That, in its turn, was demolished by the Huguenots, September 3, 1562. Though almost nothing was saved of the glorious souvenirs of the past, some treasures, and the very greatest, remain to us. The ancient statue of our Lady, the altar consecrated by St. Martial, the miraculous bell, and two pictures. The statue is as ancient as the first pilgrimage, and it is supposed that the hermit, who, in the first century erected on this rock an altar to Mary, and ornamented it with this pious image, sculptured it with his own hands. Archæological science confirms its age at least. The statue as well as the ancient altar have been covered with plates of silver and wood.

After Mass and Holy Communion we are at liberty to visit the seven chapels, the matchless via dolorosa, the grottoes, wonderful in size and furnishing, themselves worthy of a longer visit than we could pay them.

First of all, let us kneel at the tomb of the Hermit of the Roc. Between the miraculous chapel and the chapel of St. Michael the hollowed rock forms a sort of cell. Therein, according to tradition, was the retreat of St. Amadour or Amateur, during his life. It was certainly his place of sepulture. There he rested in peace, from the year 70 till 1116. "At that time," says an ancient writer, "an inhabitant of that region ordered his family (perhaps by inspiration), to inter his remains at the entrance to the oratory, erected by the saint of Roc, in honor of our Blessed Lady."

Hardly had they begun to excavate the earth, than the body of the saint was discovered in a state of perfect integrity, and, says Robert du Mont: "It was placed before the altar of our Lady, in the same state in which it had been found, for the veneration of the faithful."

Then began to take place miracles, so wonderful and so numerous, through the

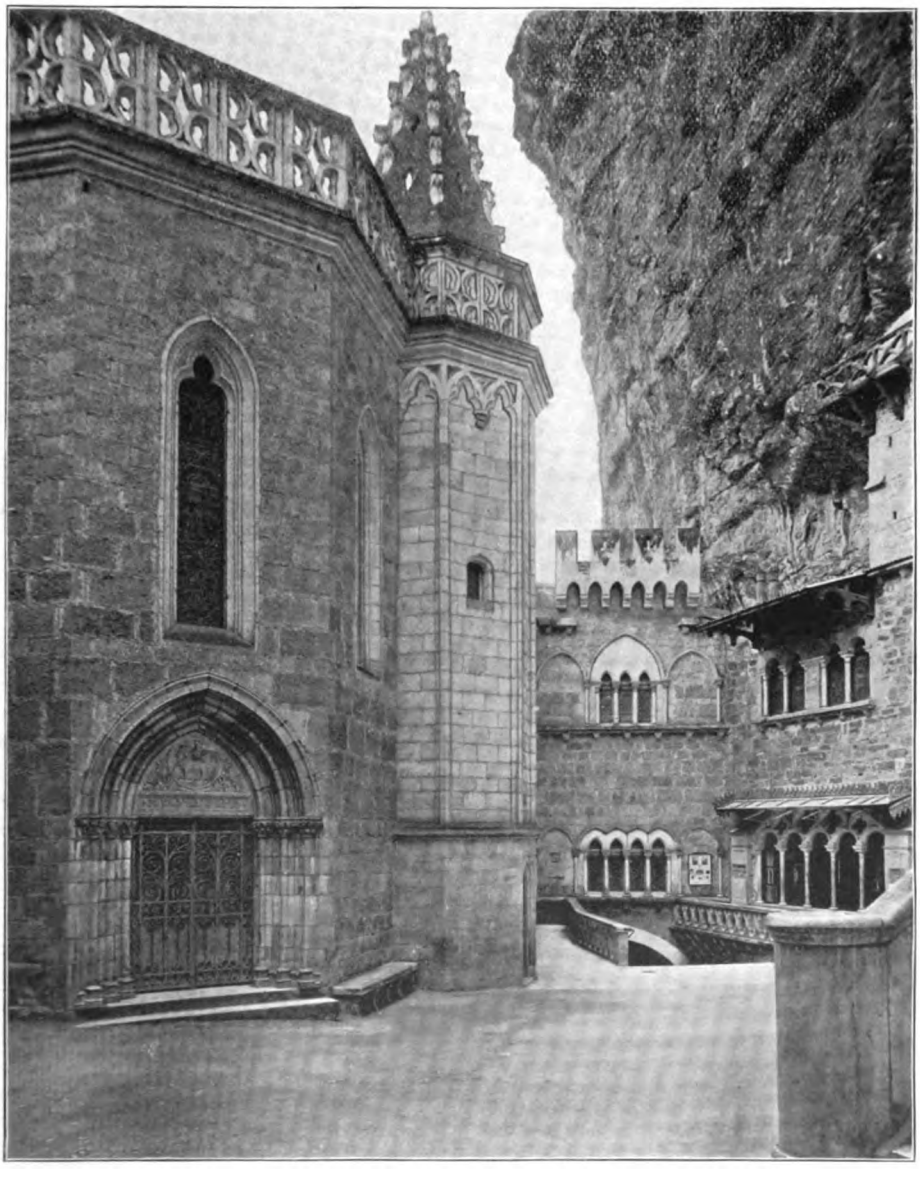
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intercession of St. Amadour, that Henry II. of England travelled hither. He retained so vivid an impression of its sanctity, that when gravely ill, he vowed to make a second pilgrimage to the spot to return thanks for his cure, and it was on this occasion that he became reconciled with Thomas à Becket.

Later the body of St. Amadour was deposited in the subterranean church which had been consecrated to his memory, and bears his name to-day.

Let us now make acquaintance with St. Amadour.

The ancient woodwork, of which only two tableaux have been preserved, tell the whole story of the hermit and his Roc, as well as another story, that must



INTERIOR COURT, ROC AMADOUR.

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be dear to lovers of the Stations of the Cross, and more especially, to any one (and who has not) who may have coveted the gift bestowed upon the bravest of the holy women: the image of the divine face of our Lord, not indeed on veil or kerchief, but on their heart.

The two paintings so miraculously preserved, confirm the tradition that St. Amateur or Amadour was no other than Zaccheus the host of our Blessed Lord.

The resumé of the story, as told in the tableau, is depicted in a series of inscriptions on the original arches thus:

"I. Zaccheus, owing to his short stature, could not see Jesus in the midst of the crowd. He mounts into a sycamore tree. Jesus beholding him bids him to descend quickly, 'for He intends to lodge at his house.'

"II. Zaccheus became a disciple of Jesus Christ. Veronica, his wife, followed in the suite of Mary. They were persecuted for the faith, but an angel delivered them from the prison in which they had been immured.

"III. An angel commands Zaccheus and Veronica to put to sea, and to land at the first port at which the vessel should touch, to serve Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother.

"IV. Their ship touched at a place called 'Soulac.' There they remain in fasting and prayer. There St Martial visits them and blesses an altar (or oratory) they have erected to the memory of St. Stephen (protomartyr).

"V. St. Amadour, by order of St. Martial, goes on a mission to St. Peter at Rome. Veronica remains in the country of the Bordelais, where she dies. St. Amadour, on his return to Soulac, erects two monasteries, and retires from the world.

"VI. In the year 70 A. D., St. Amadour chooses for hermitage and retreat the Roc, since called 'Roc Amadour,' This Roc was uninhabited and infested by wild beasts.

"VII. The people of the neighboring country were little better than savages. St. Amadour catechizes them and makes known to them the religion of Jesus Christ.

"VIII. St. Amadour erected within the Roc an altar in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary. This altar, then so humble and since so glorious, was consecrated by B. Martial, apostle of our Lord, who several times visited our saint in his retreat."

An immense tableau depicts the death of the saint, which was made known to him by divine revelation. He begged to be transported to the Chapel of our Lady; there he expired at the foot of the altar.

In the right-hand corner of the picture St. Martial, surrounded by angels, intercedes for his faithful servant.

An angel offers to our Lord, who occupies the centre of composition, the soul of the saint, under the figure of a child, "thus typifying our Lord's love for little children, according to His own words: 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

A second picture shows us SS. Amadour and Veronica at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, holding souvenirs of their work as testimony of their merit before God.

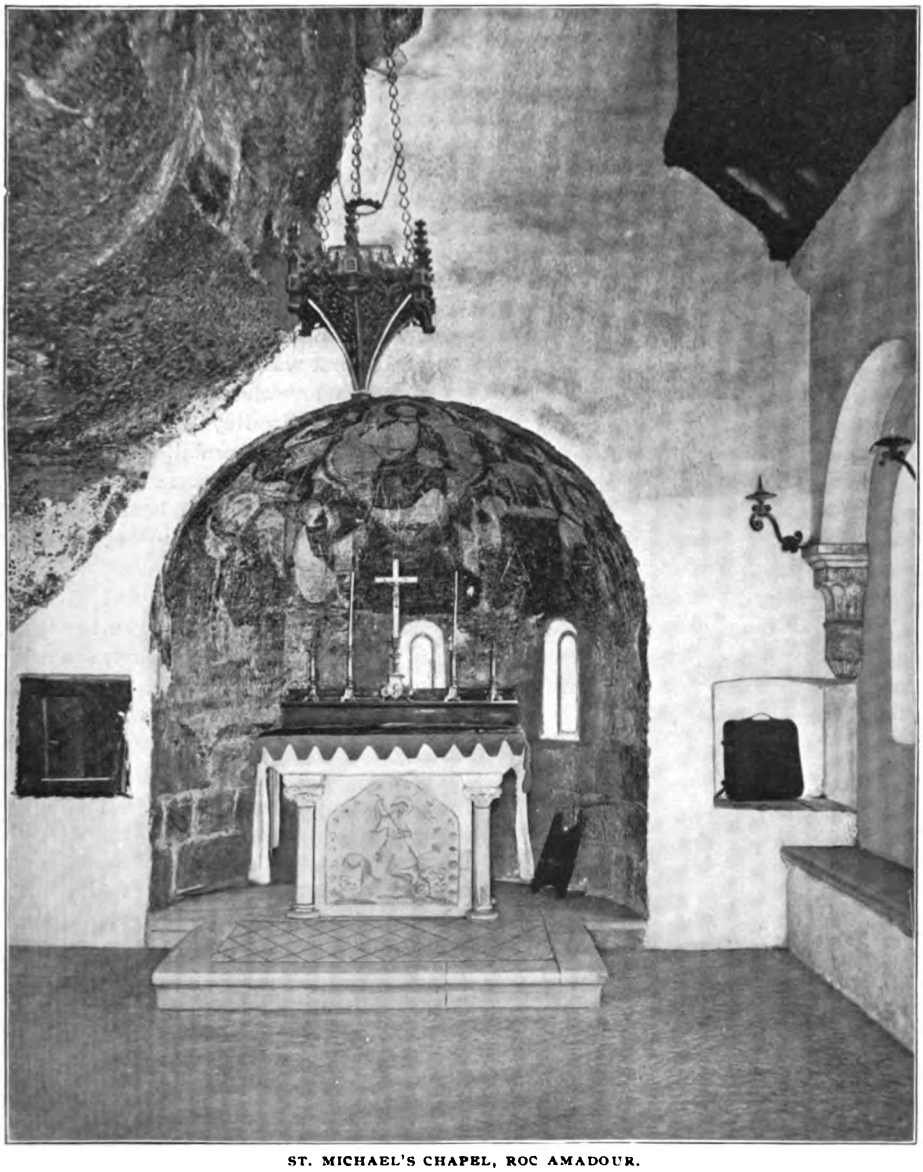
Amadour presents an effigy of the oratory erected in her honor, and Veronica presents the veil with which she so courageously wiped the face of our Lord.

The Latin or Dominican tradition says that a certain high priest, named Volusian, was sent by Tiberias to seek the Prophet and Worker of Miracles, Jesus of Nazareth, and bring Him to Rome, that He might heal the Emperor, who had been stricken with leprosy.

When Volusian reached Jerusalem, our Lord had already been crucified. The envoy was horrified to hear that Pilate had dared to put to death one so remarkable, one who could raise the dead to life, and who might have done so much good to the State. He sought to learn all he could of the Saviour and of His works.

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Hearing that He was arisen he made further inquiries, and learned of His ascension. Among those whom he sought was Veronica, it having been told him that she possessed an image of the Thaumaturge. When it was shown him he fell upon his knees. He recognized its power So he resolved to take Veronica with him to Rome, and Pilate also, as prisoner.



ST. MICHAEL'S CHAPEL, ROC AMADOUR.

"What have you done with Pilate?" cried the Emperor, when Volusian told his tale.

"Brought him to you, a prisoner," was the reply.

"Why did you not put him to death?"

"For fear of offending my august master," was the answer.

Pilate was condemned to perpetual exile, and sent to Ameria in Tuscany.

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He was also condemned to suffer tortures as an example to unjust Jews.

The Emperor was cured by looking upon the divine face, imprinted on the veil of Veronica. He wished to place Jesus among the pagan gods. This greatly angered his pagan courtiers.

He placed the sacred veil in a jewelled casket, in his own palace, for a time, and rendered to it divine honors.

After his death Veronica received it once more, and took it back to Jerusalem, whence she set out a little later for Gaul. Tiberius lived a year after being cured of his leprosy.

Under the great arch which supports the two traves, begins the record of the most celebrated pilgrims who have visited the shrine from the earliest times, and the series is continued throughout the other sacred edifices.

Now Roland may be seen offering the weight in silver of his "Durandal," which he has come to redeem. Now his companions in arms bring back the sword consecrated to Mary.

For the pilgrim who has time to spare, it is a fascinating spot on which to recall the quaint pages of Bishop Turpin, that read so like Chaucer or Spenser, in their quaint old French dress.

* * *

Roland traversing France to rejoin his uncle, Charlemagne, who was warring in Spain, came to Roc Amadour to render homage to our Lady

He offered her his most precious treasure, his glorious Durandal, but as he could not deprive himself of its succor during the holy war he was about to undertake, he ransomed it for its weight in silver.

It was very great, this devotion to the Mother of God, which had inspired him to make such a sacrifice, for he loved his sword passionately. He prized it more than the blood he had shed in battle; more than his life, which he risked with a smile.

Charlemagne had crossed the Pyrenees. Roland, who commanded the rear guard with twelve peers and the most valiant cavaliers, camped still in the mountains.

The Gascons, informed by the traitor Ganelon, surprised and surrounded them on all sides.

In vain Roland and his knights performed prodigies of valor. They succumbed under the ever increasing number of their foes.

Then remained Roland alone on the battle plain; tired and worn with great blows given and received, and doleful (dolent) at the death of his noble barons. Full of sorrow he made his way into the wood, at the base of the mountain of Césaire and dismounted from his charger beneath a tree, near a great perron of marble, that was there raised in a pleasant field, above the valley of Roncevaux (Ronscevalles, valley of thorns).

He still held Durandal, his sword.

This sword surpassed all others, bright, splendid and of beautiful form, sharp and so highly tempered that it could neither bend nor break.

Roland, after holding and looking upon it for a long time, began to regret, and bemoan it, as with tears, speaking in this manner: "O sword most beautiful, bright and resplendent, that needs not to be furbished like any other; of fair size and large hilted; strong and firm; white as ivory is thy guard; signed with a golden cross; sacred and blessed by the letters of the Holy Name of Jesus, Lord Jesus Christ, and environed with His strength, who will henceforth make use of thy goodness? Who will have thee? Who will wear thee? As often as I have, by thee, overthrown either Saracen or disloyal Jew, so often have I thought to have avenged the blood of Jesus Christ. My grief will be too great, if unworthy cavalier or idler, have thee after me. I shall have too great a sorrow, if Saracen or other miscreant hold thee and wield thee after my death."

When he had thus regretted his sword, he raised it high, and struck three mar-

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vellous blows upon the marble perron before him, for he thought to break it, fearing it should fall into the hands of a Saracen.

What need to write it! The perron was split from top to bottom, and the sword remained without a flaw. And when he saw that he could by no means shatter it he was *trop dolent* (too sad).

Then he perceived a chasm profound. With great difficulty he dragged himself towards it, and making sure that he was unperceived, he flung his sword therein. Then feeling the approach of death, he leaned his back against a tree, and with his face towards Spain, began to think of many things: of the lands in which he had fought and conquered, of sweet France, his own country.

He joined his hands in prayer. Death took him. Saint Gabriel and many other saints bore his soul to paradise.

Charlemagne, aroused too late by the horn of Roland, arrived in all haste, but he found on the field of battle only the bodies of his twelve peers and their valorous companions.

The body of Roland was embalmed in wine and aromatic plants, and transported to Blaye, where it was interred. His cor d'oliphant, or trumpet of ivory, was placed at his feet, his sword suspended above his head. Later the "oliphant" was transferred to the Collegiate Church of St. Seurin, at Bordeaux, and his sword to Roc Amadour.

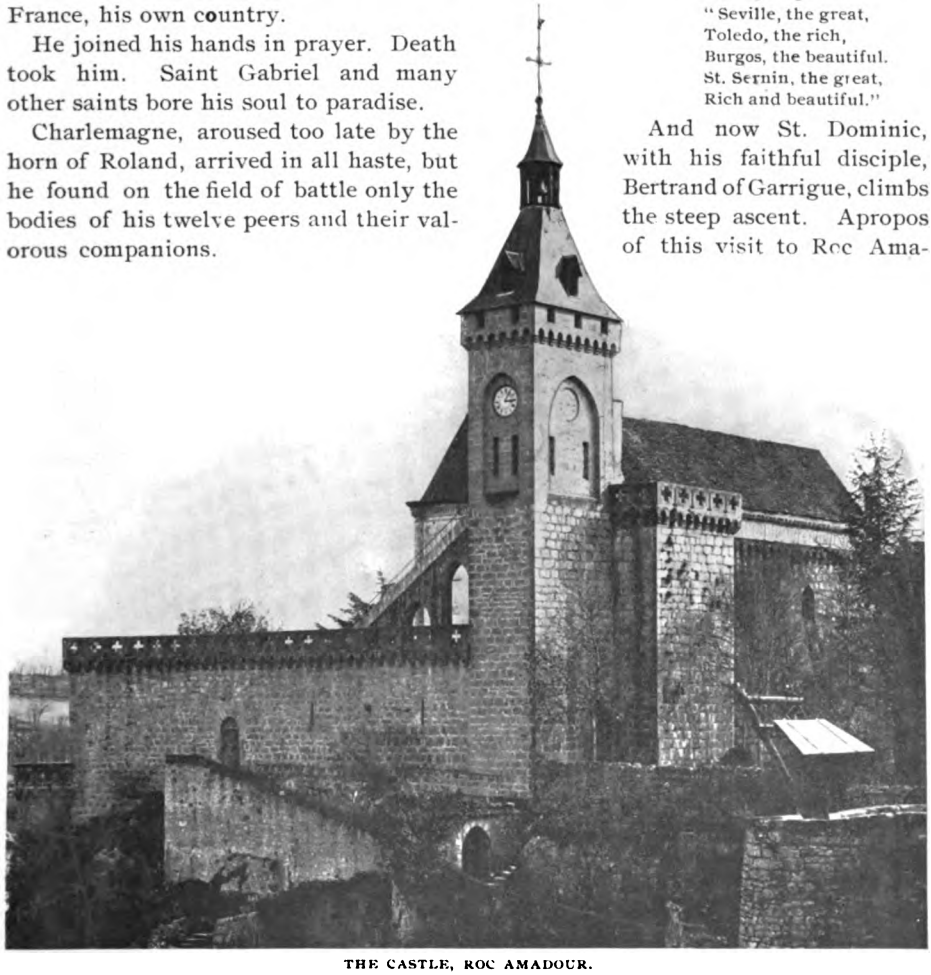
The preux paladin had given it to our Lady, and his noble companions restored it.

Besides Knight Roland we have St. Martial of Limoges, St. Sernin or Saturninus of Toulouse, the fame of whose church surpasses that of all churches, it is claimed.

Mark the saying:

"Seville, the great,
Toledo, the rich,
Burgos, the beautiful.
St. Sernin, the great,
Rich and beautiful."

And now St. Dominic, with his faithful disciple, Bertrand of Garrigue, climbs the steep ascent. Apropos of this visit to Roc Ama-



THE CASTLE, ROC AMADOUR.

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dour in 1219, one reads the charming legend in the saint's life, called *St. Dominic and the German Pilgrims.*

One of the most precious ex-votos of Roc Amadour represents Monsieur and Madame de Salignac de Lamothe-Fénelon, at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, offering to her, in its cradle, the child that was one day to become the celebrated Archbishop of Cambrai. They had obtained the infant's cure from our Lady of Roc Amadour, and brought the child to be dedicated to her forever as an act of gratitude and love.

So great was Madame Fénelon's devotion to this shrine, that she desired, by will, to be buried there, and left £3,000 as capital for a foundation. This was in 1691.

The Castle of Salignac was owned from time immemorial by the family of the Archbishop. The famous Jesuit, Odo de Gissey, on the faith of an ancient manuscript, assures us that St. Martial in his journeys through Aquitaine, found hospitality beneath their roof. "Remark," he says, "what benedictions the Lord bestows on virtuous houses; for the race of Salignac is not yet extinct." "What would he have said had he lived to witness the fame and holiness of the saintly Archbishop," adds another historian. In comparison to what might be said of paramount interest in regard to this sanctuary and pilgrimage, what is here set down is no more than the straw that indicates the direction. The pious pilgrim must see the holy site, without doubt the most majestic in all France. He must climb the calvary, and kneel within the grottoes. He must see for himself the interior and the exterior of the seven sanctuaries, each more curious than the other. He must see the ancient window preserved from the flames, and the miraculous bell, that is said to have belonged to St Amadour, and which, according to well attested documents, was known to have rung of itself when sailors in danger on the sea called upon the name of our Lady of Roc Amadour, whose fame was so great that the Bretons erected a sanctuary to Notre Dame de Roc Amadour on the coast of Brittany, near Brest.

Its antiquity is self-evident.

A finely chiselled silver monstrance is also shown as one of the treasures preserved from the pillage of the Huguenots.

The chapels are under the following invocations:

I. Miraculous Chapel of Our Lady.
II. St. Michel.
IV. St. Sauveur.
V. St. Amadour.
VI. SS. Blaise and Jean Baptiste.
VII. SS. Joachim and Anne.

The sanctuaries of Roc Amadour were surrounded by tombs. It was a great privilege to be interred there. The bodies of pilgrims were carried a great distance to find sepulture at the feet of our Lady of Roc Amadour. The clergy at one time feared that the privilege was being abused and would have put a stop to it, but Pope Alexander III. declared by a Bull that "Sepulture at Roc Amadour should be left free." Among the tombs of note was that of an English princess.

When the sign or seal of Notre Dame de Roc Amadour commonly called "Sportelles" was worn by pilgrims it procured them a free passage through camps, even in the midst of war. There are only two or three in existence. This seal is also the arms of the Church of Roc Amadour.

An ancient reliquary of gilded wood containing the relics of St. Amadour has been carefully restored and holds the place of honor above the altar in the saint's chapel.

This chapel is always the second to be visited by pious pilgrims. Immediately after paying homage to the Mother of God they descend to pay honor to the first solitary of Gaul.

On our way back to the station we saw the curious road by which we had reached the famous Roc. On the right hand and the left, stone and nothing but stone. From the vast mountain slopes, gray and bare for the most part, we looked to the

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INTERIOR OF THE MIRACULOUS CHAPEL, ROC AMADOUR.

fields stretching afar; they were fields of stone, stone everywhere, hedges, bridges, hills, houses, and yet the road was delightful in spite of its stony aspect. We left it with regret that would have been deeper, perhaps, had not our next destination been the Grottoes of St. Anthony of Padua.

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AFIELD.

By P. J. Coleman.

Trouble hence and care begone!
  This rich hour I call mine own.
Here are nobler things, untold,
  Than the grasping after gold.

Want and woe their sorrows lift,
  I am with my soul adrift
Where the buccaneering bees
  Rob the field's flow'r—argosies.

With her vague, illusive smile
  Down yon leafy forest aisle
Spring allures me, gone ere seen,
  Vanishing in coverts green:

Works her ancient miracle,
  Why or how I may not tell;
Understand not, yet perceive,
  Humbly bow and cry "believe."

Tracing her in mead or lawn,
  Who the holy veil hath drawn
From her sacred mysteries,
  Hid from sacrilegious eyes:

Of thy knowledge, say, my heart
  By what thought—transcending art
Doth she work her mighty task!
  Ah! 'tis vain to seek or ask.

Solve me in what magic crypt,
  In old necromancy dipt,
Do the craftsmen of the wold
  Forge the lily's crown of gold!

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Of what magic alchemy
Comes the sweet anemone;
How the spirits of the breeze
Weave the wood's rich tapestries:

By what wisdom doth the flower
Know its heaven-appointed hour,
Wakes and wisely thrusteth up
To the dew its dainty cup:

Working by what weird device
Doth the bird, with instinct nice,
Build such pensile house in air
As is shrewdest man's despair.

Peace! to what a petty span
Shrinks the straitened mind of man,
Musing here, where Nature's law
Worketh—wondrous things of awe.

Sense or reason strive in vain
These to compass or explain.
Faith alone can here discern
Wisdom, ancient and eterne.

Yea! the lowliest weeds declare,
Trumpet-tongued the sleepless care
Of the Providence whose love
Hovers o'er us from above.



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LEO XIII. AND THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

WHATEVER other attributes history will vindicate to our great Pontiff, Leo XIII., it will surely not deny him that of peacemaker. Whatever criticisms his enemies may pronounce against him as the ruler of Christendom, they cannot but acknowledge that his policy has been conciliatory. This conciliatory spirit has been manifested particularly in his efforts for the reunion of Christians in the East as well as in the West

This sweet spirit of peace characterizes, in an especial manner, the Pope's action towards those Anglicans who have manifested a desire of reunion. The movement towards reunion in the Anglican Establishment was brought about in a remarkable manner. A French divine of somewhat liberal tendencies wrote a book in defence of the validity of Anglican Orders, the tenor of which, to the more conservative schools of theology, appeared to savor somewhat of rashness, as reflecting on the position held by the Church for over three hundred years. The Church, for good reasons, from the very outset, regarded Anglican Orders not even as doubtfully valid. Hence every Anglican minister, who was admitted to the priesthood in the Catholic Church, was simply reordained unconditionally. The fact that the contrary opinion was not at once condemned by the Pope inspired a certain class of Anglicans with confidence in Leo XIII., which resulted in the overtures of reunion made by Lord Halifax and his followers.

Their proposals were kindly reciprocated by His Holiness, and led to the Encyclical *ad Anglos*, in which he only exhorted all Catholics and Protestants to pray for the reunion of all Christians in one fold and under one shepherd. This Encyclical was well received by English-speaking Protestants all the world over. The next step was the appointment of a commission to discuss the validity of Anglican Orders, in which both sides were represented and respectfully heard. The outcome of this discussion has not yet been given to the public, nor is it quite certain that it ever will, as no formal declaration is needed in the matter. It will be a sufficient manifestation of the Church's teaching if she goes on to reordain Anglican ministers as before; and, to judge by all the arguments which the controversy has brought to light, it is not rash to anticipate that the Church in these proceedings has found no good reason to change her policy.

These acts of conciliation on the part of Leo XIII., while they filled all those that were eager for unity with confidence, seemed to foster an overweening hope of compromise in the hearts of those who had little conception of what constituted true unity, and of the nature of true unity Lord Halifax and his party from the very outset displayed profound ignorance. Hence the undue stress laid on Anglican Orders and other side issues, while the great essential points of unity were left out of sight.

This trend of thought among Anglicans is thus described by His Eminence, Cardinal Vaughan, in a letter to the *Times*, on occasion of the publication of the Pope's recent Encyclical: "Some of our countrymen," says His Eminence, "think that corporate reunion may be achieved on the basis of an amicable federation of independent communities calling themselves Christian. Others are for tying up what they call the Roman, Greek and Anglican branches or obediences into one, yet so that each shall be independent of the others. Others believe that corporate reunion

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may be attained by professing all the doctrines taught by the See of Rome with exceptions. Others again would regard the Church of Christ as an invisible creation internally, uniting all good men in the bonds of faith and charity, while externally all such bonds are cruelly rent asunder."

To dissipate all those misconceptions and illusions a word from Rome was necessary. Rome has spoken and the phantoms have disappeared. While Mr. Gladstone, in labored phrase, was ventilating his views and speculations—which apparently are identical with those of Lord Halifax—the Pope anticipated them by his Encyclical on *Christian Unity*.

While the former Encyclical was wholly exhortatory, this latter one is entirely doctrinal. It is addressed, not like the former, to the people, but to the body of the Episcopacy throughout the world. It embodies the entire teaching of Scripture and tradition on the constitution and unity of the Church.

The Church is a *visible body*—the visible body of Christ, according to the Apostle—founded by Christ on His Apostles, having an invisible soul. "From this it follows that those who arbitrarily conjure up and picture to themselves a hidden and invisible church are in grievous and pernicious error; as are those who regard the Church as a human institution, which claims a certain obedience in discipline and external duties, but which is without a perennial communication of the gifts of divine grace, and without all that which testified by constant and undoubted signs of the existence of that life which is drawn from God."

The Church is *one*. "Since the foundation and constitution of the Church is a positive act of Christ," says the Pope, "the entire case must be judged by what was actually done," not by what Christ might have done. "But when we consider what was actually done, we find that Jesus Christ did not, in point of fact, institute a church to embrace several communities similar in nature, but in themselves distinct, and lacking those bonds which render the Church one and indivisible after that manner in which in the creed we profess: 'I believe in one Church.'" Of this one body, of which the invisible head is Jesus Christ, the Apostle says: "All the members of the body, whereas they are many, yet are one body; so also is Christ." It is "one body and one spirit." Christ Himself prayed "that they may also be one in us (Himself and the Father), . . . that they may be made perfect in one, that they all may be one as thou, Father, in me and I in thee."

But Christ wished in His Church, not only unity of constitution, but also unity of *faith*: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Hence a living authoritative and perpetual *magisterium* (teaching office) was necessary. "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations; . . . and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." "I will ask the Father, and he shall give you another Paraclete, that he may abide with you forever, the Spirit of truth." This mission and promise were not destined for the Apostles alone, but for their successors to the end of time. In them—that is, in the Bishops of the Church—this teaching office is perpetuated. "As Christ was sent by God and the Apostles by Christ, so the bishops and those who succeeded them were sent by the Apostles."

To these teachers He promised His abiding assistance and the Spirit of truth, so that they cannot err in teaching His revealed doctrine. Hence arises the obligation of believing without exception whatever they propose to us as revealed truth, according to the teaching of the Vatican Council: "All those things are to be believed by divine and Catholic faith, which are contained in the written or unwritten word of God, and which are proposed by the Church as divinely revealed, either by a solemn definition or in the exercise of its ordinary and universal teaching office."

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But Christ made His Apostles and their successors not only the infallible teachers of truth, but also the dispensers of the divine mysteries and the pastors and rulers of His Church. Them He commissioned to "preach the Gospel," to "baptize," to offer the holy Sacrifice "in commemoration" of Him, to "forgive sins," to "feed," that is, to rule His flock. Hence the Apostles and their successors are true rulers to whom the faithful owe obedience. "Therefore" the Pope concludes, "the Church is a *society*, divine in its origin, supernatural in its end and in the means it proximately adopted to the attainment of that end; but it is a human community inasmuch as it is composed of men."

In this society Christ established a *supreme authority* in St. Peter, to whom he gave universal jurisdiction over His church. On Peter He built His Church, as on the *rock* against which the gates of hell should not prevail. To Peter He gave the *keys* of His kingdom. To Peter He gave charge to *feed His lambs and His sheep*, that is, His entire flock. St. Peter He commanded to "*strengthen his brethren.*" This same office and power are inherited by the Roman Pontiffs, the successors of St. Peter.

But also the *bishops*, the successors of the Apostles, belong essentially to the constitution of the Church; for He who chose Peter as the head of His Church chose also the twelve whom "He called Apostles" and perpetuated them in the bishops of the Church, whence they are the ordinary pastors of their dioceses. But whatever power they possess they have received dependently on Peter. "It is necessary to bear this in mind, that nothing was conferred on the Apostles apart from Peter, but that several things were conferred on Peter apart from the Apostles. Christ constituted Peter, not only pastor, but pastor of pastors; Peter therefore feeds the lambs and feeds the sheep, feeds the children and feeds the mothers, governs the subjects and rules the prelates, since the lambs and the sheep form the whole of the Church."

Hence it follows that those bishops who separate themselves from Peter, that is, his successor, *cease to be successors of the Apostles*, being detached from the foundation, segregated from the chief pastor. They therefore forfeit all jurisdiction in Christ's Church. "But the Episcopal Order," says Leo XIII., "is rightly judged to be in communion with Peter, as Christ commanded, if it be subject to and obey Peter; otherwise it necessarily becomes a lawless and disorderly crowd. It is not sufficient for the due preservation of unity of the faith that the head should merely have been charged with the office of superintendent, or should have been invested solely with a power of direction. But it is absolutely necessary that he should have received real and sovereign authority, which the whole community is bound to obey."

Nor does this supreme power of the Sovereign Pontiff detract in aught from the dignity of the episcopate. For the Roman Pontiffs, mindful of their duty, wish above all things that the divine constitution of the Church should be maintained. Therefore, as they defend, with all necessary care and vigilance, their own authority, so they have also labored, and will continue to labor, that the authority of the bishops may be upheld. Nay, they look upon whatever honor and obedience is given to the bishops as paid to themselves. "My honor," wrote St. Gregory, "is the honor of the universal Church. My honor is the strength and stability of my brethren. Then I am honored when due honor is given to every one."

Such is the tenor of the Pope's latest Encyclical on the reunion of Christendom. We regret that lack of space does not permit us to analyze it more fully. While we earnestly exhort all our readers to procure a copy of the English translation and make it a subject of special study, we trust that this present

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sketch will enable them at once to perceive the Pope's idea of Christian unity. It is the unity of organization established by Christ on St. Peter, the supreme head of the Church and his successors, and the Apostles and their successors, united with Peter in the bond of subordination and obedience. It is the unity of faith founded upon the infallible teaching office of Peter and the other Apostles united with him. It is the unity of worship, founded on the eternal priesthood established by Christ in St. Peter and the Apostles, and transmitted to us in their lawful successors. This is the basis of true union. Any attempt at reunion on any other lines is illusory.

That is the effect of the Encyclical. It completely dissipates all prejudices and vain hopes, whether within or without the pale of the Church. We trust, then, that those who feel themselves called to treat this question in future, whether in the pulpit, on the platform, or in the press, will seek the basis of reunion, not in their own fancies, but in this magnificent authentic document. Thus they will avoid the unenviable blunder of stultifying themselves and treating their hearers or readers to empty and meaningless platitudes instead of substantial truth.

To judge by the comments of the press thus far to hand, the Pope's Encyclical has been respectfully received and has had the desired effect—the entire dissipation of the vain hopes of those who expected large concessions from Leo XIII. The sentiment of the press and of the public at large—outside the Church—seems to be fairly voiced by the *London Times*:

"Like the Epistle *ad Anglos*," says the *Times*, "this declaration of Papal policy is dignified, temperate, and charitable. But even more than the former utterance of the Roman Pontiff, it makes it clear that in no single particular of doctrine or of discipline will the claims of the Papal See be relaxed to meet the aspirations of what is known as reunion among a section of those bred up in the faith of the Church of England. The Pope leaves those who persisted in misinterpreting his original letter no shadow of an excuse for their delusion. The terms on which alone reunion is declared to be possible are plain and simple. They are a complete and unhesitating acceptance, not only of the primacy, but of the paramount and absolute predominance of the Roman Pontiff over all professing to belong to the Christian Church, the entire submission of the heart and mind, the intelligence and conscience of Christendom to the decrees of the Papal See. . . . Leo XIII. invites those sheep who are not of the fold to listen to his voice and to obey his paternal charity. We know not whether there are any to whom this appeal will seem reasonable. If so, their path is plain enough. But the pretence can no longer be maintained that reconciliation with the Church of Rome does not involve renunciation of the Church of England."

While the Encyclical completely removes every illusion from the minds of those outside the Church, it is hoped that it will also direct the conduct of those within the Church who are actively engaged in the meritorious work of reunion. Here they have a model of zeal, straightforwardness, moderation, simplicity and directness, which cannot fail in the long run to win the respect, confidence and approval of outsiders.

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AN ACADIAN HERO.

By M. A. Taggart.

THERE is a point of land in the southern part of Nova Scotia, not many miles from Cape Sable, called Pubnico. It is long and narrow, bleak and unproductive, its waters yielding the support of its inhabitants, but it has a history.

Hither, in 1651, came Phillippe d'Entremont, a gentleman of Normandy, to whom Charles de la Tour, whose lieutenant he was, had given this tract, under the title of Seigneur and baron of *Pobomcoup* — since corrupted into Pubnico.

When, a hundred years later, the expulsion of the Acadians by the English took place, Pubnico shared the fate of the other Acadian settlements. The story of Grand Pré, as Longfellow has made it familiar to us all, is but a picture, and a faint picture of the suffering of each peaceful village.

Grand Pré was burned, and its helpless people scattered in the autumn of 1755; in the spring of 1756 Pubnico was raided, the houses destroyed, and her sons and daughters carried into exile, or driven into the woods.

Among those who shared the former fate was one of the d'Entremonts, descendant of the Phillippe who came with La Tour from France, and through the mother's side, from La Tour himself. With his three sons, Joseph, Paul and Benoni, he was brought to Boston, where three years later he died.

After twelve years had elapsed, the sons, filled with the love and longing for their sterile native land, which the unfortunate Acadian exiles seem never to have lost, made their way back to the strip of earth washed on both sides of its slender width by the sea, which had been Pubnico, and began as their fathers had begun, to found an Acadian village. Their work was successful; their descendants to-day are numerous on the point, living almost exactly the lives of those who returned from exile a century and a half ago.

While the winds whistled through the spruce and hemlock trees outside, I sat in a big Acadian kitchen, its painted floor and ample fireplace as brightly clean as any New England housewife could make it, and listened to the following story of the courage of Paul and Benoni d'Entremont from the lips of Paul's great-grandson.

Thus told and heard it was most interesting, and perhaps even under different circumstances may be worth relating; at least it has the merit of being absolutely true.

* * *

It was a bright day in late November, in the year 1778. Pubnico harbor rippled in the fresh wind, and crisp wavelets broke around the rocks of its many pretty islands.

Paul d'Entremont leaned on his gun, and looked about him with profound satisfaction. Ten years had passed since he, his two brothers, and a few kinsfolk had returned from exile, and already how much had been accomplished. Comfortable little houses shone out white against the dark pines in all directions, gardens flourished as well as soil and climate permitted, and the Acadian village they had dreamed of was assured. Not that all was smiling; they held their land on uncertain tenure, for the English Government had never done more than tolerate their return, and persistently refused the guarantees of ownership and protection she gave to settlers of English blood.

And now that the War of Independence raged in the States, Acadians were doubly unfortunate, being liable to plun-

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dering invasions from American privateers, who regarded them as British subjects, which they were, though chiefly as far as penalties, not benefits, were concerned.

Thus unprotected by the government to which they owed allegiance, they yet suffered in her cause at the hands of her former oppressed colonies. An abiding sorrow, too, every Acadian bore in his heart, for some of their nearest and dearest had been torn from them in the expulsion, never to be reunited except by death.

Paul d'Entremont sighed as he looked on his little home, as the thought of his sisters and cousins came to him. They were dragging out an existence of misery, and extreme poverty in Cherbourg, having made their way to Normandy, the cradle of their race, and Paul drew from his pocket a well-worn letter, reading again, with tears in his eyes, the following passage:

"My distance from you, my dear cousin, has never removed you from my memory, in spite of the pains, the sorrows and the sickness which I have endured in this country. May it please God one day to permit us to leave it, and give us the grace to rejoin you. This will be the greatest of my desires, and it shall endure as long as I live, because while I am in this world I shall never forget the loss of our country. Ah, well, my dear cousin, it is necessary to hope always in God's mercy; all is possible to Him, He separated us, He can bring us together again, and place us once more in possession of our goods as we were before, and perhaps in better state, through the changes which have taken place. In this confidence, I am, with perfect attachment, and the most sincere friendship, my dear cousin,

Your very humble and obedient servant,

"Etienne d'Entremont.

"Cherbourg, March 8, 1775"

Paul folded the letter, and put it slowly back. "Well," he said to himself, "it cannot be long before they receive our last remittance of their share in the skins and silver, which we dug up from the hiding place where they had lain since we were carried off. Benoni must soon return from St. Pierre, and perhaps he will bring us another letter from the Curé." For the exiles communicated with their relatives through the medium of the priest of St. Pierre, Newfoundland, and Benoni d'Entremont was even then away on a trip there, having carried money to be forwarded by the Curé to relieve his less fortunate sisters in Cherbourg.

Paul shook off the melancholy which was succeeding the pleasure with which he viewed his possessions, and had turned to go into the house, when Benoni's little boy came running across the field, shouting:

"Mon oncle, oncle Paul, venez icite," which to this day is the Acadian way of saying *venez ici*.

Paul paused; he was dignified in deportment, and like most middle-aged Acadians did not permit himself hurry or excitement, so awaited where he stood the child's approach.

The little boy did not share his uncle's calmness. "There is a ship past the mouth of the harbor, she is almost up; my mother says she is an American privateer," he cried eagerly.

Paul's face changed; instantly there flashed upon him a realization of the peril which such coming meant to his and his brother's households, of which he was the sole guardian in Benoni's absence.

"Tell your mother I will do my best," he said laconically, and continued his way to the house with quickened step.

To yoke his oxen was the first task, hastily performed. A puncheon of molasses, containing 120 gallons, and valuable in that day and place, he rolled out to his sled, and by a prodigious effort of strength and will got it on unaided. Never had the slow beasts seemed so slow to Paul as the pace of his oxen, as he drove them into the woods, where he

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concealed them and his molasses. Dignity was laid aside as he ran back to his home, leaping over fallen timber, and praying all the saints for time.

There was money in the houses, 900 dollars in all, for Paul and Benoni had prospered in trading and fishing, and the invaders would make a good haul if they were successful.

This money Paul stowed away in the walls, and had only just returned from driving the cattle into concealment, when the bronzed faces of the enemy were seen through the trees as they clambered up the shore.

A hasty glance around showed only a piece of cloth left unguarded, and this Paul threw on a chair, ordering a maid servant, whose dullness he hoped would be her protection, to sit on it, concealing it with her skirts.

"It is an old ruse, but may work once more," he said, snatching his guns from the rack, and rushing out of the door, thinking since he could not defend them, being one man against many, the women and children were safer without his presence to inflame his enemies' wrath. For to the credit of these American pirates, for such they practically were, be it said they plundered only, and never laid hands on such helpless foes.

The preparations were completely successful; from his place of concealment among the trees Paul had the satisfaction of seeing the invaders depart empty-handed as they came, and as the setting sun lighted up the mouth of Pubnico's pretty harbor, Paul, with his women folk about him, and his household goods intact, watched the embrowned and patched sails of the privateer as she sailed eastward, leaving for the nonce the little community in peace.

But the chapter of that raid upon the Acadians was not closed, and its sequel was both droll and dramatic.

Five days had passed, and Benoni d'Entremont, returning safely from his voyage to Newfoundland, was passing Lockport in his schooner, the "Bonaventure," when he descried the sails of an approaching vessel. Thinking her one of the fishermen of the region, he lay to, awaiting her coming, glad, after his long absence, of a chance to learn the news of those from whom he had been so long separated.

As she bore rapidly down on him, he saw his mistake, but too late for escape. She was an American privateer, whose captain must certainly be chuckling at the simplicity that had aided the capture of the "Bonaventure"

Surprised as he was, capture was inevitable, and cursing his own stupidity, which made him a victim, almost at his own door, after the perils of his long voyage, Benoni awaited, with what philosophy he could summon, the result of that meeting.

It was not long in coming; the privateer ran alongside the "Bonaventure," the irons grappled the unfortunate schooner, and was instantly boarded, and in the hands of her enemies.

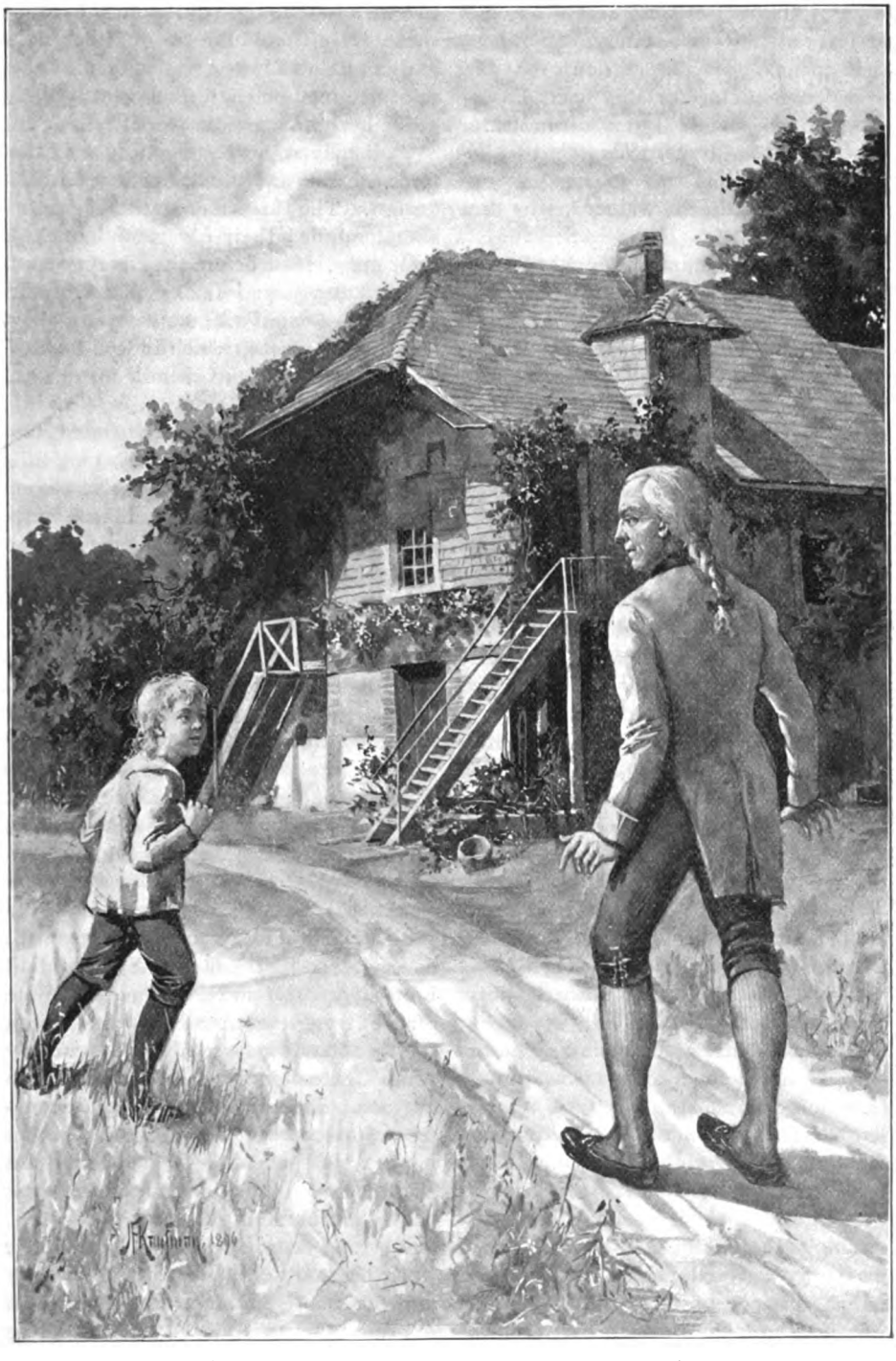
The captain of the privateer laughed long and noisily when he learned Benoni's name and destination.

"Why, we were at your house five days ago," he said. "We found it pretty bare, and being pressed for time could not spend long searching for the stuff we were sure your folks had hid somewhere. However, you've likely got enough that you're bringing home on board this schooner to pay for the loss, and I'm sure, being polite like all Frenchmen, you're glad you met us to make up for the coolness they showed us at your house when you were away."

Benoni ground his teeth angrily at this banter, but made no reply. The captain laughed again.

"Well, never mind; I guess you're somewhat riled now," he said. "Well, men, we don't want these folks, I guess. We'll take the schooner, and we'll take her pilot to guide us, and we'll divide up. Some of us'll go on in our ship, and some of us'll sail around these

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"THERE IS A SHIP PAST THE MOUTH OF THE HARBOR."

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waters makin' friendly calls on His Majesty's subjects on the *Bonaventoor*, that means *good chance*, don't it? It's a real nice name for this boat, kinder sootable too, an' we'll just sail in nearer shore, an' set Mr. D. Entrymont—I believe you said that was your name—an' his friends out in the water, an' let 'em swim to land."

And this was done. Benoni, cold in body and hot in spirit, reached the shore, from which he could see the "Bonaventure" cruising about with all the hard-earned results of his voyage and labor on board, as well as his friend Kinney, whom they had retained as pilot, and the sight made his blood boil, as he swore to be revenged.

The sun went down in a blaze of glory. It had been a warm day, St. Martin's summer, as the Acadians knew it—Indian summer, as we of American blood say—and the light breeze that had sent in the tide in long, low waves, ceased with the setting of the sun.

The "Bonaventure," overtaken by the calm, anchored for the night two miles from shore. It was an opportunity, and a desperate plan had formed in Benoni's mind.

The Acadian, as the history of the expulsion and all subsequent experience of him shows, is slow, peace-abiding, almost fatalistic in his unresisting endurance of present ills, but when he is aroused, like most slow natures, he is capable of strong wrath.

Benoni d'Entremont, according to the stories handed down to him, was quicker in action than most of his race, nimble-witted, daring, a man of good education for that day, upright, just, and God-fearing, giving all men their rights, and prompt to defend his own.

The plan that he had resolved upon was brave to rashness, the alternative result, success or death. It was, in a word, to row out under cover of the night, board, and recapture the "Bonaventure" while her captors were still sleeping. In this daring scheme only two men were found bold enough to join; these were John Locke of Lockport, and another Kinney, a brother of the pilot detained on the "Bonaventure" to guide her in her new career of pillage.

Undismayed by the smallness of the force, Benoni undertook to carry out his design. The three men gathered on the shore, muffled their oars and launched their dory. But before they stepped on board Kinney and Locke placed their hands in Benoni's and swore to obey him even to death, which indeed seemed likely to await them two miles hence, at the side of the "Bonaventure," rising black through the darkness.

Locke and Kinney silently took the oars, each with his gun at his right hand across the seat, and Benoni placed himself in the stern, gun cocked, eye and ear alert, ready to shoot any one who might appear on deck, for though justice and not revenge was their mission, it was save who can that night.

Without a word, obeying Benoni's gesture guiding their course, the rashly intrepid trio rowed over the gloomy waters.

Their one fear was lest Kinney be left on deck to watch, and they should shoot their friend in mistake for a foe; but this fear was not realized, for the deck was deserted.

Such favorable carelessness can only be explained by the fact that Benoni had brought back from Newfoundland some of the strong run from St. Pierre, which to this day, smuggled into port by sailors, occasionally raised havoc with the temperate folk on shore, unaccustomed to such beverage, and the captors of the "Bonaventure" had celebrated their victory by drinking bumpers of it and were slumbering as only good spirits, and strong ones can make men slumber.

The attack was thus greatly simplified, and the three men made fast to the stern of the "Bonaventure" without being discovered.

Taking their guns in their teeth they clambered up her sides, and then, at a

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signal from their leader, sprang on deck with a shout, and noise which seemed to the sleepers below like thirty men, not three.

Rushing to the companion-way, Benoni, in terms far from complimentary, demanded the surrender of all below.

Dazed with the shouts and firing of guns, heavy with liquor and sleep, and thinking themselves overpowered, the crew never dreamed of resisting.

Knowing them to be well armed, Benoni commanded them to hand up their guns, which command was at once obeyed, while cries for mercy from below mingled with the stamping and firing which Locke and Kinney were keeping up on deck, perspiring in their effort to make two men sound like twenty.

"Time enough to talk of mercy when you are before the magistrates," replied Benoni, sternly, stifling his desire to laugh. "Send up Kinney, with hammers and nails, but if any other man shows his head, I'll blow it off."

Kinney responded with alacrity, and nearly fell back in amazement when he saw only his brother, Locke and Benoni.

"Well, I'll—" he began, but Benoni interrupted him. "Tais-toi; shut up! Nail up the companion-way," he shouted. "Here John, Bill, Ned, Jacques, come here and lend a hand. We'll head up the barrel, and take the herring into Shelburne to be salted."

Then, his task accomplished, Benoni and his three friends sat down to wait, with no small joy and pride, for day to bring them wind enough to sail to the shire town, the then most important city of Nova Scotia, to present to the magistrates the trophies of their night's work.

Daylight brought the desired breeze, and the "Bonaventure," whose adventures had certainly been noteworthy in twenty-four hours, weighed anchor.

It was a sight that brought out the citizens of Shelburne, to behold three men conducting, through the streets of the pretty town, three or four times their number, sullen and ashamed when they saw by how few they had been taken.

A consultation among the magistrates as to the fate of the marauders brought out diversity of opinion, but the wish of their captor, Benoni, had weight. He, with true Acadian preference for milder methods, protested against hanging them, as the fiercer, or those who had suffered severely from privateers, insisted upon doing, claiming that it was sufficient punishment to strip them of arms and booty, and let them go free, to find their way back as best they could, to their native soil. This sentence was executed. The invaders were given sixty minutes in which to take themselves off, and the chief magistrate added a timely hint that, if they were found later lingering in the neighborhood, they would be hanged. They undoubtedly preferred the former alternative, for, with this hint, all record of them disappears from this veracious history, nor does the memory of the town of Shelburne hold aught about their violent end.

It was two weeks from the day on which the story opens that Benoni's little son came once more running across the fields, shouting: "Mon oncle, oncle Paul," and again it was to announce a sail. But this time it was no enemy which slowly passed the lighthouse on the east side of Pubnico harbor, but the "Bonaventure," wending her way home in stately beauty, after her stormy northern trip.

* * *

It all happened more than a century ago, but still the schooners from the Great Banks come slowly home to Pubnico; still the waters of the little harbor break with their ripples the long reflections of the solemn hemlocks; still its shores echo to the French tongue; still a remnant of Acadian life remains, and the descendants of Paul and Benoni d'Entremont recall with pride the courage and endurance of their ancestors.

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THE SEVEN HOLY SLEEPERS.

By Rev. G. O'Connell, S.J.

THE seven holy sleepers of Ephesus entered into their miraculous slumber when Decius was Emperor, and, during the long roll of the centuries awakened not till Theodosius II., sat on the throne of the Eastern Empire. Pious Catholics have often heard their story, and have often prayed to them when deprived of refreshing slumber. Still, like the story of all the saints, its repetition, far from wearying, ought only to excite our piety anew. Every miracle is worked by God for some sublime purpose. He would show His abhorrence, perhaps, of a certain sin. He would give a public proof of the sanctity of some of His servants, or He would force on doubting minds a conviction of the truth of some doctrine. So this miraculous sleep of our heroes helped to strengthen the faithful to believe in the resurrection of the dead. Let us hear it, then, with a little of the love of its many historians.

I.

Decius was a fierce and unscrupulous devotee of the gods. He had reached the summit of human power by slaying in battle his predecessor, Philip, who himself had murdered the virtuous Gordian, and now he sought to signalize his reign by destroying the Christian religion. In vain six emperors before him had sought the same impious end. Their failure moved him not, and at the altar of his monstrous deities, patrons of every vice, Christians paid in countless numbers with their hearts' best blood for their worship of their crucified Saviour.

As soon as his dreadful edict—"Sacrifice to the gods or die"—reached Ephesus, our heroes were dragged before the Emperor and denounced as Christians. They were seven sturdy brothers, and their names were Constantine, Denis, John, Serapion, Maximian, Malchus and Marcian.

They boldly confessed the faith, but Decius, he scarcely knew why, allowed them a respite of several days, to renounce, if they would, their resolution at the prospect of a horrible death. They employed it instead in distributing all they possessed to the poor. Then, clambering up Mount Celion, they hid themselves in a cavern, to await in peace and prayer the coming of better days.

One evening Malchus stole down to the city disguised as a physician. The news he heard gave him small consolation. Decius was furious at their escape and had given orders that they be hunted down like beasts and be compelled to offer the pagan sacrifice. He had even threatened their parents with execution unless they revealed their hiding-place, but the aged couple could only answer that their sons had divided their goods among the poor and had disappeared.

Hastily buying some provisions, Malchus returned to his brethren, who increased their prayers at the tidings he brought. Tired, by and by, as even the saddest and most fearful will become, they sought relief in slumber. Commending themselves to Christ and His martyrs, they stretched themselves along the stony floor and were soon lost in profound sleep. Little they thought, as their eyelids closed, of the sacred mission God was saving for them.

The soldiers of Decius scoured the country, far and wide, to discover the fugitives. At last they ascended the mountain and entered one of its wildest glens. Here they came upon the half hidden mouth of the cavern.

"Ho, ho!" cried one of the band,

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"perhaps the rascally Christians are hiding within; but," he added, hesitating, "night is on us and, by the gods, it were no pleasant task to explore these frowning recesses!"

"If that is their den they shall stay there," cruelly laughed the leader. "Block up the entrance with stones, and let them die in the spot they have chosen."

The inhuman mandate was quickly obeyed. Great boulders were piled across the opening and rolled in deep enough and wedged so securely as to prevent all possible escape. The soldiers then withdrew, and the good Malchus and his brothers were soon forgotten by their persecutors. The Christians, on the other hand, revered their memory as martyrs, not knowing, however, that they had been shut up in the cavern as in a living tomb.

The judgment of God overtook the impious Decius. In a war with the Goths he was betrayed into a great swamp, where he and his army perished miserably. His successor, Gallus, continued the persecution of the Church, and met with an equally wretched ending. Æmilian was emperor only four months, when his troops rose up and murdered him. Next came Valerian, who started a fresh persecution, which lasted three years, and the hand of the Lord fell heavily upon him, so that he was flayed alive by the Persian King Sapor. Two persecutions more, under Aurelian and Diocletian, spent themselves in impotent fury against the Church of God. Thus throne after throne was set up, only to be tumbled again into the dust. New nations arose, and all the face of the earth underwent a mighty change; but the sleepers of Mount Celion slept on.

The illustrious Constantine finally mounted the Roman throne. A flaming cross in the sky, written round about with the Greek words: "In this sign shalt thou conquer," led him to embrace the true faith. With his powerful aid Christianity soon flourished the wide world over; but, alas, the ever active enemy of souls now made fresh assaults against the Church more dangerous than that of bloody persecution. Heresy and schism were now his insidious weapons to rend the seamless garment of Christ, and in the time of Theodosius II., who wore the imperial purple in the East, while Honorius ruled the Western Empire, many men were found who dared to deny the resurrection of the dead.

II.

The stones meantime had already been taken from the entrance to the cavern, where the seven sleepers slumbered. A neighboring farmer had carried them off to assist him in building a stable. Suddenly, one day, the sleepers awoke. It seemed but yesterday that they had lain down, and, unsuspecting the mighty changes that had been wrought in the outer world, Malchus started forth again to buy provisions. His brothers awaited his return in suspense, debating the chances of a change of heart in Decius.

We can easily fancy the amazement of Malchus at all he beheld. Instead of the well-known images of heathen gods, the sign of the cross saluted him everywhere. Instead of pagan temples, reeking with the slaughter of beeves, he passed a Christian church, through whose open portals floated out the chanting of Christ's own canticles. Could he be dreaming, or was he the victim of some unholy spell? He would purchase his bread as fast as possible and fly the place. But this was not so easily done.

Hardly had he entered a store and offered in payment some coins stamped with the image of Decius, when the baker hesitated and began to confer with his assistants in whispers. Had they penetrated his disguise? Would they drag him to the Emperor? He turned in haste to quit the store, when immediately they threw themselves upon him and held him fast.

"You must have found a treasure,"

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they exclaimed, "tell us where it is, and we shall share it together. But, conceal it, and away you go with us before the judge."

More bewildered than ever, the youth could make no reply. Enraged at his silence, the bakers dragged him roughly away to the market-place, where a great mob soon surrounded him, and the story of a great hidden treasure spread through the town. Malchus was helpless. No friends were near, and in the excitement no one thought of explaining to him the cause of the disturbance. He might have fared ill at the hands of the mob, had not the news been carried to the Governor, Antipater, and to the Bishop, Martin.

Summoned before these officials, Malchus was ordered to tell where the treasure was, and where he himself resided. In vain he denied that he knew of any money except the few pieces in his purse, and asserted himself a citizen of Ephesus. He was thereupon ordered to name his relations, but in doing so, none such could be found.

"Tell us, then," demanded the Governor, now convinced that the youth was an impostor, "how you came by this money. It bears the image of Decius who died centuries ago. Acknowledge the truth, or a dungeon awaits you."

"Answer me first one question," replied the puzzled Malchus, "what became of Decius, and who is Emperor now?"

"My son," said the Bishop, "Decius was slain in battle against the Goths, and left a heritage of bitter persecution against the Church, which did not desist until the mighty Constantine ascended the throne and gave the Christians peace and power. Our present Emperor is the pious Theodosius the Second."

"Then am I lost for an explanation," continued Malchus. "It seems but yesterday that my six brothers and I fled from the pitiless Decius, and secreted ourselves in a cave on Mount Celion. We fell asleep and only awoke this morning to find all things transformed. Come and discover the truth with me."

The Bishop and the Governor granted his request, full of astonishment, and an immense multitude followed them up the mountain side to the cavern. There, indeed, they were overawed to find the six brothers kneeling in prayer, their faces aglow with youthful health and a heavenly radiance beaming on their countenances.

Their story was told in a moment or two. Its truth was evident beyond all doubt, and the Bishop and Governor and all the people joined the seven martyrs in a pæan of thanksgiving and wonder.

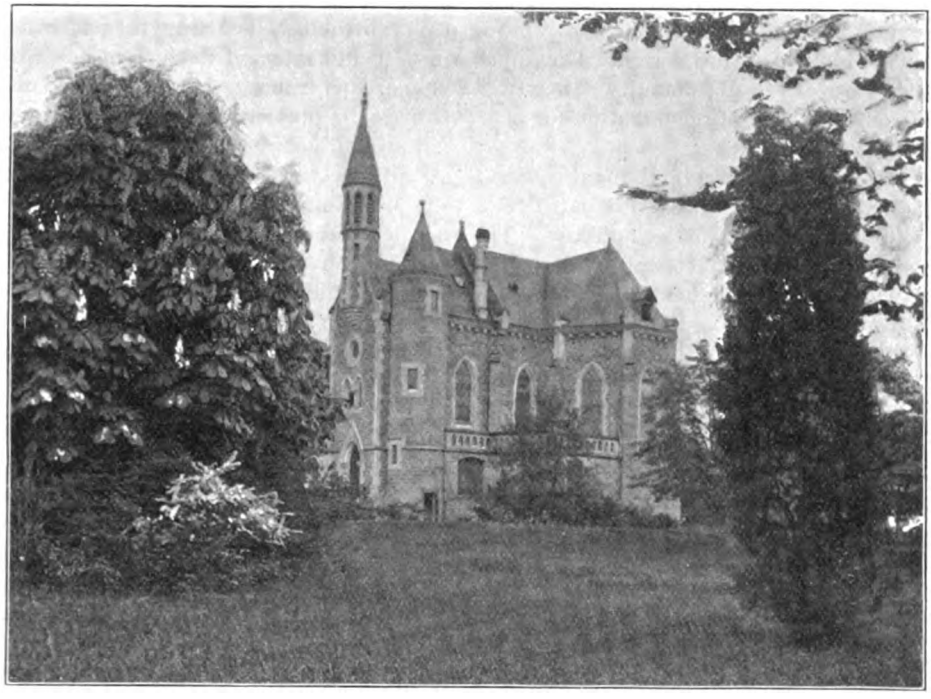
Theodosius himself was speedily informed of the miracle and hastened to the cavern. The moment he entered, the faces of the martyrs waxed as radiant as the sun, and, struck with their supernatural beauty, he embraced them with a transport of fervor.

"To behold you thus awakened," he exclaimed, "is for me as if I were present with our Saviour when He called back Lazarus to life."

"Sire," answered Maximin, "it is indeed to strengthen thy faith that Christ has restored us to life. We seven are but an image of all mankind. As we have risen from our slumber of centuries, so shall every man rise again. Doubt not, therefore, but tell thy people this story, and spread throughout the world thy testimony to the resurrection of the dead."

So saying, Maximin called to his brethren and bade them kneel again in prayer. In this attitude, even while the wondering people were still gazing upon them in awe, they sank sweetly into the slumber of death, to share forever the glory of Him to whose faith they had borne such miraculous testimony.

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THE CHURCH OF THE CENACLE.

ECHOES FROM PARAY-LE-MONIAL.

By Rev. Joseph Zelle, S.J.

I.

CHARACTERISTICS OF PARAY.

IF Paray-le-Monial were only a little village of 4,000 inhabitants, of which there are 5,000 similar villages in France, everything relating to its characteristics would soon be told. There would be little need to tell them, for that matter, as they would be of no interest beyond its limits. Some family affairs, lucky or unlucky, some petty domestic or municipal quarrels, some trifling misdemeanors or faults, would complete the chronicle of the little town. One could, doubtless, reproduce, after two centuries, the portrait of the Parodians, as it was drawn in fine Latin verse by Father Francis Vavasseur, S.J., who came from this part of the country. It runs thus:

In Paray you will find both citizens and sojourners
Not overlearned they, but withal gracious;
Not altogether idlers, yet not over busy;
By no means shining lights, nor ambitioning to be;
Not rich in sooth, but yet enough suffices;
Quite happy they, if lawsuits they avoid and live in peace.

Though not without epigrammatic point, this pen drawing of his townsmen would be too trifling to deserve the attention of the outside world.

Paray, therefore, is of more importance than its inhabitants, at least those of former times. Over this humble and tranquil city hover great memories which a Christian cannot forget. Here Jesus Christ has spoken to the whole world, by the intermediary of a poor religious, as He did in Palestine, by the ministry of His twelve apostles. There is doubtless a difference, but there is also a relation

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between them. It is certain that the revelations of Palestine present a universal character, which appears unique in the history of the Church. They open new horizons to all humanity; they trace a complete plan of regeneration for modern society.

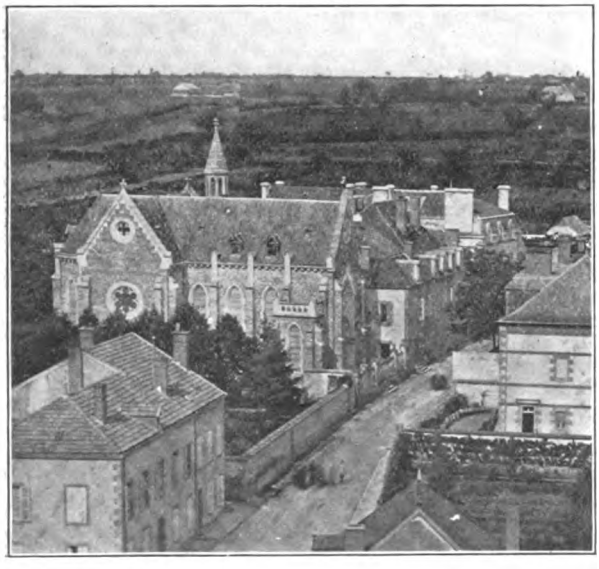
The Sacred Heart first manifested itself in this little town, to radiate everywhere as a sun of justice and love. The words of the prophet apply to Paray: "And thou, Bethlehem Ephrata, art a little one among the thousands of Juda: out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel." Yes, beyond those bells that call to prayer, beyond those cupolas that rise towards heaven, we see traced the route, whence shot the star, that is to vivify Christian souls the whole world over.

The luminous train of light stretches out more and more. When it shall have filled the whole earth with its splendor, a new era will have dawned. Paray, no doubt, will have its share in that triumph. But, till then, it must remain the Bethlehem, the birthplace of the devotion to the Heart of Jesus. This is a title that no one can dispute, and it is its glory, if we draw from it the natural consequences. We would say that to this centre it is befitting to attach the movement that went forth from it. This is perhaps more necessary than one thinks, to prevent deviation and errors. Are there not a thousand difficulties already in the way of making known the programme of the Sacred Heart, and having it accepted by men of good will?

Salvation was sought everywhere, while it was to be found only in the social reign of Jesus Christ.

Thank God, there is no more doubt, in that respect, among Catholics not blinded by prejudice. But it is at Paray that these fruitful ideas had their source, and it is still in the calm atmosphere of our sanctuaries that it shines the brightest, and to a degree evident to every soul that knows how to pray and to reflect.

It would be easy to prove that the most successful efforts, made with the view of regenerating the world, and particularly France, had their starting point in the city of the Sacred Heart. A man came there one day, urged by generous aspirations and pious sentiments. He knelt on the cold flagstone before the Altar of the Apparitions. He poured forth the noble desires of his soul, at the feet of Jesus in the Tabernacle. There he felt himself enlightened and encouraged. He heard an inward voice that said to him: "Go, I will be thy strength."



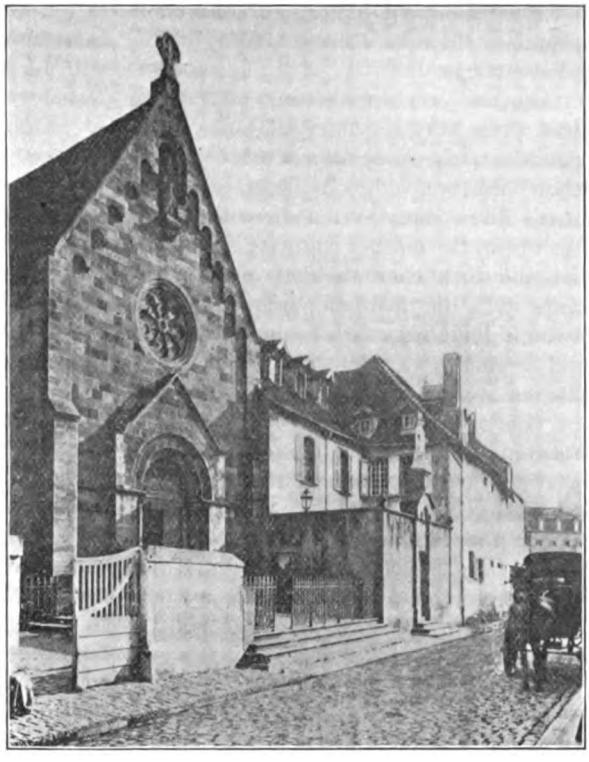
MONASTERY OF THE CENACLE.

The pilgrim arose, and, in spite of a thousand obstacles, undertook one of those grand works which we cannot help admiring.

This story applies to the Apostleship of Prayer, as well as to the Communion of Reparation; to the magnificent idea of the National Pilgrimages, and to the beautiful work of the Cath-

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olic Press. These enterprises seemed hazardous and rash. They have succeeded, because the Heart of Jesus has bestowed upon them abundant benediction. What He has done, He will do again, for all who follow in the same way.



CHAPEL OF THE VISITATION.

II.

PILGRIMAGES.

Still the great movement of the masses is not directed towards Paray. It even seems as if it would be less favored than in preceding years. Different causes explain this falling off. France is preparing to celebrate the fourteenth centenary of the Baptism of Clovis. It is rather toward Rheims that looks and hearts are turned. We do not complain of this, for such celebrations can only reawaken in a greater number the idea of the reign of Christ. It is because they put Jesus Christ in His true place, by proclaiming Him supreme Chief, that the Franks formed the most solid and the most prosperous state in Christendom. If we would rebuild the past, we must reconstruct the edifice on this foundation. From that day the coronation city of the kings of France will recall the little city where the Heart of Jesus testified His desire to reign over individuals and over peoples that He might load them once more with His precious favors.

However, Paray-le-Monial keeps its usual pilgrims, its *habitués*. In fact, it has been remarked, that those who come, are, for the most part, those who have been here before. Their faith and love no more tire, than the divine Master tires, of enriching with His graces. Each year considerable groups respond to the initiative of prelates or fervent priests, who make it a duty to bring back their flock at regular intervals, to the shrine of the Sacred Heart. It is a whole district, or a whole diocese which unites in prayer and charity.

May 6, we saw, on its return from Lourdes, the usual pilgrimage of the inhabitants of the Jura, whom a goodly number of Swiss had joined—in all, more than eight hundred persons, of whom some sixty were priests. Among the latter were noticeable several religious, of the celebrated Abbey of Einsiedeln, and the famous hospital of the great St. Bernard. Mlle. Zemp, daughter of the late President of the Swiss Republic, was one of the nurses in charge of the sick pilgrims. It was marvellous to witness the animation and fervor of all these strong and energetic souls. We remarked in their hymns, all vibrating with love, some touching strophes, in form of a dialogue in which Jesus asks

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for reparation and honor, and the choir promises them to Him in strongly emphatic terms.

Another very interesting pilgrimage took place May 1. They were the faithful Alsatians; they numbered 600. At their head was a good priest, of whom there are so many in that shred of France torn from the mother country. He came for the fifth time to visit our sanctuaries with his dear companions. It is a twofold happiness for them to tread the old French soil, and there pray to the Sacred Heart. They have strong faith in God's mercy, and also in a better future. When will the mourning banner that adorns the chapel of the Visitation be changed for a trophy of victory? When the Heart of Jesus wills it, or rather, when they deserve it. In the meantime, the fervor and the joy, the wishes and hopes of our "annexed" brothers break forth.

A humble young girl, ignorant of the French language, was seeking some one to whom she could express her pious wishes. We met her by chance, and listened to her plea to be allowed to remain in Paray, to take the very last place in the cloister, as a sister of Blessed Margaret Mary. For she said: "It is good for us to be here!"

According to their noble tradition, dating back twenty-three years, the town and diocese of Moulins will arrive on the eve of the Feast of the Sacred Heart. The brave and pious bishop, Mgr. Dubourg, will doubtless be accompanied by many of his flock; he who is so beloved by the Sacred Heart and knows so well how to make that Heart loved.

From the days of Blessed Margaret Mary, Moulins has known, and accepted, the devotion to the Heart of Jesus. It is, moreover, the first town in France, which erected a church under this glorious title. It deserves to form the advance guard of honor for the great solemnity instituted by Christ Himself.

It is well known that a novena of preparation precedes this beautiful feast so beloved by all. This year the preacher will be Père Paggio, of the Society of Jesus.

III.

RETREATS.

Paray-le-Monial is, of all others, the city of quiet recollection and holy thoughts. The monks of Cluny, by whom it was founded, impressed this particular character upon it from the beginning, and it has only been the more accentuated by the divine manifestations. Where God has spoken it seems that the human voice should no longer echo, save to pray and chant His glory. It is a fact that all visitors are struck by the silence which ordinarily reigns in the little city. Even on days when crowds fill our streets and sanctuaries, there reigns a calm nowhere else to be found, or at least in such a degree.

The city of the Sacred Heart was, therefore, designed for a centre of spiritual retreats, where souls can renew their strength in the living waters of faith and charity, and thus it was that Père Victor Drevon, of whom it may be said that better than any one he understood the role and the destiny of Paray, made known this idea from the year 1874. It should be one of the principal wheels in the powerful organization he created. He made an appeal under this title: "The Apostles of the Sacred Heart of Jesus multiplying at the home of this devotion." We there read: "The numerous pilgrims, who in 1873, came to Paray-le-Monial to pray to the Sacred Heart, desired for the most part to visit those places sanctified by the divine apparitions." The priests, especially, have often expressed their desire to return to draw from the source of grace, and, finding themselves again at Paray, and again feeling a something such as captivated the Apostle St. Peter, when, on Thabor, he cried out, "It is good to be here," a great number of them would have prolonged their stay. They wished

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to drink in, as it were, at their ease, and for a longer time, the holy inspirations, so abundant in the chapel of the Visitation. Many laymen also devoted to the practice of good works, feeling the need of being re-animated by the influence of the flames of the Sacred Heart, would have recourse to the same means, would warm themselves at the same hearth.

It is in response to these legitimate desires, and to the need of souls eager to draw water from the Saviour's fountains, that a house of retreats for men at Paray-le-Monial was proposed.

This happy thought was put into execution. The *Maison la Colombière* reunites each year, under the same roof that shelters the precious remains of the director of Blessed Margaret Mary, a goodly number of priests and laymen. Among the latter, humble workmen are the most numerous. *Montceau-les-Mines* has furnished nearly a thousand, whose perseverance is consoling, since it has furnished the elements for a fine congregation of men. Christian journalists have also come, to temper their swords anew, that they may combat more valiantly for Jesus Christ. We have recently had an excellent retreat made by the young men of Clermont, who will themselves be apostles by their example and fervor. Next will come gentlemen of the higher classes. Others will follow who, after receiving the graces of the Heart of Jesus will go forth to carry this sacred flame into different places, for retreats form apostles.

The *Cenacle* of Paray offers the same advantages for women. The religious of the retreat (*Les Dames de la Retraite*) multiply their zealous efforts with ever-increasing success. They invite all classes, the modest workwoman in shop or factory, as well as the great lady of the world. Their object is wholly apostolic : to gain every soul to Jesus Christ.

ENVIRONMENT.

By Rev. H. Van Rensselaer, S.J.

THOSE who are given to philosophizing nowadays on the state of society make what they call environment responsible both for good and evil results. Nor can it be denied that there is a great deal of truth in their assertions. It stands to reason that a person's surroundings must necessarily influence the formation of his character. It is so in the physical order and so it is in the moral order.

Take flower-seed and plant it in different soils, with different exposure and different care, the corresponding results will be different. Of course like every simile this one halts, for we can never start with any two or more infants alike in constitution and temperament, so that the common starting point which we have in the flower-seed is wanting. It is well to note this, for the apostles of the doctrine of environment are apt to ride their hobby to death. It is an important factor in man's development, but it is not responsible for everything. Let us, however, consider it, as it is in our own days, as a power for good or evil, as an ally or an enemy to the spiritual welfare of souls in the mixed society in which all the children of the Church are necessarily thrown in this country and age.

Let us start with a child of Catholic parents and suppose them to be practical, knowing their religion and living up to its rules and regulations. The child is sent to a Catholic school and receives a thorough education, both religious and secular. Regular attendance at Mass, monthly confession and communion are

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the prescribed order. We might say truthfully that the influence is wholly Catholic.

The time comes, however, sooner or later, when non-Catholics enter the circle. They may be relations, friends, neighbors, fellow-workers, it matters not, the effect is that the young person gets to know by experience that there are a great many different kinds of Christianity. Perhaps these associates are good types of Protestantism, living up to the teachings of their sect as far as they know how. An impression is made on the young Catholic that these sects cannot be so very bad, since people who belong to them seem so very good. The Catholic does not realize that if Protestants are good, as undoubtedly very many are, it is not because they are Protestants, that is, protesters against Catholic truth, but because being Protestants they have a certain amount of Catholic truth and perhaps have received, if rightly administered, the sacrament of baptism with all the graces to which it entitles the recipients.

This important fact is generally lost sight of, and the good is attributed to Protestants as such, which is a grievous mistake; for to Protestants, as Protestants, should be attributed only what comes to them from their human founders, and not what comes to them from Christ through the Catholic Church, which consequently should of right be attributed to that Church. Thus any true belief in Christ is due, not to Luther, Henry VIII., Calvin, Knox, Wesley and the rest, but to the constant teaching of her who is "the pillar and ground of truth." Whereas the rejection of five out of the seven sacraments, and consequently the erroneous ideas about them, the false teaching about the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the real presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, the Communion of Saints, their veneration and intercession, purgatory and the holy souls, are to be attributed to the archheretics who founded the various sects to carry out their own peculiar views resulting from private and false interpretation of Scripture.

It is hard for the ordinary lay Catholic to be thus just in giving to every one his due; to the Catholic Church credit for all that is good in Protestantism by whatever name it goes; to the sect, blame for whatever error is believed and practised. From failing to do this grave consequences ensue. The Catholic gets to have first a less bad opinion of sectarianism, then rather a good opinon, and finally comes to the conclusion that it cannot matter very much to which church one belongs, provided one does the best one knows how.

This may be a gradual process, and one that goes on almost imperceptibly. Association with people who may have very fine and attractive natural qualities, an excellent education, good manners and social standing, insensibly draws out one's admiration and perhaps respect. Imagine the young Catholic, of whom we are treating, brought into the society of such Protestants. The question of religion, sooner or later, crops up. Some church function may start it. Discussions result. Very often the victory goes to the sharper wit, but to the wrong side. It is always so much easier to object than to refute, to pull down than to build up. Then there are so many things unpleasant to nature, they say, in the Catholic religion. We admit it, and they are in it precisely because it is the true religion adapted to fallen human nature, not of man's making nor selecting, but of God's making and enforcing.

A young Irish seaman brought this out very well in his answer to some would-be Methodist proselytizers in a South American seaport. They approached "Pat" and invited him to join their Church, holding out as inducements that their requirements for membership were so much easier and simpler. He would not have to abstain nor fast, confess his sins nor attend

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Mass, and so on, to which "Pat" replied that it was all very true, that their religion was easier and simpler than his, but that if he had had the *making* of his religion as they had had the making of theirs, he would have made it a great deal simpler and easier than even the Methodist religion is. He had hit, with ready wit and Catholic instinct, the salient point of difference between the true Church and the sects. The one was a divine institution founded by Christ, who knew with infallible wisdom what was necessary and best for fallen man in order to restore him to the grace of God, to keep him in it, and finally to enable him to reach heaven. Whereas John Wesley and the rest of the self-constituted founders of sects had undertaken to make religions according to their own ideas, and had engrafted into them a certain amount of Christianity, but distorted by their own false interpretations.

Not every young Catholic, however, has the clear perception of "Pat." Kindliness, generosity, education, social position and philanthropy, make a deep impression on the ordinary mind, which attributes to them a supernatural character which they may really lack.

Then there is a spirit of liberalism abroad, and it is always an evil and lying spirit, for it pretends to do the impossible. It claims to break down mountains, fill in the valleys and make a grand level plain on which all can travel without any difficulty to heaven. Yet Christ Himself denounces the broad way and asserts that His way is narrow, that it is absolutely necessary to accept, believe and practise all that He has commanded and that He will teach through His Church to the consummation of the world The spirit of Christ, being the spirit of truth is necessarily opposed to the spirit of error, as much, St. Paul says, as light is opposed to darkness, and light is wholly intolerant of darkness, which it must perforce exclude.

So when our young Catholic is thrown among Protestants they begin to ask him about his religion, cavil at it, call its teachings into question, ridicule its practices, laugh at its devotions, and pity him for his want of enlightenment in this nineteenth century. They accuse him of bigotry and illiberality. They try to make him feel how restricted he is by church laws, how tied down by priests. On the other hand, they boast how free they are, how nobody has any right to dictate to them, how they are their own masters in religious as well as other matters, as every American has a right to be.

They forget altogether that as citizens they are bound by innumerable laws, national, state and municipal. They lose sight of the restrictions to their liberty imposed by the various departments—Building, Health, Park, Fire and Police. Hence they cannot put up even the smallest addition to a house, to say nothing of erecting a whole building without submitting plans and getting a permit. They cannot neglect the sanitary arrangements of their dwelling without sharp interference from the Board of Health. They cannot sit nor loiter in the public parks during certain times and never can they pluck a flower, though this seems a very slight thing. They have to observe regulations for safety issued by the Fire Commissioners, and they cannot break any law openly without liability to arrest by the officers of the Police Department. They must give notice, under severe penalty, of marriages, births and deaths. An attempt to commit suicide is punishable by fine and imprisonment. And so on and so on. Verily this free and independent American is considerably hampered in freedom and independence when we come down to facts! Yet in spite of stubborn facts, he beguiles himself with the idea that he is his own master in all things, religion included.

We, on the contrary, admitting the necessity of restricting man as a member

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of the body politic and social, also are logical enough to see that when the highest interests are at stake, he must needs also be restricted, that is, in religious matters. And we say that as the imposition and necessity of observing the laws of the State do not make man a slave, so too the imposition and necessity of observing the laws of the Church do not rob man of any freedom, which is his by right, but rather help him to attain his end as a man.

For as the State representing God in the civil order, regulates man's conduct as a member of the body politic for his own and other's good; so does the Church representing God in the spiritual order, direct him as a citizen of heaven for his own and other's highest welfare now and hereafter.

So far we have been imagining only non-Catholic influence; what will be the state of the case when infidelity comes on the scene? Yet where can a young man go nowadays without meeting some people who pretend to believe in nothing? How will our young man's faith stand the test of this trial? Of course the infidel always claims to be excessively broad and liberal; in fact this very broadness and liberalness have made him what he is, and that in his estimation is a paragon. From lofty heights of self-satisfaction, he looks down pityingly, if not contemptuously, on the poor benighted beings who actually are not ashamed to belong to a church which has existed for thousands of years, instead of being an up-to-date free-thinker. Free-thinker! Did you ever meet one of the ilk that did any thinking at all for himself, and that did not follow slavishly in the steps of some blatant lecturer, and attempt to give out as second-hand the vapid and unproved assertions, of the aforesaid lecturer? Did you ever meet such an one who had ever read the refutations of his hero's utterances? They protest against all dogma, but are the most intolerant dogmatizers themselves, insisting upon forcing their opinions down the throats of others. They can give no reason, and wax indignant if asked for any. They say, or insinuate, that any one with brains ought to be able to see the truth of their assertions. In fact they would seem to claim the monopoly of brains, and what young man likes to be relegated to the department of fools? So these shallow and conceited fellows work havoc among the unwary. They assume such an air of superiority, and are so extremely condescending, that they impose upon others not only their free views, but their free practices as well. Then mark what a strong ally they have in man's fallen nature with its hatred of restraint and its desire of gratifying its carnal desires. Truly, environment is a mighty factor in our lives!

Our young Catholic has been thrown under the influences we have mentioned. What has been the result? It should have strengthened his faith, the only rock on which he can stand secure in the stormy waves on every side of him. He has the truth and the word of God to prove it against the assertions of men. He has the witness of the noblest and best of the world all through the centuries in support of it. He has within him the conviction of the necessity of supernatural means to uphold his nature and to walk along the narrow way leading to eternal life. He has the memory of the peace of mind he enjoyed when living in the state of grace, when frequenting the sacraments, when assisting at Mass, when faithful to his prayers.

On the other hand, the world with its syren lay entices him, the love of freedom and hatred of restraint allure him, the tyranny of human respect makes him a moral coward. "Don't be narrow-minded. Don't be illiberal. Adapt yourself to the country and the times. Be up-to-date." How much that implies! How much of evil! Up-to-date people think as they like, speak as they like, read what they like, go where they like, act as they like. Yes, but are they

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not responsible for it all? Moral responsibility troubles them very little now, but when life is ended and they stand before the judgment-seat of God to give an account of themselves, will their up-to-dateness avail them?

What are Catholics to do when thrown under such influence? They are to show themselves Catholic, actuated by religious principles. The question comes up of going to hear an infidel lecturer. Shall they go? On no account. Why not? The speaker is famous, or rather infamous, he is clever, witty, and entertaining. Perhaps he is. But he is so at the expense of truth, and with the sacrifice of the things they should consider most sacred. They would not suffer anyone to abuse or slander their father or mother; how could they sit calmly and hear the vilest accusations against God and His holy Church, and that too as a means of getting their money?

Next let us suppose the question of attending a Protestant service. Shall they go? There should be no question of it. Of course they say they do not believe in it, but then they are curious and would like to see what it is like. They want to hear the preacher or the music. They know very well that the Church forbids it. Why? Because taking part in an heretical service is wrong, and listening to an heretical preacher is implicitly admitting that he has a right to teach. Then it gives scandal, for Protestants know well that the Church forbids her children to attend their services, and such attendance is an act of disobedience.

I remember how a very devout person, a Promoter, and what is more a secretary of Promoters, came to ask if she might go to hear a certain preacher. "Why do you ask? If it is right to go, you need no permission; if it is wrong to go, how can I give permission?"

"I didn't think it was exactly right, but then I have given my word that I would go and how can I break my promise?"

"It seems to me that it would have been more sensible to take advice before you gave your word. But given or not given, your word cannot stand when it is contrary to the law of God, made known by the Church. A promise to do a wrong thing does not bind, and it is an act of virtue to break such a promise. Fidelity to God must outrank any fidelity to man. Tell the person with whom you made the engagement that you acted without sufficient thought in the matter and that you regret you cannot go. By the way, what sort of a Protestant is the minister you wanted to hear?"

"A Unitarian."

"Unitarian! And you a Promoter, bound to advance the kingdom and the interests of Christ, want to go to hear one who professedly denies the divinity of Christ and consequently opposes His interests?"

"I wasn't thinking about his teaching, but they say that he is a great preacher, and I was curious to hear him. But the chief thing was that I did not like to refuse the gentleman who asked me. You know he had gone to church with me, and this was a sort of return on my part just to encourage him to go with me again."

"But he must know that Catholics are not allowed to attend Protestant services, and he won't respect you for breaking the laws of the Church."

"He does know it, but he thought that I might be liberal and go just once."

"And why not twice and oftener, if it is right to go once? You will never bring him to submit himself to the laws of the Church by setting him an example of defying them. Refuse point blank and show him that you have his soul's welfare too much at heart to risk it by any compromise in matters of faith." She went away convinced but somewhat downcast.

Suppose Protestant friends have invited you to the christening of their baby, can you in conscience go? By no means.

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Why? Because it is the question of a Sacrament, the admitting of a child into the Church of God. How can a Catholic countenance a Protestant minister usurping the right to baptize? But the objection comes: even a lay person can baptize validly? Yes, in case of necessity, when a duly authorized representative of the Church, the priest, cannot be had, and the Church herself provides for this case, but for no other. The presence of a Catholic at such a ceremony, would seem to admit the authority of the minister.

Suppose a Catholic is asked to stand as sponsor for a Protestant child, can he do it? The question falls by its own weight. How can a Catholic, apart from assisting at such a ceremony, promise to bring up a child in a religion which he knows to be false? But he is bound by ties of kinship, friendship or business relations to the parents how can he refuse? When there is question of principle how can he hesitate about refusing? Can a man barter his religious convictions to gain the favor of man? Explain the state of the case plainly and honestly and Protestants, though perhaps disappointed, will respect you.

But does not the Church allow Catholics to attend Protestant services on some occasions? She tolerates, when there is sufficient reason, attendance at a funeral or a marriage, because neither has in the eyes of Protestants anything sacramental about them, and the attendance is simply looked upon as a mark of respect or friendship. Of course, it is altogether unlawful to attend a marriage in a Protestant Church, or performed at home by a Protestant minister, if one of the parties is a Catholic. In this case one would be lending countenance to an act of positive disobedience to the laws of the Church by which the Catholic party was committing a mortal sin, and one which is a case reserved to the bishop, and thereby endangering the eternal salvation of the offender and the loss to the faith of the possible offspring.

What if the function were the ordination of a minister, and the person to be ordained was a personal friend? Could one not go just out of friendship, though not believing at all in the ordination? Of all services, this would be the very most objectionable, because in it, one who claims to be a bishop is supposed to give supernatural powers for the work of the ministry and the administration of the sacraments to the one ordained. The presence of a Catholic would imply the recognition of such a bishop's powers, and, consequently, the validity of the orders of the person ordained. When there is a question of such vital principle as this, no friendship could warrant one's presence. How can a Catholic congratulate a newly-made minister? Can a Catholic really be glad that there is one more official upholder and preacher of heresy and schism sent forth against the Church? An enlightened Catholic can no more rejoice at the ordination of a Protestant minister than a loyal American could rejoice at the commission and appointment of a new officer to carry on warfare against our beloved country.

In conclusion, let us frankly admit the difficulties that beset us owing to our environment. Let us convince ourselves that compromises in matters involving religious principles cannot be made. No converts are ever gained by yielding or condescending to their views or by minimizing Catholic truth. It needs no apology. It is our duty to make that truth beautiful and attractive in our lives. It is a false charity which, seeing the blind leading the blind, does not give them a helping hand, but says it does not matter, if they think they are right; which allows them to go headlong into the pit without warning them, because the blind think they are on the right road. We should be, according to Christ, the light of the world. How then can we have even the appearance of condoning error, and thereby mislead those in the dark.

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A DAUGHTER'S HOLOCAUST.

By J. M. Cave.

WEEKS passed before Philomena received letters from her father and in the meantime, the busy world of which she was a part, was talking freely of the marriage of the divorced wife of a Russian official. Mlle. de Joncourt learned the whole shameful story ; a gambling party, a winner and a loser, a game "in which the loser was the winner," said they, "for to lose such a wife was incalculable gain."

"He loses nothing," was their reply, "because he had already lost all he had to lose."

"And what about the winner who has lost, according to your theory?" questioned another.

"Who was she?"

"Daughter of an absconding Jew."

"Rich, of course?"

"Not a penny, save her nightly gain at cards."

"And he?"

"Ruined long since."

"Did he know the prize he was playing so desperately for?"

"No; he was purposely deceived by one said to have been a rejected suitor for his daughter's hand.

The lady was described to him as a martyred innocent, ill-treated by a brutal husband, from whom she easily obtained a divorce; and vastly rich in her own right."

"Does she care for him? Will she stick to him?"

"Yes, till she gets a richer catch."

These and like comments told Mlle. de Joncourt the terrible truth, but she kept it from Philomena as long and as completely as she could.

By-and-by a letter came to her. It was with a request for money. "He had been duped, deceived; but, wronged as he was, he would not repudiate the woman he could never ask her to meet."

He humbled himself to ask his daughter's pardon, to implore her pity. "He would not trouble her long, his life was worthless henceforth."

No doubt he felt keenly, this ruined gambler, the disgrace he had brought upon his grand old name. But for his only child his selfish heart had no mercy even then.

The savings went to him, not to Father Stanislas; and Philomena, though drooping, had to work harder than ever. The old uncertainty and trembling became more marked, and with each additional appeal for money, each heart-breaking letter from her father, the sweet lips trembled more, and the skilful hands became less steady and less strong.

"I think Mlle. de Pavlewski must be in love," said a lady to Mlle. de Joncourt. Who was that very handsome gentleman who paid her such marked attention at the Ambassador's soirée?"

Alas, the "attention" had consisted in conveying to the poor girl the fatal news of her father's marriage.

"She was not in love, but she was overworked," was the reply of Mlle. de Joncourt.

Before long it became evident to Philomena that she would be obliged to relinquish out-door lessons and confine herself to one family.

This meant giving up her freedom, her tiny room looking into the court-yard of the dear old church, the daily Mass, the sound of the Angelus morning, noon and evening.

But there was no other resource; her health would no longer bear the strain of so much exertion. The hope that had sustained her was broken.

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One family, in particular, had often urged Philomena to accept a permanent situation with them. They had offered her a high salary, every comfort, and declared that she should be as one of their own family.

Mlle. de Joncourt did not feel assured, that this was for the best; but at least "her child," would be safe; guarded from the criticism of the world, which was loud enough now to reach her own ears.

"Mlle. de Pavlewski," said the critics, "had played too much." They were sorry for one so young and beautiful, to be arrested in what promised to be a long and successful career; but thought her beauty quite "capital" enough for one person, and forgot her for the most part.

She was sorely straitened now, poor Philomena, to meet the demands upon her purse; and there were times when she had to refuse herself even necessaries. She tried to hide this from all, even from "maminka," and succeeded for a time.

A great pleasure fell to the lot of Mlle. de Joncourt about this time.

One day a card was handed to her bearing the name of "Edouard Joncourt de Longueville," and she was told that the bearer was waiting to see her.

Her surprise and pleasure were equally great, when she found, in the handsome young military attaché of the French Embassy, the son of the cousin she had believed dead. Her letter, written with the view of convincing Philomena that she was quite alone in the world, had brought her relations; not very near or close, it is true, but still such as she might well be proud to acknowledge.

The young gentleman assured Mademoiselle that his father had long believed her to be dead, having written so many letters, without receiving any answer.

"The troubled state of Poland would easily account for that," Mademoiselle replied.

"And now," said Edouard, "my father, mother and sisters insist upon my carrying you back to France with me in the spring."

Mademoiselle shook her head and said something about "needing to work."

"We are rich even among the rich," insisted the young man; "my father has been greatly blessed in all his enterprises, and he charges me to say that he has not forgotten whose hand and purse helped him in his college career."

The gentle lady smiled, and again shook her head saying, "I was always too poor to be of much use to any one."

"Not too poor to pay for his tuition for many years," warmly urged the listener. "My father loved to tell us of the cousin who gave up her share of our grandfather's fortune, and went to Poland as governess, that he might go to college and make a career for himself."

"You are very like what he was at your age," said Mlle. de Joncourt, to change the conversation.

But Edouard continued, "I'm charged to bring you to them, by force if necessary; and now it only remains to decide when we shall start."

"I have duties here," sadly answered his cousin, "and ties that bind me. I am not alone."

"May I know the nature of these obstacles?" urged the ardent young man. "Surely they can be arranged, or disarranged, to set you free. Indeed, I dare not hint at returning without 'our cousin Félicie.'"

"My ties here are sacred," she replied; and as briefly as possible she told him as much as was necessary of her beloved Philomena.

"What!" exclaimed Edouard, "can it be possible that that beautiful creature is unhappy? I remember seeing her, and being greatly pleased and attracted by her. Indeed," he added naively, "I cannot forget the impression she made upon me; and have asked several persons how I could obtain an introduction

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MLLE. DE JONCOURT . . . . TURNED TO HER COUSIN, AND PRESENTED HIM TO PHILOMENA.

to her. I made it a point to be at every soirée at which she played."

"She receives no one, and makes few acquaintances," said Mlle. de Joncourt, sadly. "Her life has been strangely lonely for one so beautiful and gifted, and yet she seemed happy before this last terrible blow fell upon her—till her father's marriage, and the subsequent news of his unhappiness."

"Could you not persuade her to accompany you to France, Cousin Félicie?"

"She is determined to devote herself to her father, henceforth, as in the past. She lives only for him, and denies herself everything to send him all she can earn."

"How terrible," exclaimed the sympathizing listener.

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"You would indeed think so, had you seen the home of her childhood, her noble, beautiful mother, or the once equally noble father. How is it possible that for so poor a pleasure, as a game of cards, any man can sacrifice himself and his family!"

"It is a madness; a disease that is daily driving to suicide some of the noblest hearts that ever breathed," said Edouard warmly. "I see it often in the great world. Young men, otherwise sane enough, with the best and noblest characters, and richly stored minds, sacrifice all for the gaming table. And not only men," he added; "why in this great city, I have met scores of young and beautiful women, the very cream of the aristocracy, some married, some single, who are inveterate gamblers and card players; not only do they give up the midnight hours to that enticing and ruinous occupation, but in many a noble house the players often sit the whole day; even young girls, fresh from their boarding schools, indulge freely in it."

"Yes," said his cousin, "I have seen something of it. Without religious education, there is nothing to prevent the evil; and that is not to be hoped for in this land." She sighed deeply; it was a painful subject.

"What shall I write to my father," pleaded the young man, as he arose to take his leave.

"I will write to him myself," said Mlle. de Joncourt. "In the meantime come and see me often, that through you, at least, I may become acquainted with all my dear cousins."

It was agreed that they should meet on the following Sunday at church.

* * *

Philomena was looking very pale that Sunday morning, as she knelt before the altar; her heart was heavy indeed, and not even the joy of kneeling there, in that loved chapel of our Blessed Lady, could bring back the color to her face.

A pair of dark eyes were fixed intently upon her, in deepest sympathy, and a look, almost as sad as her own, overspread the handsome face of Edouard de Longueville, as he watched her.

She was clad simply in black; very unpretentiously, indeed, but no simplicity, however severe, could make her appear anything but refined and distinguished looking. As she happened to look up, the young girl became conscious of his fixed look, wondered for an instant why a stranger, evidently a gentleman, should look at her so earnestly; then forgot it in her prayers.

As she was about to leave the church, Mlle. de Joncourt joined her. They had been separated by the crowd till then.

"Philomena, why are you so lightly dressed; why have you not your fur coat?" she exclaimed, excitedly. "It is bitter cold, nearly twenty degrees of frost!"

Poor Mademoiselle was frightened out of her usual calm to see her child thus lightly clad on so severe a day.

Philomena flushed and then became very pale. A look of embarrassment passed over her face, for there, close beside her, was the dark-eyed stranger, whose earnest gaze she had seen fixed upon her in the chapel.

"Hush, dear maminka, I will tell you another time," she whispered.

Mlle. de Joncourt groaned audibly; then, recovering herself with an effort, turned to her cousin, and presented him to Philomena.

"He has eyes like yours, maminka, and he is very handsome, and I think he must be very good," she said, when they were alone together.

If Edouard de Longueville had admired Philomena at a distance and in the gay throng, how much more so now when permitted to converse with her, to hear the tones of her sweetly modulated voice, and to watch the ever-varying expression of that speaking countenance.

"Never," he declared to his cousin, "had he met a being so sympathetic, so captivating without a tinge of coquetry, so perfectly harmonious in looks, voice

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and manner; so innocently enchanting."

The poor fellow was deeply in love before he knew it. Indeed, he assured his cousin, that he had fallen in love with Philomena at first sight, and that her image had haunted him from that hour.

As to Philomena, she never dreamed that this handsome young officer thought of her at all; and, if he did, she felt no doubt that it was as a poor governess, a dependent, almost, on his cousin's bounty. Her manner, therefore, was simple, gentle, unreserved, and, as their acquaintance ripened, she began to look upon him as a sort of cousin, or brother, especially as "maminka" was in the habit of addressing them both as "her children."

The young man wrote ardent letters to his cousin on the subject of his love. He poured out his whole heart to her, and besought her to advise him, and, if possible, help him in his suit. Long before Philomena suspected his deep attachment, he had obtained the consent of his parents to make her his wife, if he could win her.

When the time came that he could no longer hide his feelings from her, Philomena was utterly surprised. In her humility she had never thought it possible that one so highly favored by fortune in every way could care for her. Had her mind been free from its all-absorbing care for her father, she would no doubt have discovered the state of affairs for herself. As it was, she was wholly taken by surprise.

But the passionate pleading of a pure, loyal young heart, and especially a heart stirred by love for the first time, possessed an eloquence that was not easily resisted.

In vain Philomena pleaded. Her father, her duty to him, his need of her. All her objections were met with the fullest and noblest assurances that her lover possessed enough, and more than enough, for all, and that her father should be always their first care.

"If she could only love him;" that was his prayer. She pleaded for time. "When I hear from papa again," she said, "I will know better what I ought to do—in justice to you," she added, after a pause.

Though her lover pleaded hard for a more satisfactory answer, Philomena would make no further promise; would not admit that his affection was, or could ever be, returned. He was fain to wait.

* * *

The weeks of waiting were long. Letters tarried just when they were most wanted, and Philomena began to be very anxious and that made her look pale and ill. The fur cloak had been replaced by Mlle. de Joncourt, much against her will; she declared that she found fur too heavy. That she had sacrificed the rich sable cloak that had belonged to her mother, Mlle. de Joncourt was well persuaded; but she forebore to reproach her for the unselfish act. She had been weeks without it before its loss was discovered; and Mademoiselle feared that she had already taken harm from the want of it before it was replaced.

Philomena declared that she felt well, and would not admit that anything ailed her.

In her situation she had much free time, and was indeed treated with the utmost courtesy. If she had anything to complain of, it was that she was too little occupied; had too little to do for the high salary she received, the beautiful apartments set aside for her use, and the privilege of a carriage, did she choose to use it; which she never did alone, or without her pupil.

However, Madame la Princesse, constantly assured her "that she valued her influence over her daughter above everything; and that even without the music lessons she felt that she was more than repaid for all that she could possibly give her."

The princess was a gay woman of the gay world. She loved her own freedom,

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and believed in being very indulgent to others. "Her own life was all roses without thorns; why should she annoy others?" Flowers, laces, and jewels were the atmosphere in which she lived, and she liked everything in keeping. Superlative luxury and perfection in everything that was hers was her aim and desire.

To have a real countess as her daughter's governess, and moreover, one beautiful, young and highly accomplished, was only fitting. Money could not procure this luxury every day; so Philomena was treated in every way like one of the family; that is to say, surrounded by every luxury.

Madame's daughter was a lovely girl too, but a spoiled one in every way. She did just what her own sweet will suggested, at all times. She was supposed to be studying every known science; that is, professors and teachers of these sciences were engaged for her, but she learned what she chose, which was little enough. What she learned without studying much was to be perfectly graceful, charming, to dress exquisitely, and to speak three or four foreign languages. This seems much, but having heard and practised them from her cradle, she may be more truly said to have caught them than to have acquired them by study.

To keep the shadow of illness from this child was the constant study of the Princess Verkamoff. To have her so watched by doctors, governesses, nurses, and her own sharp eyes, that no illness could come near her, was the one care of her life. Not so much from fond mother love, as, being a thing belonging to her, it must be the very best and most perfect of its kind.

A sickly child, an ailing or ugly child she would no more have cared for than for a torn dress, a cracked vase, or any other precious, but imperfect, object of value. The exterior must be beautiful, the frame sound, to meet her fastidious taste. As to the heart and what reigned there, it gave her not the very least concern. Ideas were always changing, she declared. "If Olga did not like study to-day she might like it next week or next year. If she made grimaces (a thing in very bad taste, she emphatically declared) at her duty to-day, she might take to it to-morrow of her own free will. What was lovely in her own eyes one hour, she laughingly admitted, would be the subject of ridicule the next. "Only do not let the young princess spoil her face by frowns or pouts; let her be gay, happy, and without care. Above all, do not give her any bias, or teach her any fixed principles that might be annoying in the future. Who knows what kind of a marriage she was destined to make. An English duke would prefer a Protestant wife, a French prince a Catholic one, while, should she marry at home, she must be thoroughly Orthodox."

"No, no, beware of bias, it was a dangerous thing." In other words, do everything for the body; never mind the soul, was Madame's law; and she was a very fair specimen of her class.

The very name of any kind of illness, even the most harmless ailments of children, made her shudder; and at the mention of "epidemic," "contagion," she closed her doors to the world, to avoid contact with it, and, if not detained by her duties at court, as lady in waiting to Her Majesty, she fled from the city at once.

* * *

Although no letter had yet come from her father, Philomena allowed herself to see, in the long vista of the future, a great happiness for herself, could she but accept it. And not only for herself, but for him, she thought; because, could she keep him near her, and watch over him, she might withdraw him from the fascinating evil influences to which he was so fatally enslaved.

As she dreamed her pure dream of happiness with him, and the young lover who pleaded so humbly and patiently

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for one word, one handclasp that would bid him hope, she smiled through happy tears. Ah, could it be that the future held this in store for her? was this great love to atone for the weary years of waiting; for the long years of slavery, that ministered to a father's disgrace? Could it be?

The poor young head bowed again, the fair hands trembled, and a rain of bitter tears fell on them, as Philomena saw before her the disgraceful picture of the ruined gambler and his notorious companion.

"No! no!" she murmured, "it must never be! Sacred Heart of Jesus, save him from me, from us." That prayer was for the young lover. She arose, with a strange look on her poor, pale face—a look of sudden determination, blended with poignant pain. "I am to blame," she murmured. "Oh, that it may not be too late!"

She dressed herself hurriedly and made her way to the Nevsky. There, at the foot of the cross, she prayed for strength. The duty she had set herself was hard indeed. From early morning she had pondered upon it, and almost missed the last Mass of this, her one wholly free day in the week, in which her young pupil was engaged with other teachers.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when she knelt before the altar and made her sacrifice, and arose strengthened in mind, but wholly shattered in body.

Without breaking her fast, she hurried from church to the house of Mlle. de Joncourt. A sort of fever seemed to carry her there, almost without her own volition.

"What was this restlessness? What had come over her?" she asked herself, as she stood waiting for the servant to admit her. Though the sacrifice had been made suddenly at the last moment, had she not known all along that it must be thus? Had she ever seriously said to herself, or admitted to any one, that it could be otherwise?

She waited, still trembling, in spite of her own reasoning. Mlle. de Joncourt was not at home, said the man-servant, who opened the door. Would Mlle. de Pavlewski enter and wait for her return? She was expected soon.

Philomena declined, and was descending the great stone stairs when the landau, containing Mlle. de Joncourt and two of her pupils, drove up to the door.

They surrounded her, and would have her re-enter with them, for she was a great favorite with all the family, but she excused herself. The young ladies entered, leaving her with her old friend.

"You are not well, my child, my darling. Come in, stay with me, at least a little while," pleaded Mademoiselle.

"No, no, I must go, maminka. I only wanted to kiss you, and make sure that you were well."

"Come in at least for a few moments. I want to speak to you of Edouard; he will be here this evening. Have you no message for him?"

"Yes, yes; I am very forgetful. I came for that too, but I forgot. My head is not quite strong to-day. Tell him, maminka," she put her head on Mlle. de Joncourt's shoulder, and her words were hardly audible, "tell him he must not hope. Be sure you tell him so, though to you, my second mother, my best and dearest, I may say that—I love him. But he must not hope. It cannot be."

She hastily clasped her arms around her old friend's neck, kissed her, over and over again and hurried to the doors. The hall porter had stepped from his place behind the marble columns of the vestibule and closed the great doors upon her before Mademoiselle could stop him.

"Her tears are sacred," she thought; and opening a tiny book of prayers she always carried with her, she touched one of its blank pages to the cheek wet with Philomena's tears. "My heart

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misgives me," said the poor lady, "my child is going to be ill."

"Hope," she said to Edouard that night, "though she bade me tell you not; I say hope, for she loves you."

"I will see her to-morrow," said Edouard.

* * *

That night about eleven o'clock Philomena's bell rang. The maid came, only to find her stretched undressed upon a couch. She had kept her room all day, and it only became known then that she had eaten nothing the entire day. Her absence from meals had not been commented upon, for very frequently she had passed her free Thursday with her friend.

When Madame returned from the theatre that night the news of Philomena's illness was announced to her. The family physician was there; the princess sternly regarded him. Knowing her ladyship very well, he dared not trifle with her; knowing her wishes, he had proceeded to take the measures inexorably laid down for such emergencies.

"Has all been done?"

"All."

There had been much telegraphing and signalling with medical police-bureaus for an hour.

"What is it?"

"Diphtheria.'

A cry of horror from the princess, followed by commotion throughout the whole palace.

Half an hour later the family carriage containing the princess and her daughter drove away.

An hour later a hired carriage left the door. It contained Philomena and a hospital nurse.

(*To be continued.*)

TALKS ON ETHICS.

By Rev. P. A. Halpin, S.J.

"Good or evil in moral matters means agreement with or divergence from reason."
—*St. Thomas.*

WE are looking around for a discriminating standard for a rule of morality, a something wherewith to test our free acts and pronounce upon them as good or bad. Were men as one, regarding man himself and his destiny, this investigation would be needless. If we all thought alike about man we, following the principles already advanced, would reach the same conclusion concerning the measure which decides the morality of his acts. Some with an eye to man's material nature alone will gauge morality according to his material part. Others base their decisions on his spiritual nature exclusively. Others again address themselves to the totality of his being, take him as he is, as a composite entity, made up of body and spirit and therefrom deduce their conclusions. We know what to think of those who declare that we are to examine morality only by man's sensations. If they are pleasing the act is moral, if painful it is bad. Pleasure and pain, such reasoners say, determine morality. We know what to hold about such an opinion. Such a rule is not justified either by fact or by reason. These are actions free yet independent of pleasurable or distasteful sensations. The law we are attempting to discover must be universal in its application, it must regulate every case of responsible action. Outside of the circumference of pleasure and pain lies a large field of human activity. Moreover the degradation implied in, and consequential upon such a law is alarming. It is a law which regards the animality of man simply; it

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negatives all loftiness of action; it kills fine impulses and discourages that noble disregard of pain or pleasure, which we and all ages admire in those who lived and died martyrs to duty or to a cause. It strikes at the root of the heroism manifest in family, in filial, in social, in patriotic relations. We might support such a theory were man an animal only.

Another theory is that of the Utilitarians. When usefulness, say they, may be predicated of an act, the act is moral. This usefulness or beneficiality (if I may use the term) of an action, may affect the individual or there may arise two norms, one contending that the utility to the individual, the other that the benefit of the larger number must be the rule. In other words the standard is the happiness of the individual or of the majority. I think this principle is inadmissible. For several reasons we cannot admit private happiness as a moral test. It would misplace the moral centre of gravity; it would pervert the order of things as that order is made lucid by the nature of things. It is the doctrine of egotism, making the universe subserve the intersts of the "I." It is a gospel of selfishness. The disadvantages of selfishness are incalculable. It destroys the social instinct. Regard for man's fellows would be a misdemeanor.

The very idea of uprightness sinks beneath the weight of this theory. The more cunning a man, the better he is—the more clever in reaching his own ends the higher his type of manhood. We should rewrite our dictionaries and review and modify all our definitions. Rascality would mean worth, and sinner mean saint. We would be bound to let out all our prisoners, and why not put our honest men in their places? If a crime were for the advantage of some individual he would be guilty if he were not to perpetrate it. Before the performance of an action I would be obliged to ask: does this benefit me? And if the answer be yes, I must proceed, no matter how many or how much may be damaged in consequence. In the light of this calamitous principle, the consideration of my individual gain must drive juggernaut fashion over the interests of every one else. Pah! As Hamlet said when he put down the skull of Goerck—because, forsooth, it "smelt so."

All this foulness—think of it—in place of the fragrance of the higher virtues, the virtues that make humanity so legitimately and so grandly proud!

What about the rebound of this theory—or rather it's would-be corrective? What about the happiness of the greater number as the norm, determining good and bad in human acts? It will not do. It is inadequate, it is unequal to the task it undertakes. It does not cover the whole area of responsibilities; it legislates for the classes or the masses, but not for both nor for all. Where is its application to the individual man? What is to be my standard for my own actions? How am I to regulate the discharge of my duties to the Deity? The norm is not in sight. How am I to learn what is for the advantage of the majority? What about the rights of the minority? It is a shifting foundation; it is a quicksand. The interests and so the happiness of the majority changes. On what eminence am I to stand, and where is the powerful lens whereby I am to survey "mankind from India to Peru," and make my calculations? The theory is unfit, arbitrary, impossible. It is so vague that we cannot find it, so elusive we cannot grasp it. If that be the law how long is it going to take us to form a moral conclusion? Voting is a moral act. Perhaps not, but for the purpose of illustration, let us admit it. What a time next November a man would have if he could not vote unless he was sure his vote contributed to the happiness of the largest number. Election day would be no more, it would be election year—yes, election century instead. Let me put this question: Is a thing good be-

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cause it is advantageous or is a thing advantageous because it is good? Goodness begets advantage not *vice versa*. Hence, if I make advantage the standard, I am preposterous and put the cart before the horse—cause and effect exchange places.

Morality is of more importance than anything else in this world. This is not the utterance of a preacher, it is the view every sensible man holds. In fact it is so true that as many crimes have been committed in the name of morality as in the name of liberty. No matter how vile the doctrine a man propagates it has to have at least some rag of morality upon it. Morality is decency. The man who would proclaim to his audience that he was about to teach them immoral principles crudely as such, would disgust the larger, and the vastly larger, portion of men. If he succeeds at all, it is because he masks his iniquity under the guise of morality. Whence I infer that of all momentous principles that stand first which presents its credentials as the true norm or standard of morality. That there are good and bad actions is beyond cavil. Utilitarians may be aware that there are such, but they certainly as far as we have seen, lay down no infallible rules whereby we may make our inferences secure. "Cui bono" is the question everlastingly on the lips of Utilitarians. What is the use of it?

The Master knew our congenital mercenariness, and so he turned the never changing question in the direction of the unfailing light when He framed it in His words. "Quid prodest": "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" He understood the temptation ever increasing of each one of us to barter, when He asked: "What is it that man will give in exchange for his soul?" Questions both which he left to every man to work out the answer practically for himself. We have seen that there is only one end for man's free activity and that supreme happiness which is shining somewhere or other for him can only be reached by the proper use of his freedom. Whence once more we are led to aver that Hedonism or doctrine of pleasure, nor Utilitarianism, the theory of individual or collective profit has it in its power to light up the darkness with which passion has clouded reason.

We are not fighting windmills, but we are warring against principalities and powers. Morality is not a mental creation. It is not a product of hallucination, it is no fiction. It is a reality. For among the acts of men some are bad, some are good, some moral, some immoral. In such deeds there must be a something that is not in others. That quality we call morality. That morality is not purely speculative, neither is it to be confounded with the physical entity of the act itself. Then what is it, this morality? That it is something, is clear from the fact that men's characters and reputations are determined by what is styled the morality or the immorality of their conscious and deliberate performances. There are acts for which men are censured, punished, disgraced. There are other acts for which men are praised, rewarded, honored. This is so, not now or then, but always; not here or there, but everywhere. What is it? It is not the effect of the mind only, neither is it the act in itself. What is it? Since it is neither one nor the other there is only this refuge left; that real thing, morality, consists in some attitude which the act takes towards something; some relation the act has toward something, some agreement of the act with something, some disagreement of the act from something, some likness or not likeness of the act to something. We have expressed in the line we have taken from St. Thomas and which has headed every one of our talks, that wonderfully pregnant line: "Good or bad in moral matters means agreement with or divergence from reason."

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MT. HEKLA.

A JOURNEY ACROSS ICELAND.

By Rev. Jön Sveinsson, S.J.

(*Concluded.*)

WE were very anxious to reach the Great Geyser, and everything seemed to be in our favor—the weather was superb, there was no wind, and not a cloud visible. We now entered a very fertile country abounding in rich pastures, and flocks of sheep could be seen browsing on the hills and plains. Thus they live during the whole summer in the open air, without any shepherd to guard them, they are only looked after when they approach too near the farms, and then they are driven again to the mountains. Sheep-raising is one of the principal industries of Iceland. More than half a million of these animals feed in the inhabited parts of the country. We meet them everywhere—in the valleys, among the rocks, in the plains, on the highest mountains, as far as the eye can reach, even to the edge of the eternal snows. They are all very fat, which proves that the pastures are very rich, and are all horned—a characteristic feature of Iceland sheep.

After midday, the heat became almost unbearable, both for us and our horses. We found it necessary, successively to lay aside our cloaks, coats, vests, jackets, and thus add a fresh burden to our pack-horses, which were already very tired. The thermometer must have been as high as 86° Fahrenheit, but the heat was not the only vexation; for the lake of Thingvalla does not abound in trout exclusively. Myriads of mosquitoes are hatched on its borders, which fill a great space of the neighborhood with their uncalled-for music. We were obliged to muffle head and face with handkerchiefs, leaving only the eyes and nose uncovered. We met a caravan; every one was as lightly dressed as ourselves. They too had to protect themselves against the bloodthirsty mosquitoes, so that we found out that we

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were not the inventors of the scheme. These troublesome insects prevented us from entering into conversation with the men, according to custom. We simply exchanged a "Saelir verid per!" and continued our journey in haste. Here and there the surroundings were charming, and we could not tire contemplating scenes so varied and at times so fairy like. I think one could travel for entire months in this country and ever admire with new delight the magnificent and unparalleled landscapes. Those who have penetrated only a short distance into the interior of the island fancy that there is no variety: but this is decidedly false. The farther you proceed the more you are disabused of this. Every new scene surpasses the preceding and the interest of the tourist is continually kept alive. Of course, this holds true only in the summer months. One of our travelling companions who had crossed Switzerland, Scotland, and Norway, assured us that nothing in these countries can be compared to the natural beauties of Iceland. We met many Englishmen who had visited the island for the third or fourth time, and they told us that they expected to return again.

We continue to ride under this tropical sun. Many a time we had to halt to cool off at some brook before crossing. Finally, after six long hours of riding, we came to a spot which invited us to rest and there we lunched. Unbridling and unsaddling our ponies, we turned them loose upon the pasture, and then sat down in the shade of a gigantic tower of lava. Here we took our meal with great appetite. An hour later we pursued our journey. We were then scarcely half way to our next station. The aspect of the country changed again. We traversed vast plains which stretched out far and wide. At a distance we sighted lake "Langarvatu," which means "lake of boiling springs." It is neither as large nor as beautiful as lake Thingvalla, but it presents a novel feature. Clusters of vapor columns are continually ascending from it into the sky; the Great Geyser cannot be far. We hurry past this region of vapor which betrays no little mixture of sulphur. The overwhelming heat is succeeded by an unwholesome freshness. We hasten to put on again the articles of clothing which we had put off some hours before. The mosquitoes had entirely disappeared. We proceed at full speed. Farms appear in every direction; mowers are busy in the meadows. At every path leading to a house, our horses are inclined to turn, but we can not possibly stop along the road. We strike another river which we must cross. Numberless wild duck are seen everywhere, and flocks of ducklings following their mothers; it was a charming sight.

The sun disappeared behind the glittering glaciers; the fog throws a dark mantle over the surroundings. Our road lies across a kind of pathless desert. Suddenly our horses stop, seem to deliberate, and refuse to proceed. What was the matter? We could see no obstacle. We use the whip freely, but they do not stir; they are trembling all over. We concluded that we were on a dangerous track, doubtless some quagmire, where we might have perished and from which we were only saved by the wonderful instinct of our ponies. We retraced our steps and once on the right path we galloped at full speed, to make up for lost time. Thanks to our faithful steeds, we were saved if not from a certain danger, at least from a great discomfort.

It was 8 P. M., when we reached the foot of a mountain clad in brushwood; the ascent proved to be very tiresome owing to its steepness. The fog grew thicker as we advanced. Before starting our upward march, I hastened to a farm to inquire about the road. "You cannot reach the Geyser to-night," said they, "but you may follow the mountain road, which is good and even. In four hours you will arrive at Brûarà, and after having crossed a torrent you

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will come to a farm where you may rest."

I thanked the farmer for the information and wished to leave immediately, but he started, in his turn, to put questions, which I was bound to answer. I then rejoined my companion and we began to climb the mountain. Emerging upon the summit, our horses quickened their pace, and the darker it grew the quicker they ran. At last the darkness became so pronounced that we could not distinguish anything ten or fifteen feet ahead of us. We had to put on our oil-silk suits, for the atmosphere was damp and cold. At the end of a four hours' ride we heard the dull roaring of a torrent; it was the fall of the Brûarâ. We spurred on our ponies and soon arrived at its banks. The river is eighty feet broad. Half way across, it is perfectly fordable, but exactly in the middle is a deep cleft, into which the waters from either side fall, and then in a collected volume roar over a precipice a little lower down. Across this cleft, some wooden planks have been thrown—the only bridge in Iceland—over which we were to gain the opposite bank. Our horses hesitate; never had they attempted such a feat. We had much trouble to urge them on. The bridge, especially, which itself was under water, caused them to fear. However, as they seemed to realize that there was no other way, they crossed the cascade. We were stunned by the noise of the roaring water.

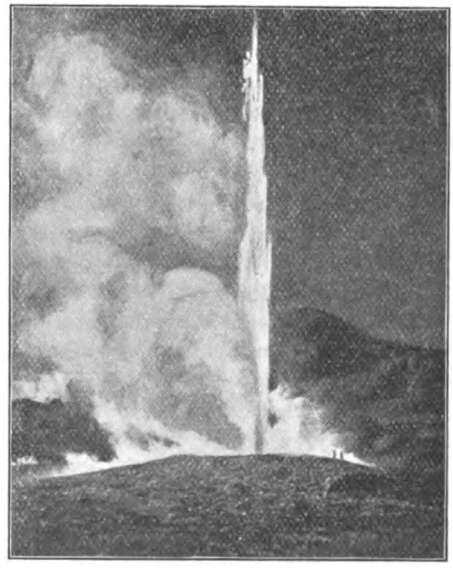
It is midnight; how we long to meet a dwelling! Every now and then we were deceived by enormous blocks of lava, which, at a distance, appear to be houses. After a good half-hour we see a horse, an infallible sign of the neighborhood of a farm. In fact five minutes later we perceived a house and hurried to ask hospitality for the night. Unfortunately it contained no guest's room, nothing but what is called *l'Etuve*, and we could not think of sleeping in it.

In Iceland an *Etuve* is a spacious hall, furnished as in the time of "Harold Haarfager," with big and heavy wooden bedsteads along the walls; the men sleep on one side, and the women on the other. Sometimes a kind of partition separates them, but this occurs seldom. The beds accommodate two or more persons; and no one may occupy a bed exclusively for himself, if more strangers wish to lodge at the farm. As long as there is a place left, visitors are welcome to it. This strange custom dates from the Middle Ages, and was common in most of the countries of northern Europe. The insufficiency of ventilation in these dormitories adds much to the discomfort.

"How far is it to the nearest farm?" I inquired.

"A half-hour's ride," they answered.

As we could not spend the night in the "Etuve" we continued our way. It took us an hour and a half to find the farm of "Vesturhild," a path across the meadows leading us to it. We arrived at last before the house; everybody was asleep. However, they had heard the stamping of our horses and some one came to the window to see what was the



THE GREAT GEYSER.

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matter. Curiosity soon attracted many more. I saluted them, saying—

"*Her sè Gud!*" God be with you!

They all answered "God bless you!"

I then asked: "Can you accommodate two travellers for the night?" They stared at one another, deliberated among themselves; finally one of them cried out—

"Do you hail from a foreign land?"

"Yes, from Copenhagen."

The consultation was renewed; several new faces appeared at the window. They looked at us with evident curiosity; we were made a spectacle to the angels and to men. Poor little Frederick was exhausted with fatigue and longing for rest. I feared lest he should fall asleep on the saddle, if we had to go farther, and endeavored to cheer him up. The door finally opened, and a man approached us and said: "We have no guest chamber, but there is still room in the 'Etuve'; if you are pleased with it, you are welcome."

"Is it far from here to the next farm?" I answered.

"Austerhild is at an hour's distance," he replied, "there you will find a luxurious room."

I made up my mind at once; thither we had to push our way, and that without delay.

"Wait a moment," said the farmer. He rushed to the opposite side of the house and soon re-appeared on horseback.

"Give me the bridle of your packhorse, I will accompany you; it is so dark and you do not know the road."

I thanked him heartily and having saluted the crowd at the window we set out in haste. In less than an hour, we arrived at a large and beautiful farm; our guide alighted, climbed the roof and leaning over a small window, he cried with all his might—

"God be with you!" From the interior of the house came the traditional answer—"God bless you!"

He leaped from the roof, mounted his horse and bade us good-bye. I experienced some difficulty in making him accept a few coins for the invaluable service he had rendered us. "We are accustomed to help strangers without payment," said he.

Scarcely had he departed, when a young damsel issued from the house followed by her brother; they approached us, and after the usual salutations, I excused myself for disturbing them in the dead of night. "Never mind," said she, "this is no inconvenience; our parents will be too happy to extend you hospitality; please wait a moment, I will light a lamp." Her brother took charge of the ponies and soon introduced us into the house. We traversed a spacious vestibule and then entered an elegant little parlor, which we left immediately to put aside our cloaks, all saturated by the heavy fog. On returning we were not a little surprised to find the apartment furnished like the parlors of Copenhagen. A fine carpet covered the floor, in the centre a little round table and a sofa, along the walls a library and several pieces of mahogany furniture; everything was scrupulously neat and orderly. It was far past midnight, and as we had tasted nothing since midday, our hostess prepared supper for us to which our hunger gave the relish of a royal banquet. Our beds were gotten ready in two separate rooms. They asked us to choose between down coverlets and woolen blankets; we preferred the latter, for the weather was very mild.

We enjoyed a refreshing sleep, and awoke very late in the day; the sun darted its warm and brilliant rays into the rooms when we opened our eyes. After coffee we set out to admire the beautiful landscape. Before us stretched imposing mountains; beneath, a delightful valley; in the background, glaciers of dazzling whiteness, and in their midst Mt. Hekla crowned with ice and snow. The mountains, glaciers and valleys, had assumed new traits of beauty, owing to the fine weather which

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AN ICELANDIC FARM.

followed the fog of yesterday; the air was embalmed with the perfume of wild mountain flowers. On the right we could see Hankadalen and the Great Geyser, smoking and roaring.

We departed from Austerhild in the afternoon, and had been hardly two hours riding when we reached the farm of Lang, situated about 800 feet from the Great Geyser; here dwells Sigurdr of Lang. He is eighty years old, strong and alert for his age. His great kindness to all has become a byword in Iceland. He owns three farms south of the Geyser. Two years ago, to the evident mortification of the Icelanders, he sold the Geyser, which was his property, to an Englishman, for the paltry sum of $15,000. The intention of the purchaser is to surround it with a high wall in order to tax every pilgrim who wishes to get a look at it. Really the Englishmen are shrewd merchants! This explains a rumor we heard at Reykjavik. An agent of an English firm had landed there to make arrangements with the local authorities about building a railway from the capital to the Geyser. A line of steamers would ply conjointly between Liverpool and Iceland. They agreed to pay $20,000 a year for the land, for the space of thirty years, after which the railway would be their property. The work was to be begun in 1895.

As nobody appeared around the house, I dismounted and with a stick struck the wall near the entrance three times. This is, during the day, the conventional announcement of the arrival of strangers; at night, one must climb the roof and shout at the window, "God be with you!" to which comes invariably the answer, "God bless you!" Scarcely had I complied with this usage, when a woman opened the door and saluted us. I asked her whether I could speak to the master of the house; she disappeared at once to call him. I wished to beg Sigurdr to kindly guide us to "Kallmanstunga," a farm situated in the midst of a desert on the opposite side of the mountain before us. It required an eight hours' ride over a great stony sea of lava, during which time not a house nor a blade of grass was to be found.

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Our greatest danger, however, lay in the crossing of the thirteen branches of the rapid Jökelelv Hvita. No one dares engage in this undertaking without a sure and experienced guide. But three men can boast of guiding you safely through this dangerous part of the country; namely, Sigurdr of Lang, his son Greipr of Hankadalr, and Gudjön, a farmer of the neighborhood. In spite of his advanced age, Sigurdr is the best of the trio. The gentleman accosted us in a friendly manner. He is a man of a noble and imposing mien, with a snow-white beard. I saluted him; he stared at me without answering, then he bent over a little boy who accompanied him; the child shouted into his ear: "The gentleman salutes you—*Saelir verid per!*"

Sigurdr then said, "Welcome, my friends!"

"I come to beg you," I cried with all my might, "to accompany us to Kallmanstunga!" I had not spoken loud enough, so the child repeated my words. The old man thought a moment and answered:

"I fear I am not able to render you this service, but my son Greipr will most readily accompany you; and if he cannot, I will go with you." He then took me by the arm and asked a thousand questions, to answer which I yelled myself hoarse. When this lung and throat exercise was over, he told the boy to lead us to the Geyser to show us the environs, and then to guide us to Hankadalr where his son Greipr lives.

We were, therefore, to contemplate, for the first time, the Great Geyser. We soon reached the foot of a round rocky hill; from its summit arose thick columns of vapor presenting the appearance of a dozen factory chimneys; the air was impregnated with a nauseous odor resembling sulphurated hydrogen, a great subterraneous noise was heard, like that of boiling water; for the water is always boiling in these immense stone vessels. The boy walked before us showing the way as we ascended to the basin of the Geyser. Our horses began to show sign of fear; they scented the rocks on which they stepped and finally refused to advance. Pricking up their ears, they looked about in great anxiety. We were forced to use the whip to urge them forward, but they only dragged on with great precaution and appeared thoroughly frightened. Having reached a certain height we saw before us a round opening about the size of our Amagatoro at Copenhagen, whence escaped a dense vapor which rose to a great height. Our ponies stared at this strange spectacle for a few seconds, when, overcome by fear, they deliberately wheeled around. We could not keep them quiet, so we were forced to dismount and lead them by the bridle. Passing several of these steaming orifices we pushed on till we reached the Great Geyser. The rocks about these geysers are burning hot, whilst the ground around is of the ordinary temperature. These seething rocks produce a hissing sound like steam escaping from an engine. Our horses became more and more terrified and walked as if they were treading on burning coals.

Finally, we reach the Great Geyser. A smooth stone basin, seventy-two feet in diameter, and four feet deep, stood before us, brimful of boiling clear water, which bubbled up more violently in the centre than at the edges. I dipped my finger lightly into it; but even this slight contact left a burning mark. Several scientists have taken the temperature of this water: On the surface it indicates 185° Fahrenheit; at a depth of sixty feet it rises to 250°. We longed to see an eruption of the Great Geyser, but we were sadly disappointed. Our guide wondered at the interest we took in this unparalleled phenomenon of nature. He was born in its neigborhood, saw it daily and had witnessed many a violent manifestation of wrath of this monster. I asked whether it was safe to stay so near the basin, as, in case of an eruption we would have a

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rather disagreeable shower bath of boiling water.

"Oh!" he answered, "it does not occur without a warning. Before the water bursts into the air, subterraneous thunders accompanied by earthquakes, admonish you to look for a safe spot which you find in going against the wind." I further inquired how the eruption takes place. He replied—

"The whole mass of water lifts itself up and rises like a column into the air, sometimes 200 feet. This action is repeated four or five times successively. Most of the water falls back into the basin, except in times of strong wind; the rest turns into vapor and scatters."

"When did such an eruption take place?"

"Last night."

"Does it happen often?"

"Oh! the fits are very irregular; sometimes they occur two or three times a day, sometimes once in three weeks; but last spring the eruptions occurred almost every twenty-four hours."

Afterwards we visited the smaller geysers. The most remarkable of these is the Strokr. Its water boils more violently than that of the Great Geyser; so that its groaning and hissing could be heard at a distance. The orifice of the Strokr measures only six feet in diameter. As it has no basin, we could approach to the very edge of its funnel, which is smoothly hollowed out of a red rock, and look down at the water boiling perpetually at the bottom. We found it impossible to lead our horses to this geyser; the noise and vapor made them shiver. After having satisfied our curiosity we directed our steps to Hankadalr,



ICELANDIC PEASANTS

where we wished to spend the night. We forded a river in which our horses got a cold bath, for the water reached to their shoulders. At Hankadalr we gave the conventional sign of three strokes against the wall, which instantly brought out farmer Greipr. He is a tall, strong young man. He received us with the utmost politeness, especially when he learned that we came from his father's house. We were conducted into the guest's room, which was simply furnished and exquisitely neat. Our bedsteads consisted of trunks placed side by

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side, the sheets and coverlets were rather rough. Our host served us the best he had. In the evening as we were sitting on the lawn in front of the house, chatting and enjoying the fine scenery, suddenly we saw a man on horseback galloping towards us. We were not long before recognizing old Sigurdr himself, and we rose to meet him Having alighted, the old man affectionately embraced his son. He had come to ascertain whether his son would be able to accompany us the next day to Kallmanstunga. They held a protracted consultation together. It seems that Greipr had never travelled over more than half the road, and we needed a guide who was perfectly acquainted with the whole; for should a fog overtake us on the mountains, we might easily stray from our path and thus be exposed to spend one or two nights without a shelter. It was, therefore, decided that Greipr should ask Gudjön to accompany us, and if he could not do so, Sigurdr himseif would be our guide. After this, he bid us good night and returned home.

A message was accordingly sent to Gudjön, but he was absent; we were forced to stay at Hankadalr the whole of the following day. We profited by this delay to visit the environs and to make a collection of minerals for our museum of Ordrupshoj. This part of Iceland abounds in hot springs, many of which still bear their old Catholic names. Near the farm is St. Martin's spring; the landlady uses its clear and healthy water for kitchen purposes, and she keeps there her kettles and some pans. The good people of the village also come to this spring to prepare their meals, and thus spare wood and coal, the subterraneous fire renders them service gratis, winter and summer. I put a box of canned meat into this boiling water and after a quarter of an hour we enjoyed a good repast. Near this crater, a basin has been dug into which the boiling water flows. Here it soon cools down, and when in winter the water is frozen everywhere else, the cattle come to drink it.

While here we had an opportunity to observe the love the Icelanders have for their horses. At midday the oldest boy went to drive in a dozen ponies in order to feed them on hay. We all left the house with the children. Scarcely were the ponies in sight when they ran to meet them crying out, "Oh, the dear little creatures!" The ponies stepped forward with the greatest care for fear of treading on the children, who hung about them caressing them and calling each one by his name. After the meal, they leaped on the horses and galloped off. One pony did not follow the crowd but ran to the entrance of the house, stuck his head inside and began to stamp.

"He wants his milk" said one of the children that stood near him. The landlady soon appeared with a small pail of sheep milk and gave it to the pony. She told me that she bought the animal when a foal and raised it on sheep milk, to which he became so accustomed that every day, at this hour, he came to the house for it. In the afternoon we visited the greatest waterfall of Iceland, named "Kellegulfoss." Here the river Hvita tumbles its mass of water down a lofty precipice. The roaring of the torrent can be heard from afar, and at several miles distant a column of spray can be seen curling about the fall.

When we returned to the house, Frederick played hide-and-seek with the children; I was really struck by the ease with which children make friends; later on, Frederick organized games of hide-and-seek at every farm we stopped at, to the great joy of the parents and the amusement of the children. Nowhere was he in want of companions, for Iceland swarms with children in this part. Meanwhile old Sigurdr and his son succeeded in finding our guide; he asked five dollars for his service, the usual fee, for he was to lose two days and he had to use two horses on account of the

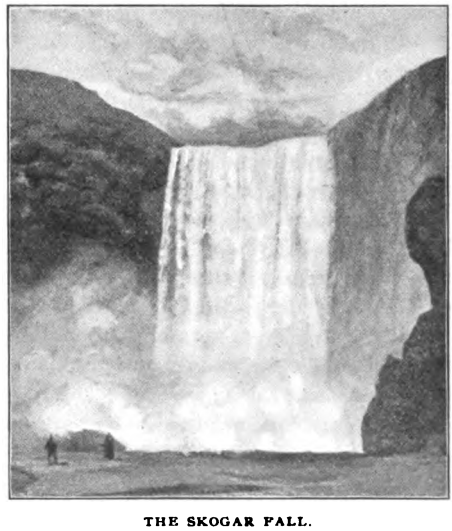
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difficulties and fatigues of the journey. It was decided that we should leave at six o'clock in the morning.

The next day, before leaving, I wished to settle accounts with our host, but he refused all payment, although we had spent two days and two nights at his house. After much entreaty I succeeded in making him accept a small sum for which he and his wife thanked me with many expressions of gratitude. Everywhere in Iceland the good people of the country look upon hospitality as a sacred duty, and treat as best they can all those the Lord sends them. I was grieved to hear that sometimes travellers behave rudely towards their charitable hosts. A landlady said to me: "Oh, the strangers are never satisfied with our services. They complain of not being better treated, and of getting bad food; they accuse us of uncleanliness and of charging too much for their board. Once we asked fifty cents a head; they found the price exhorbitant, and yet we lost a day's work and gave them the best we possessed." These exacting tourists do not reflect on what the least article costs these poor people. Coffee, sugar, flour, oil, in a word, everything, has to be brought from a great distance on the backs of horses.

Between six and seven o'clock we left Hankadalr with five horses. As we ascended the nearest mountain, we saw the Great Geyser in eruption. What a mortification not to be nearer! Our road was now the worst imaginable; sometimes we faced a steep ascent up a high mountain; then a rugged descent into a deep valley; again we cut across a bleak desert strewn with big stones, afterward we climbed another mountain. Thus we trudged along the whole day. We traversed the valley Kaldadal, locked up between two imposing glaciers which skirt the path, so that we rode in the snow. The weather, however, was superb. This slow and laborious locomotion had lasted about fourteen hours when at 9 P. M. we struck an even path on which we could ride at a fair rate. Again we had to slacken our speed to descend into a broad valley. We reached the ford of the river Hvita between one and two o'clock A. M. Our readers will remember that at this season there is no night in this northern region, the sun scarcely goes below the horizon. We gazed in astonishment upen this torrent which hurled its foamy waters over numberless rocks. Our guide stopped, examined the river and said—"It is impossible to cross at this spot; it is too dangerous."

We then skirted the river for a while and made another halt. Our guide tried first to cross the torrent alone with his best pony. In spite of the repeated application of the whip, the poor animal refused to plunge into this icy water; but he finally yielded and walked into the river till the water reached his shoulders. The current dragged him along; suddenly he sank into a hole and his head alone appeared above the surface; he was wet to the belt. Happily the pony succeeded in gaining a footing, but only to retrace his steps. Gudjön betrayed some embarrassment, and proposed to continue along the river until we found a more favorable ford. After a short time we made another trial, but



THE SKOGAR FALL.

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without success. The horse could not withstand the current; the ford was too uneven. With much effort and with great difficulty did he succeed in returning. We went further up the river in search of a more fordable place. Our brave guide, fatigued and soaked as he was, did not lose heart. He tried a third time, and was lucky enough to reach the opposite bank. He returned immediately and took Frederick on his own horse; the poor beast had again to fight against the violent current. In the middle of the river he sank into a hole as the first time, but happily extricated himself in a moment. Frederick alighted and Gudjön returned to take me across. He made me mount his horse and he leaped upon mine. We tied the others together by the bridle and he took the lead while I closed up the file. For a while we were carried along by the current, but arrived in the middle of the river we were better able to resist its violence and we touched the bank without any other accident.

More than ever we experienced the strength and safety of our dear little Iceland horses. We were told that these ponies are never drowned, and if the riders know how to cling to them, they need have no fear in crossing rivers; the danger is less than it appears. Those who meet with serious accidents are either under the influence of liquor or rashly hazard a crossing at a place where the torrent is too deep, and where the horses are obliged to swim with the riders on their backs. We traversed the twelve other branches of the river without further incident.

After this we journeyed through a barren pathless desert. Our guide did not know the exact situation of the farm of Kallmanstunga, so we were forced to search for it. To our great joy at three o'clock A. M., we suddenly found ourselves on a fine lawn; we were at Kallmanstunga. We alighted. Our guide climbed the roof of the house and cried:

"*Her voere Gud!*" and the answer came—"God bless you!"

Without delay the door was opened and a cordial reception awaited us. Throughout the rest of our journey we experienced the same cordiality and courtesy wherever we stopped.

We stayed a whole day at Kallmanstunga to rest ourselves and our ponies, as we had a hard and fatiguing journey before us. It is useless to describe our sojourn at Kallmanstunga, as it varies little from the one at Hankadalr.

Our next station was Grimstunga. To reach it we had to traverse the Arnarvatusheide, a magnificent tract of land with great natural beauty, but entirely uninhabited. We were lucky enough to meet two travellers who were going in the same direction—a student of Reykjavik, and an elderly lady. The young man had made this trip several times and he assured us that he knew the road perfectly.

We rose at 3 A. M. Before leaving we asked our host how much we owed him; he answered, $3 75. This was the only place where the price was mentioned. At 4 A. M., we set out, hoping to arrive at Grimstunga about 11 P. M., should there happen no accident. Our host accompanied us for three hours, to direct us to the best ford of the river Nordlunga. Sometimes we beheld immense rocks rising vertically to a height of more than 5000 feet, whose ice-crowned summits sparkled with a thousand fires beneath the rays of the setting sun; then we descried lofty blue mountains, studded with crystal lakes, on which flocks of snow-white swan were sporting. At midday we took an hour's rest on the shore of one of these lakes, into which leaped a magnificent cascade. On resuming our journey our guide, mistaking the path, led us by a circuitous road through a wild desert, so that instead of arriving at Grimstunga at 11 P. M., we arrived at 5 A. M. the following day. The people had already risen when we neared the farm.

The reception tendered us at Grimstunga was most cordial. Our host

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AKUREYRI.

helped us to take off our overcoats and our dirty boots, and then offered us a drink of warm milk. Shortly after an excellent breakfast was served, consisting of trout, meat, vegetables, delicious bread and fresh butter, and rhubarb preserves, seasoned with sweet cream. The owner of Grimstunga is a wealthy gentleman and a representative of this part of the island in Congress. Soon after we retired to bed for a well deserved rest. We rose late in the afternoon and felt entirely refreshed. We spent the night at Grimstunga to give more time to our horses to recuperate, because their backs were sore and raw. No guide was henceforth needed as our road lay through the luxuriant plains of fertile valleys dotted with cozy farm houses. I will be brief on this part of my trip lest I prolong too much an already lengthy narrative. The farmers of the North in general enjoy comfort and wealth and can easily afford being generous to strangers. We are glad to say that a large share of that generosity was lavished upon us.

The following day we bade farewell to our kind hosts and entered the picturesque Vastursdal. This valley lies between two chains of mountains; through the centre flows a large river, with numerous houses on its banks. Wherever we turn we can see the mowers' cutting the grass on the meadows. We stopped over night at a farm named Karusa. We were cordially welcomed by the owner of the place, a young theological student of the college of Reykjavik, who lives in a fine two-story building. He put a suite of four apartments at our disposal—a parlor, dining-room, and two sleeping rooms, each furnished with a large English bed. This young gentleman and his sister, who keeps house for him, spared no pains to make us feel at home. I intimated that our saddles needed repairs; immediately a saddler was called who did the job very neatly. Before leaving, the hostess gave Frederick a box of candy. Such a gift can only be appreciated when one remembers with what difficulties these articles are procured. No entreaties could make them accept the least remuneration. "Our mother strictly forbade us," said the gentleman, "to receive any payment from those who ask for hospitality." We were not even

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allowed to pay for the repairs of our saddles. Later on I learned that this family was in rather moderate circumstances.

After heartily thanking our hosts for their extreme kindness, we set out in company with the young student who wished to guide us to the farm "Huansum" where we intended to pass the night. On reaching Huansum our worthy companion introduced us to the owner of the place who welcomed us most politely. He was a well educated gentleman who had travelled a great deal and was an entertaining conversationalist. Here I slept the first time in what they called a "closed bed." A similar article can be seen in the Museum of Northern Antiquities, at Copenhagen.

Our host's son escorted us a great distance, for we had to cross a chain of mountains. The boy bid us farewell when we could see the farm "Solheimar," our next station. We rode by the side of a charming lake several miles long but very narrow. It reminded us of Loch Lomond, in the mountains of Scotland, with this difference, that the latter is surrounded by beautiful woods, whilst around the former there is no sign of a tree. At Solheimar we were sumptuously entertained.

To-day we were to tread the valley for the last time, first crossing the torrent Blanda, which is much deeper than the Hvita, where we had to undergo so great fatigues, and then riding over a chain of mountains. This stretch would bring us to the farm "Vidimyri," by sunset. The farmer of Solheimar ordered a boy to help us to cross the Blanda. On nearing the bank of the river the boy ascended a knoll and cried with all his might, "ferjâ!" *i. e.*, "ferry-boat!" Our guide had to yell again and again before he could be heard. The echo of the mountains repeated without end, "ferjà!" Finally we noticed an old man coming down a neighboring hill and advancing slowly in our direction; he was the ferryman. His voice was very harsh, and his strength seemed prodigious. He placed our saddles and boxes in the boat and then drove the ponies into the river, where they were obliged to swim. Shortly before reaching Vidimyri we found ourselves on the coast facing the isle of Drasig, so renowned for the exploits of Gretta. It is an enormous rock rising perpendicularly above the waves, at a short distance from the shore. There lived for twenty years the outlaw Gretta, and there he was surprised by his enemies and assassinated after a bold resistance. We were treading upon the spot where his head was buried by the murderers.

From Vidimyri we went to Silfrastathir. Between these two farms lies a very deep river having several branches. One of these, called "Héradsvötnin," the horses swam, and we crossed it on a boat; the others, we forded. Once we found it difficult to discover the ford. We saw a little girl on the opposite bank. We called her and inquired where we could cross. She directed her pony to where we stood and told us to follow her. We did so without hesitation, and gained the opposite bank without difficulty. On such occasions the usual word exchanged is "Happy journey"! but in these parts of Iceland, intersected by torrents and rivers, they say: "Good river"! With this wish the girl galloped off. We arrived safely at Silfrastathir and stayed over night

Around Silfrastathir the scenery was beautiful, our path leading us through the picturesque defiles of the Oscnadal. In the afternoon we were rowed over the deep river Horgara which waters the fertile Horgarasdal valley, and came to the farm of Modruvollum, which is well known throughout the country. Madame Stephensen, the lady of the house, gave us a cordial reception. Modruvollum is the most important farm we met on our trip and there is an excellent school attached to it. The children were then in vacation.

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Madame Stephensen ordered a servant to guide us to Hjalteyei, our last station. It is a little merchant town situated at the extreme end of the beautiful bay of Ofjord. Here lives Gunnar Einarsson, with his family, the only Catholics of Iceland. If one remembers that they have the consolations of our holy religion but every other year, he will easily conceive the great joy this faithful little flock experiences on the arrival of a priest in their midst. We had eight days to stay with them; a time of grace for these dear brothers in the faith, so abandoned in this forlorn place. The best apartment of the house was immediately turned into a chapel. Every day I said Mass, and preached on the principal truths of our holy religion, and each member of the family approached the sacraments several times with touching fervor. Never shall I forget the kindness and reverence with which I was treated by this excellent family. I have described the generous hospitality we enjoyed from those who were not of our faith; it would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the affectionate welcome we experienced from our Catholic brethren. It was therefore with reluctance that we tore ourselves away from them on August 23, to hasten to Akureyri, whence the steamer "Thyra" was to take us back to Copenhagen. At Akureyri we disposed of our ponies, which had rendered us such good services. Thanks to our host Gunnar, who accompanied us, we sold them very advantageously. The "Thyra" was late. Gunnar however did not leave us until he had seen us safe on board the steamer.

There we met many of our former travelling campanions, all of whom were much pleased with their stay in Iceland, and the greater number desirous to return again. We related our numerous adventures, and listened with attention to theirs. Our seventeen days' trip on horseback had seemed to us an extraordinary feat, but we stopped boasting when we learned that some of our friends had been three, and even five consecutive weeks scouring the country on little ponies. All looked healthy and were delighted with the benefits they reaped during their short stay in this happy clime. I was very glad to meet an English Catholic priest on board—the professor of canon law and moral theology at Oscott College. Before his trip he suffered so much from insomnia that he was rendered unfit for work. His physician advised him to make an excursion to Iceland, and this completely restored him to health. All the tourists said that there was no place like Iceland to regain health and strength of body, especially if the summer is always as beautiful as it is this year. I am afraid, however, that this is not the case.

Travelling in Iceland has a charm of its own, unknown elsewhere. The daily riding, the varied scenes, the objects of interest—all break the monotony and routine experienced in a trip by rail. Even Scotland, with its mountains, lakes and forests, has lost by the introduction of modern comforts, and by the profuse description of every nook and corner. Here you travel always in the open air, behold remarkable scenery, and are continually led from surprise to surprise. Frederick and I could judge of the difference between these two countries, having extensively travelled together over Scotland, the preceding year. There we travelled in comfortable cars, steamboats carried us across the lakes, tramways took us up the mountains and everywhere sumptuous hotels with all their luxuries were opened to us. In Iceland there are no hotels, no railways, no steamers, no noise nor smoke, except the low grumbling of the geysers and the vapor of the hot springs. You breathe the purest and most invigorating air and enjoy the greatest liberty. You start and stop where you please, you rest as long as you please; there is no ticket to be bought, no time-table to be followed, no darkness to be dreaded, for the sun does not set in summer. As for

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food, you get your provisions beforehand, moreover, you are always warmly welcomed by the good people of the country and invited to share their frugal repast. Sometimes you may lunch sitting on a green knoll, and for drink you have the purest water in the world, for the spring water of Iceland, as a Danish physician affirms, is so remarkable for its purity and health-giving properties that it would pay to bottle it for transportation. In many locations it has a strong taste.

We steamed out of Ofjord Bay August 26th, and coasted for several days stopping at half a dozen harbors and fiords to receive passengers and merchandise. Every night the firmament was illumined by the splendors of the aurora borealis. Among the passengers we counted about a hundred inhabitants of the Faroe Islands, who, after fishing on the coasts of Iceland for two months, were returning home. They were a jolly set, full of good humor; and every evening they sang some of the touching national melodies for which their country is famous.

At the Faroes I again visited the old lady at Hvidernaes, celebrated Mass in her house, and gave her holy Communion, though the captain allowed me scarcely more time than at our first visit. From the Faroes we sailed to Edinburgh; thence to Copenhagen where we landed September 6th, late in the evening; at half-past ten we boarded the train for Klompenborg and at midnight reached home—our college at Ordrupshoj.

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FOR SEPTEMBER, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with His Blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

WORK OF SPIRITUAL RETREATS.

ABOUT this time every year thousands of priests and religious retire from their parochial, scholastic and missionary duties, and devote themselves in solitude to the exercises of what is called a "Retreat." From time to time during the year these retreats are given to the laity, men and women, in houses set apart for this special purpose, and it is gratifying to note that that they are growing in favor with all classes.

To one who is familiar with these exercises, nothing is more amusing than the vague notions which even Catholics commonly entertain of them. It is an instance of the perplexity that often arises from making more of the name or of the circumstances connected with a thing than of the thing itself. Many pious persons have attended missions given in our churches, who would be surprised to learn that, when rightly given, a mission embraces much of the substance of a retreat.

The very name "retreat" suggests withdrawal from active pursuits; the circumstances in which a retreat is usually made, particularly the solitude, cloak it about with mystery. Unfortunately, most people associate activity with some bodily exercise, or with the variety and distraction attendant upon external dealings and intercourse with others. Hence, the erroneous impression that a spiritual retreat is a time for idleness, monotony, *ennui*, or else, for something so mysterious, singular or esoteric as to be suited only for men and women in peculiar circumstances.

It would not be so bad if it were only an error people make about retreats; the pity is that they conceive a prejudice against them, and even go so far as to misjudge those who go into retreat, simply because they are ignorant of its real nature, or, what is far worse, because in this, as in other sacred matters, they regard the perverted notions so eagerly propagated by the enemies of everything truly Catholic.

One would think that before forming any opinion about a retreat, the simplest thing would be to make one. Opportunities are plentiful and pressing invitations are given to all. But, here again, the wells are poisoned. People plead mystery, and they are begged to penetrate the mystery, to make a retreat and judge for themselves. "No, indeed," they rejoin; "the mystery is impenetrable." And then comes out the old Protestant objection to the retreats given by the founder of the work of retreats. When the early Calvinists and Lutherans could not hinder the wonderful results of the retreats given by St. Ignatius and his companions, they

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sought to deter people from making them by ascribing their virtue to the craft and cunning of the author. Similarly some misguided Catholics will persist in believing and saying that a retreat is a series of reflections which covertly but infallibly brings the one who makes them around to the views of the one who suggests or directs them.

Then there is that well-meaning class that has a great respect for retreats as well as for those who make them. Indeed, their respect is entirely too great; it amounts to a reverence which keeps them from trying the benefits of a retreat for themselves. They think that it is good for priests, for religious, before deciding one's vocation, before changing one's state in life, or engaging in any serious enterprise, as a preparation for death, or when one feels moved to repent thoroughly of the past, and lead a perfect life in future.

We might go on enumerating the erroneous views that are so prevalent on this subject, but those we have just mentioned suffice to show how necessary it is to pray for the object of our General Intention this month, the work of spiritual retreats. When we recall that it is prayer which, from the very beginning, has made not only Catholics, but even many Protestants, appreciate these retreats rightly, we may pray with renewed confidence that they may find with all classes the favor they deserve.

What is a retreat? To answer this question properly we must put it in the form of our title, and ask, What is the work of spiritual retreats? A retreat is nothing if not work, downright, serious application of every faculty of the soul and body, a work so intense and absorbing that every other must be set aside, so jealous of distractions that it must be done apart from our usual business or social associations. Hence the name retreat.

Now when St. Ignatius first proposed the exercises that have since been commonly adopted as the best for spiritual retreats, he did not call them by this name. He entitled them *Spiritual Exercises*, and those who are most experienced in giving them, have always adhered to his title for the same reasons which led him to adopt it. There were retreats in his day, as in our own, that meant anything but work; and these retreats were spiritual besides. Pietism, and Molinism, and similar errors had taken hold of men of the highest intellect, deluding them into the belief that the most perfect religious actions became possible only when the human faculties reached a state of rest. The insidious seed of Calvinism, that later developed into Jansenism, had already been sown even in Catholic minds, and poor human nature, always so inert in the exercise of its supernatural life, was growing more inert still when some felt, by their election to grace and glory, they did not need to act, whilst others, by their doom to sin and perdition, felt they could not act well if they would.

This inactivity is the great drawback in all spiritual life. Either men do not exercise their spiritual faculties at all, or they apply some of them only to the exclusion of the others. It follows that they lead a material life, or, at most, an intellectual one: they use their minds for thinking, but their wills remain idle. They study what is good and true and beautiful with an æsthetic, not with a moral interest. They like to see good in others, they do not care to embrace it themselves. Active and wide of range as their thoughts may be, they are always ineffectual. They never take hold of a proposition and push it to its conclusion; they never grasp a conclusion and apply it to themselves, or as we term it, make it their own. Their minds may be occupied in a way, but not so diligently as to draw their hearts into the work. They do not "consider in their hearts," to use the words of the prophet Jeremias, and therefore "with desolation is all the land made desolate."

How true that was when the spoilers

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of the fifteenth century came upon all the ways of the wilderness, to keep the terms of the prophet, leaving desolation everywhere in their path! Who that was considering in his heart, that had any interest in his religion, could have been deluded by their pretence to found a church? How could the millions have been misled by them, if only the majority of their rulers and pastors had had their hearts in their religion? Because there was no one considering in his heart, the frantic leaders of the revolt against the Church could confidently appeal to reason to accept the vagaries they were arbitrarily and whimsically substituting daily for the eternal truths of religion.

By long indulgence in a spiritual torpor men had gradually grown helpless. Their very nature craved for a proper exercise of the supernatural life to which it had been elevated, but they had grown too sluggish and dull to recognize in the so-called reform the impious revolt that it was.

It was to restore men from this torpor to a full use of the natural faculties God had given them, that St. Ignatius was inspired to write his *Spiritual Exercises*, and this is why the name exercises is preferable to the name retreats; because it signifies that reform, or a true conversion to God, is not something that can be done by merely running away from temptation, but by working and fighting the temptation until it is overcome; neither is it something that can be done for us, but something each man must do for himself; not a task that we can accomplish in herds or by proxy, but an individual, personal work, that must be brought about in each man by the exercise of every faculty that can contribute to man's true welfare, or, what is the same, God's reasonable service.

It may seem idle to some to dwell so much on the work to be done in a retreat, or on the meaning of the word exercises. When an Intention similar to this was recommended to our prayers four years ago, we were fortunate in having an article from the most genial of all our contributors, the editor of the *Irish Monthly*, the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., on the force of these two very words, Spiritual Exercises. His contribution on that occasion, printed in our number for September, 1892, cannot be read too often by those who wish to know what a retreat really implies. In the course of his remarks, he is humble enough to tell us that he had many years before planned a word-for-word study of the book written by St. Ignatius, but that he had never gone farther than these two words. To the mind of some such an admission might imply inconsistency, but to one who reflects and appreciates what it is to master these words, as Father Russell had mastered them, it was quite enough to ensure at least the proper disposition and spirit necessary for the Exercises, if not a word-for-word knowledge of them all.

Volumes have been written on the Exercises of St. Ignatius, which are nowadays the substance of all retreats properly given. The Rev. Henry Watrigant, S.J., has collected them into a library, which makes what he terms "a mountain of literature." Not to speak of the commentaries, histories, controversial works and systems of asceticism that have grown out of the one small volume left us by the saint, there exist several thousand books of meditations more or less correctly adapted from his for the use of retreats. Excellent as these books are, and useful for those who know how to use them, to the general reader they give but a faint, if any, idea of the Exercises, and they rarely serve the purpose for which St. Ignatius intended his book. It is all very well to read them and even hear instructions on them, to speculate and moralize about them; but all this is precisely one of the abuses which St. Ignatius sought to repair in writing them. There is no lack of pious reading, instruction, moralizing, but what men need is not the pas-

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sive, but the active acceptance of God's truth, and this the Exercises are meant to give.

All the books of meditation and all the commentaries based upon the Exercises of St. Ignatius are useless, nay, they may be hurtful, in so far as they will surely distract us from the real benefit we are seeking, unless we shall have first mastered the force of their title, and put ourselves in a disposition to work out our own conversion. The difference between the Exercises and every other method of asceticism is that they aim at making the simplest truths the sole principles of our belief and maxims of our conduct. Now a principle is any leading truth so well grasped that it sinks deeply into our souls and gradually influences our thoughts and views of things; it becomes so much our own, it recurs so naturally at every new turn or effort we make, it abides with us so closely, it exerts such a vital action on our conduct, prompting our motives, directing our will, repressing disorderly appetites, restraining mere impulse, and, above all, chastening our imagination so effectually, that it soon stamps a new and lasting character on our lives. It is to furnish us with true Christian principles that St. Ignatius wrote his Exercises; it is to acquire these principles that we are urged to make his Exercises in a spiritual retreat.

It would be interesting to continue this topic, and to go into detail about the manner in which principles are embraced one after another, from the first which is the starting point of all, the knowledge of God as our Creator and Last End, to the last, which is the highest aim of Christian perfection, the love of God as our All. Every exercise brings home to us its own: the meditations, inculcating, in turn, the grounds of sorrow, hatred of sin and fear of punishment, resolutions of amendment and hope in God's mercy; the contemplations, fixing in our minds the vivid and ineffaceable image of Christ, the great principle, in so much as He is the beginning and end of all things for the Christian, for with Him come naturally the principles of self-denial, poverty, humiliation and suffering that make the Christian's life; the examinations of conscience, based as they are upon the principle of vigilance, the *watch ye always*: the rules against scruples; the method of knowing by what spirit, motive, influence, we are led in all things; the principle for choosing a state of life or effectual means of reform. Not an hour goes by but some new principle is brought before us vividly and in such a way as to excite our interest, our devotion, our eager co-operation in every detail, and by every faculty of mind and heart and sense, with the special graces poured out upon us during the holy exercises of a retreat.

It is no wonder that those who have once made a serious spiritual retreat feel that it has left a lasting impression on them. It has brought them face to face with the solid realities of life, made them probe beyond the veil which hid their own consciences from themselves, urged them not to stop until they had gone down to the very roots of the disorder, worldliness and sin of their past; taught them to detect every false motive, and to strip every specious pretext of its cunning disguise. There was an old-school teaching about grace, not much in fashion nowadays, that explained the conquests of grace over human wills by the pleasure men found in accepting it. In simple words, according to this theory, men resisted temptations, because, by grace, it became a pleasure to do so. It is idle to debate whether there be anything that can make it pleasant to resist temptations of every sort, but it is indisputable that some things can render it very hard to give way. One and the chief of these is a serious spiritual retreat. Make the soul once master of the principles that lead it to put God and His divine Son, His glory and His kingdom above every other consideration in life, and it must struggle

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against its very nature to prefer itself to God, Satan to Christ, hell to heaven. Now these principles are mastered in the course of a retreat.

Why try to describe them when even those who spend eight, ten and thirty days, and return to make them year after year, profess that each new retreat opens up new thoughts, and brings home to them the old principles with a freshness and a strength they had never experienced before? Why spend time explaining them in a way that must be abstruse for those of our readers who have never had the good fortune of making them, when the easier and more impressive way of setting forth their virtue is at hand in the history of their marvellous fruits? Who will estimate these, either in quantity or in quality, from the time of the first rich harvest reaped by Ignatius himself in his companions down to our own day. What shall we compare with them? We are often appalled at the extent of the desolation brought upon Christian Europe by the revolt of Luther and his followers. What would it have been but for the retreats which St. Ignatius introduced not only to save or redeem people from heresy, but also to inspire great or influential churchmen or statesmen to renewed efforts of zeal in behalf of those under their charge?

Historians of the Protestant revolt are fond of telling how the losses of the Church in Europe were counterbalanced by its gains in the pagan countries evangelized by the sons of St. Ignatius. None but angels, who keep the records of eternity, can compare the spiritual gains in souls due to the exercises of St. Ignatius with the losses caused by our arch-enemy, Satan, through his agents of revolt and licentiousness. And yet the comparison bids fair to be favorable to us. Be it remembered that the greatest fruit and highest commendation of the *Spiritual Exercises* are not only the eulogies they drew from their worst enemies, nor even the warm words of praise pronounced by so many Popes, from Paul III. to our own reigning Pontiff, but their adoption by saints of every character and station, by nearly every religious order, and by members of the secular clergy distinguished by their holiness, as the best means of instituting true reform in every rank of Christians.

St. Vincent de Paul, along with his fellow priests, gave the exercises to 20,000 persons in twenty-five years. Well could he testify that: "Of all the means God had given men to reform a disorderly life, none had produced more signal, extensive or marvellous results than the Exercises." St. Francis de Sales wrote that, even in his day; "the Book of Exercises of St. Ignatius had converted more souls than it contains letters." St. Alphonsus de Liguori quotes St. Charles Borromeo and the saint just mentioned, together with three great masters of the spiritual life, one of them since beatified, in favor of the Exercises. To St. Charles we owe the statement that the book was more to him than all his great library, repeated in substance by Leo XIII., when telling the priests of Carpineto that once he had discovered in the *Spiritual Exercises* the solid sustenance he had been seeking, he had never put the book aside. But why go beyond ourselves for favorable testimony? There is not a Director who has to explain this Intention to his people that cannot testify from personal experience to the benefit of a retreat spent in making the Spiritual Exercises.

Now the object of this general intention is notto have the Exercises made more frequently by priests and religious. Thank God, that point is already secure. The object of our Holy Father is to make all classes of the laity embrace any opportunity afforded them of making a spiritual retreat. We have just read of their fruits and commendations; we all know our particular needs. Who is there that lives from year to year without some trouble of conscience, some disorderly motive or habit, some difficulty of mind or heart, be it of doubt or

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diffidence, in the service of God? Who is there that is always entirely at ease, and free from scruplesand spiritual delusions? Who has always his imagination under control? Who can be fully satisfied with what he knows of Christ? Who is there that grasps the principles of eternal life as strongly as he grasps the principles of temporal life? Blessed are they that have the opportunity and seize upon it. It is a sure way of knowing and following the will of God, and of entering upon immortal life.

The real object of this General Intention is to obtain by our prayers that the houses adapted for such spiritual retreats be multiplied throughout the land. As yet we are not blest, as other countries, with a number of such houses. Besides the few we mention in our Director's Review, there are many convents and religious houses in which individuals or small parties of "retreatants" can go through the Spiritual Exercises under proper direction. In France, Spain, Ireland, Canada and other countries such private retreats are very common. In the first named country the houses for these retreats are so arranged that all classes of men or women can assemble together at stated times for this salutary work. Now they come together as fellow sodalists, at another time as members of a special profession; workingmen, soldiers from the barracks, sailors, all can have the benefit of these retreats. For some years past, the Promoters of certain Centres have been making retreats in common, regularly in houses set apart for them, and the French *Messenger* very frequently commends the spirit of zeal which results from this practice. If, for lack of opportunities, we may not imitate them, we should, at least, pray that we may soon enjoy the same facilities, and do our best by advocating *triduums* and retreats in common in our churches to make up for what we sadly lack at present.

The great benefit of making these private retreats is that we can derive from them the advantage of having a Director at leisure to guide us. In the missions and retreats we are called upon to make in our churches, we must be content with the ordinary exercises, which, after all, are suited to the average requirements of each parish or society taking part in them. Then, if the parish be large, there is a necessary hurry about our confessions that leaves very little time for the special advice of a confessor. In private retreats not only can the exercises be multiplied and adapted to each particular soul, but the direction in and out of the confessional can be made to meet each one's needs. This is of the highest importance in the task of reviewing the past, of putting the present in order and of choosing a calling or rule of life for the future.

Our prayer, then, is that all may appreciate, and that as many as possible may embrace their opportunities for making a spiritual retreat. Some of these opportunities we mention in the "Director's Review," p. 783. May they be multiplied, and may Directors, fully competent, be provided for this work! May the Holy Spirit, in answer to our universal prayer, pour out the spirit of "grace and of prayers" on the work of spiritual retreats, which is the greatest of all means for perfecting and propagating the practice of prayer!

PRAYER FOR THE INTENTION OF THE MONTH.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular, for the work of Spiritual Retreats.

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THE·READER·

EFFORTS at remedial legislation for denominational schools have almost simultaneously miscarried in the British Parliament, and in the Legislature of the Dominion of Canada. After protracted discussion of the English Bill for the aid of Voluntary Schools in the House of Commons, it was found that nobody was pleased with it, and the Government consequently abandoned it after the second reading, to be taken up anew at the next session. Nobody seems to regret it, as the draft was involved, and contained much that was objectionable and discriminating against denominational schools. The present policy, as recently outlined in public speeches by His Eminence, Cardinal Vaughan, His Grace, the Duke of Norfolk, and Mr. John Dillon, M.P., is to submit a bill containing only a few clauses, securing complete equality of rights to religious schools.

Mr. Dillon puts the question in a very few words. "What is it," he says, "which Catholic schools want, and which the denominational schools require? They are only two or three very simple points, which really cover the whole ground of their claim. They want equal financial treatment as to education grants, the abolition of 17s. 6d. limit, and one or two other trifling matters. Having this, the rest of the great bill is a matter of comparative indifference to the Catholic schools, and I do hope that one of the results of the great experience we have had will be that when the problem is again faced, it will be with a short bill, and a bill which is really concerned only with the true needs and wants of Catholics and the other religious classes of the country."

The Remedial Bill in the Dominion Parliament had likewise passed the second reading, when a dissolution of Parliament was forced, and a general election held on the issue of the Manitoba School Question. Had the campaign been fought on that issue alone, there is no doubt but the cause of separate denominational schools would have triumphed; but the French Liberals of Lower Canada, under the leadership of M. Laurier, raised other political issues, which threw the Manitoba School Question in the shade, pledging themselves in the meantime to bring about an amicable settlement of the latter. Meanwhile the Catholics of Manitoba continue to suffer under the educational disabilities inflicted on them by a majority of Orangemen. What M. Laurier, who now leads the Dominion Government, will do to redress their wrongs remains to be seen. There is, however, reason to hope that the new liberal government will at an early date bring about a settlement, which will secure their constitutional rights to Catholics without seeming to infringe on the rights of the Provinces.

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Another bill has recently been introduced in the British Parliament for the amendment, explanation and extension of the educational code in Ireland, which contains many objectionable features. At a recent meeting of the Irish Bishops, held at Maynooth College, a vigorous protest was issued by their

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lordships condemning these features of the bill.

The bishops first object against the omission of the conscience clause, which opens the way to the proselytizing of Catholic children. Another serious objection to the bill is the unjust distribution of the school funds. "We regard the terms offered in this bill to denominational schools," the bishops continue, "as not much less than an affront. In denominational, that is, religious schools, it is proposed to pay 10s. ($2.50) per head, whereas, in ordinary national schools a sum of £2 0s. 10d. ($10.20) is paid for each child. Is not this imposing a penalty on religion? If the school is fit to be recognized and paid at all, on what principle is its payment cut down to one-third of that of other schools without any reference to the quality of its work? Is not this the very grievance of the voluntary schools in England—that they are paid inadequately because they retain their independence in religious teaching?" In regard to compulsory education their lordships say: "We are ready to give compulsion a fair trial, but if our Catholic schools, particularly in the towns and cities, are excluded from all participation in the public grants for education, then we are convinced that all attempts to enforce compulsion would be doomed to failure, and might stir up very angry feelings in the people.

* * *

While these great national struggles for Catholic education are going on abroad, we Catholics of the United States quietly submit to the inevitable. The non-religious (not to say godless) public school is in possession, so that, if we wish to preserve the faith of our children, there is nothing left us but to educate them at our own expense. Thus we are educating well nigh 1,000,000 of Catholic children free of cost to the State, and saving the exchequer between 15,000,000 and 20,000,000 of dollars yearly, besides bearing one-seventh of the burden for public education in the United States. How long this iniquity is going to last no man can foresee. So far it has been borne with resignation, almost without a murmur, by bishops, priests, and people. Unprecedented sacrifices have been made for Catholic education by our Catholic people. Our Catholic schools are multiplying from year to year. There is hardly a week that we do not read of the inauguration or dedication of a new Catholic school. Despite the efforts made by the enemies of Catholic education to discredit our schools, there was in the past year an increase of nearly sixteen per cent in the attendance of Catholic schools over the preceding year.

Wherever the pupils of our Catholic schools were allowed to compete with those of the public schools, they have shown equal, or even superior, proficiency in the secular branches of learning, in spite of the fact that, owing to their crippled financial condition, they must in most places labor under great disadvantages. The confidence of Catholic parents in our Catholic schools is therefore well founded. We have every reason to be thankful and even proud of their efficiency.

Nor is this to be wondered at. Our Catholic teachers, as a rule, are recruited from the best and most intelligent element of our American society—not from the very wealthy, who are likely to be demoralized by luxury, nor from the very poor, the development of whose mental faculties may be stunted by hardships and want, but from that middle class who represent the energy and intelligence of the country. For the most part they enjoy all the facilities desirable for a good mental training. They have good traditions, and the experience of centuries to back them. They are entirely devoted to their work; they have no other concern but the welfare of the pupils intrusted to their charge. They have adopted teaching as a life-long profession, many of them bind-

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ing themselves by special vow to that profession. They do not, as secular teachers generally do, use their profession as a stepping-stone to a more honorable and lucrative position. It would be strange, indeed, if the pupils of such teachers should fail to be proficient in any branch of scholastic studies.

It is not, however, for the sake of their superior efficiency in the secular branches that parents intrust their children to Catholic schools, but on account of the one thing needful—religious training. It will not do to train the head and the hand at the expense of the heart and the spirit. To separate religion from education, to use the words of Leo XIII., is to execute the judgment of Solomon on the child—to cut him in twain. The advocates of secular education say to the parent: Take you the trunk, let us take the head of the child, and we care not whether God or Beelzebub takes the soul. The child is divided; there is no harmony in its development. The spiritual faculties and the sense of morality remain dormant or become entirely extinct. The better part of education is neglected; its purpose is frustrated. What will it avail the child to become proficient in all secular learning, if he incurs the loss of faith and innocence, and thus makes salvation all but morally impossible to himself.

How different is it in our Catholic schools? There we have no division of the child. All its faculties are equally developed—the mind, the heart, the imagination, the religious instincts. Without any detriment to the physical and intellectual culture—on the contrary, greatly to the furtherance of mental growth—the child is taught to know and love and serve God, "to live soberly, justly, and godly in this world." As piety is useful for all things it cannot but be conducive to progress in learning. This is the experience of Catholic teachers all the world over. In this lies the secret of success of pupils and teachers in our Catholic schools.

In our Catholic schools not only are our children taught to know their religion, but they are taught likewise to practise it. They are brought up in a Catholic atmosphere. Religion and its practice becomes natural—as it were, a second nature — to them. They are taught religion and Christian virtue not only by word and precept, but chiefly by example, which is the best teacher. They continually see in their teachers the highest exemplar of Christian virtue —the poverty and obedience of Christ, and angelic purity, strengthened by religious vows and consecrated by the sanction of the Church. They see before them the highest ideal of heroic self-devotion, contempt of the world and union with God, as far as it can be realized in this life. Hereon are based the convictions of Catholic parents, who refuse to sacrifice their children to the Moloch of secular education.

These convictions of Christian parents are growing with the spread of true religious spirit. Intelligent Catholic parents are beginning to see through the transparent fallacies that used to be advanced in favor of the public schools. Few public men nowadays would venture to launch out into rhapsodies of praise of "our glorious public schools," as in days gone by. Or, if they did, they would be sure to earn the scorn or ridicule of the more intelligent of their listeners. This growing intelligence of Catholic parents augurs well for the future of our Catholic schools in the United States. We wish them a glorious re-opening this month!



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Consecration of the Tyrol to the Sacred Heart.—A century ago the Tyrol was officially and publicly consecrated to the Sacred Heart by a solemn vow. At that time the province of the Tyrol was menaced on three sides by the French revolutionary army. The inhabitants feared not only for their nationality, but also for their priests, churches and convents, if they should fall into the hands of the sacrilegious soldiers. They were not prepared for war; they had neither fortresses, arms, nor army. A pious bishop suggested recourse to a vow to celebrate every year all over the country the feast of the Sacred Heart on the Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi.

The twenty-six members of the Council for the National Defence subscribed the vow June 1, 1797. Two days later, on the feast, the first celebration took place at Bozen. The Emperor Francis II. afterwards approved the degree, but ordered the solemnity to be kept on the Sunday following the feast. The pious confidence of the Tyrolese was well founded, and the invaders turned aside. Napoleon, after the capture of Milan, marched south. The mountaineers had time to fortify the passes. When the Austrian army was driven back by Napoleon to the Tyrolean frontier, the Tyrolese repeated anew their act of consecration, and, strong in their faith in the power of the Sacred Heart, they repulsed the enemy and compelled them to evacuate the territory. Two weeks later a treaty of peace was signed and the Tyrol was safe. Ever since have the Tyrolese been true to their vow and this centennial year they celebrated with unusual splendor the feast of the Sacred Heart.

Authentic Likeness of St. Helen.—At a recent sale in Paris of rare Roman coins, collected by a Mr. Montague, one was of special interest. It was a coin which bore the likeness of the Empress Helen, wife of Constantius Chlorus and mother of Constantine the Great. Consequently it dates back to the end of the third century. Until now no authentic likeness of this great Christian matron was known. Yet what claims she has upon our respect and veneration! To her we owe the finding of the True Cross. She was the builder of those superb basilicas over the Holy Places in Palestine. Is it not to his mother's faith and influence that we are indebted for the first Christian Emperor? She is held in special honor at Treves, her native city. There she transformed her palace into a cathedral, which is probably the most ancient church now existing intact. She enriched it with many and precious relics, the chief of which is the seamless robe of our Lord, commonly known as the Holy Coat, which she brought from Jerusalem, and which has made Treves famous all over the world. It is no wonder then, that the National Library of Paris bid high for the unique and precious coin which bears the effigy of St. Helen. The price paid was 6,000 francs or about $1,200.

Unconscious Homage to our Lady.—In a village of Protestant Holstein a strange custom has existed from time immemorial, for which no reason could be given. Persons, after partaking of the Lord's Supper in the parish church, while returning to their seats would, without exception, make a profound reverence towards a certain spot in the wall. Lately the church was renovated, and when the whitewash daubed on by the vandal reformers was removed, some very fine frescoes of the Middle Ages were disclosed. At the spot in question was a beautiful representation of our Lady. Thus unconsciously were the villagers honoring the Mother of God.

Baptism of a King.—In the days when Catholic princes are becoming scarce, it is good to hear of accessions. Ndega, King of Ushirombo, has lately received baptism at the hands of Father Gerboin, a missionary. The new Christian took the name of Francis. Although dignified by the title of king, Ndega is only a

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chief in Central Africa. His example will probably be followed by many of his tribe.

Leo XIII. and Mgr. Yussef.—Mgr. Yussef, the Greek Melchite Patriarch, lately sent an address of congratulation to the Holy Father. After expressing the appreciation of the Orientals for the exceptional kindness and paternal solicitude of Leo XIII. for them, he said: "The most recent concessions made in order to facilitate the union of our separated brethren have had, and are having, a most happy success, for within the brief period of the past few months more than 6,000 souls, returning from schism to the bosom of the Catholic Church, in Syria and Palestine, have been distributed into over twenty missions, already organized and equipped with schools and churches in course of construction, and with priests. This movement is constantly on the increase, and needs but the fruitful blessing and benevolent interest of your Holiness."

La Nacion Eucaristica.—Such is the beautiful title given to the Spanish nation for their devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. Father Kenelm Vaughan, writing in the *Tablet* in behalf of an English pilgrimage to the Cathedral of Lugo, in Spain, among other interesting things, gives the following reasons for the above-mentioned title: "Those who have visited the Lugo cathedral and taken part in the perpetual worship that has been given to the Blessed Sacrament within its venerable sanctuary for the last thousand years in expiation of the sin of Prisciliano; those who have visited Valencia and witnessed the special cultus given to our Lord there in the Corpus Christi Church of the Blessed Jean de Ribera; those who have seen the unique and imposing ceremony of the 'Baile de los Seises,' (the dance of the six acolytes) that takes place during the Octave of Corpus Christi in honor of the Blessed Sacrament within the sanctuary of the magnificent cathedral of Sevilla; those who have visited the Spanish cities and seen how general is the devotion of the forty hours' prayer and adoration; those who have been to Dorcia in Aragon, to Alcala of Henares, and to the Escurial and venerated in these places the miraculous forms; those who have studied the Spanish every-day religious practices, the Spanish liturgy, and the Spanish art in their relation to the worship of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, all must recognize the right that Catholic Spain has to the glory of being called the Eucharistic Nation."

Jules Simon.—This great Frenchman is an instance of a self-made man. He won his way to the front rank of fame by his talents and industry. He passed from the local schools in Brittany to the Ecole Normale, where he became in time professor. He wrote on Plato and Aristotle in relation to the conditions of the laboring classes. Later on he turned his attention to politics, with varying success. He was a member of the French Academy, and during the last twenty years of his life he devoted himself chiefly to literary work. He was a contributor to the *Temps*, the *Figaro*, and other papers, and was remarkable for the charm and purity of his style. For a long time he was among the foremost enemies of the Church. But the extremes to which the anti-clericals went disgusted him, and he strenuously resisted M. Ferry's bill for the suppression of non-authorized religious congregations. He used his influence in trying to prevent the government from eliminating all mention of the existence of God in the teaching of the primary schools, and bitterly opposed the divorce bills. He was a Breton and the old faith revived in him. He became reconciled to the Church, received the last sacraments, and died with the crucifix on his heart. His funeral took place in the church of the Madeleine, Paris.

The Ruthenian Jubilee.—Ruthenia was a province of Poland, which, in the iniquitous partition of that country was divided between Russia and Austria. The third centenary of the reunion of the Ruthenian Church with the Holy See occurred on December 23. The number of Uniat Ruthenians, who are partly in Austria and partly in the Russian Empire, is estimated at 3,419,380.

The Holy Father has given a proof of his good will by raising Archbishop Sembratovich, Metropolitan of Lemberg, to the Cardinalate.

A permanent memorial of the third centenary will be the new educational institute for boys, under the patronage of St. Josaphat, Archbishop of Plock, and martyr for Catholic unity, whose feast Leo XIII. extended a few years ago to the whole Church.

Another memorial of the great event will be a Ruthenian version of the Bible. Hitherto there has been no correct version approved by the Church.

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ST. JOSEPH'S WORKINGMEN'S UNION.—

An association of this name flourishes in Marseilles. As there are a great many beneficial societies in that city to aid the material needs of workingmen, it was thought well to provide them with one which without neglecting their material, would provide for their spiritual wants.

When the late Father Tissier, S.J., took charge of the association he was determined to hold out greater material inducements than any of the existing non-religious societies, in order to draw a great number under his influence for the good of their souls.

Accordingly he set himself to the task of raising funds and thanks to pious and generous benefactors he was enabled to offer the following advantages.

1st. The members of St. Joseph's union shall pay only six francs a year, being a smaller annual fee than in any other society.

2d. In case of sickness, the member shall not pay for the doctor's visits nor for the medicines prescribed; he shall also receive the weekly sum of three, six, or eight francs according to his grade in the union.

3d. After twenty years of satisfactory membership, if the member shall become incapable of earning a living, he shall receive a yearly pension of 200 francs.

These advantages seemed great to the workmen of Marseilles, and consequently 1,200 were soon enrolled. The church attached to the residence of the Jesuit Fathers is crowded every Sunday evening by the members of the union.

As the chief object is to benefit the workmen spiritually, great care is taken about the admission of candidates. No one is accepted without undergoing an examination in regard to his manner of life and dispositions. Moreover, a strict watch is kept over them, and any one who is guilty of anything likely to give scandal is at once admonished. If he does not show evidence of regret and purpose of amendment, he is at once expelled.

In order to keep alive the spirit of religion the workmen are expected to attend every Sunday an instruction suited to their needs and followed by Benediction. So much did Father Tissier make of attendance at the Sunday evening meeting, that he made fidelity to it the condition of receiving the benefits of the union. So, if without good reason any one absented himself, he lost his right to the sick benefit and pension. Besides the meeting every Sunday, there is a general Communion on the first Sunday of every month. Usually there are between 300 and 400 who approach the altar.

Every year a retreat takes place ending on the feast of the patronage of St. Joseph. The Bishop of Marseilles is in the habit of presiding at the close of the retreat.

Of the 1200 members of the union about three or four die a month. The Father in charge, who visits the sick frequently, records that not one has died without having received the sacraments in excellent disposition, though many had led very careless and indifferent lives before joining the union.

When we consider how widespread infidelity is in France among the working classes, we cannot but admire the zeal and the practical common-sense which combined to form St. Joseph's union. Of course the pecuniary advantages seem absurdly small to Americans accustomed to receive and spend large sums of money.

Why would it not be well to organize Catholic workingmen's unions in this country on the same lines as that in Marseilles and other French cities? It has succeeded there where it is much harder to reach the people and where irreligion is all too common. The wisdom of the serpent is seen in the monetary attractions, the prudence of the dove in the care of the souls of the members.

It is true that there are several beneficial societies already organized for Catholics, but none distinctively for workmen.

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PIOUS ASSOCIATIONS AGAINST THE USE OF FOUL TALK, WORDS, AND UNBECOMING JESTS, UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF MARY IMMACULATE AND ST. ALOYSIUS GONZAGA.—

In our days when improper subjects are so often discussed by young people, and when such freedom of speech is prevalent, it may be well to call attention to an association which was founded with a view of regulating both the matter of conversation and the language.

Boys and girls begin young to talk about matters the existence of which it would be better if they did not know. Their ears become accustomed to improper language used by their elders, and naturally they pick up the expressions. It is startling to hear from almost baby lips low slang and even profane and indecent words. As the boys grow up they fancy it is manly to speak as the men with whom they are thrown speak; hence they adopt their way of talking, and soon fall into their way of acting as well.

As a safeguard against the moral perversion caused by licentious conversations and pleasantries, Father Basile, S.J., some thirty years ago formed an association whose members bind themselves: (1) to abstain entirely from the use of improper words and conversations, and, as far as it is in their power, to prevent others from indulging in them; (2) to receive the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist on the feasts of the Immaculate Conception, the Purification, the Annunciation, the Assumption, the Nativity, and the Holy Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, and on the feast of St. Aloysius Gonzaga or on the Sunday within the octave of his feast; (3) to pray every day for perseverance in their holy resolutions, by reciting the following prayers: in honor of the Immaculate Virgin, the *Hail Mary* with the invocation, "Blessed be the holy and Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary," and in honor of St. Aloysius, the *Our Father*, the *Hail Mary*, and the *Glory be to the Father*, etc.; (4) to wear the medal of Mary Immaculate as a sign and a profession of the promise they have made to the Blessed Virgin.

In an audience granted on September 7, 1865, Pope Pius IX. gave his approbation to this Association and permission for its establishment by any priest with the consent of the Ordinary of the diocese. It is not necessary that it should be erected canonically in order that its members may gain the indulgences granted to it, since it is not, properly speaking, a confraternity.

Indulgences.—Pope Pius IX. granted to the members of the Association who comply faithfully with the foregoing obligations: 1. A Plenary Indulgence, on each of the feasts of the Blessed Virgin mentioned above, and on the feast of St. Aloysius, on the usual conditions.

2. A *Plenary Indulgence* once a month, on the same conditions. 3. A Plenary Indulgence at the hour of death. 4. An indulgence of 300 days, when the members recite the prayers mentioned above under (3). An indulgence of 300 days, every Sunday, for reciting five times the *Our Father*, the *Hail Mary* and the *Glory be to the Father*, etc. An indulgence of 100 days for every prayer and good work done in the spirit and for the objects of the association.

THE CHURCH IN DENMARK.—

Religious liberty in Denmark dates from 1829, when the constitution was adopted. The only Catholic church then existing was that of St. Ansgar, for the benefit of the foreign Catholic Ambassadors at Copenhagen. With the promulgation of the constitution the missionary work of the Church began. In 1860 there were 600 Catholics in the capital, attended by four priests, and there was one parochial school with seventy pupils. In 1896 there were 6,000 of the faithful and 1,000 children in the Catholic schools. With the increase of Catholics the number of churches has also increased, so that in Copenhagen there are five dedicated respectively to St. Ansgar, St. Joseph, the Holy Rosary, the Sacred Heart and the Josephdal church. There are also about fifteen other churches or chapels in Denmark. They are attended by thirty priests, of whom half are Jesuits; the latter have two colleges in Copenhagen and Ordrupshoi. The Sisters of St. Joseph began their work in Denmark in 1857 and there were four in number; there are now 170 of them with six convents. They are engaged in teaching and nursing. There are also Gray Sisters at work. There is a steady movement towards Catholicism, and about 200 converts are received every year. A large number of these belong to the nobility and not a few ministers have renounced the Lutheran established Church.

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NOTES FROM HEAD CENTRES

IRELAND.—The following items are from the Irish *Messenger:* "Kilmyshal, County Wexford.—Having seen in the *Messenger* last March (1895) an invitation to join in the Novena of Thanksgiving about to be commenced in April, we thought to ourselves we are not going to be left behind in gratitude to the Sacred Heart. It was introduced to the school children, and not only was it taken up warmly by them, but also by all the members of the Sodality of the Sacred Heart; in fact, there was a regular congregation in the chapel every First Friday. Upwards of sixty children joined in the Novena, and the devotions on the First Friday were made as attractive as possible. The statue of the Sacred Heart was decorated with flowers and lights, there was music and singing at Mass, and after Mass a hymn to the Sacred Heart was sung. The children also wore their ribbons and medals of the Sacred Heart. Altogether, it was most edifying.

"Out of the large number of people and children who commenced the Novena there were only three or four who did not succeed in finishing it, although most of them live two, and even three, miles from the church. And it was a remarkable fact that no matter how severe the weather was preceding the First Friday, that day was certain to be fine. We all unite in thanking the Sacred Heart for all the great blessings the Novena has brought down upon us, and through it hope to obtain the greatest of all blessings, the Twelfth Promise—the grace to die a happy death."

"Loretto Convent, Eutally.—The Apostleship of Prayer was established here on the seventeenth of March, 1886, and we have enrolled a large number since then. The First Friday of the month is the General Communion day at Eutally, and on that occasion each month we have a sermon, followed by benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at which the solemn Act of Consecration of Children to the Sacred Heart is renewed by all our pupils.

"On the eve of the First Friday petitions are regularly sent to the church of the Sacred Heart, and we have had striking answers to them. Among others, I may mention that of a child who begged for prayers for the grace of a happy death for her father, who was a Catholic, but who had for many years neglected the practice of his religion. When he was dying, his son-in-law, who happened to be a Protestant, was summoned to his bedside. Strange to say, the first thing the young man asked was if he had received the last Sacraments, and on the aged father replying, 'What was the use, as he no longer believed in such things,' his son-in-law went to the parlor and brought from thence a large crucifix, which he placed before the dying man, asking him if he could look at that image and still say that he did not believe. The old man's heart was touched, and he sent for a priest, who gave him the last rites of the Church and closed his eyes in peace.

"Let us give another instance. A lady whose children were pupils here asked prayers for her husband's restoration to health. Unaware that he was not a Catholic, a Badge of the Sacred Heart was sent to him. It seemed to give him pleasure, and he asked if he might not also have a picture of the Sacred Heart. His health was not restored, but he was received into the Church before he died.

"It is a common practice at Eutally for the children to say the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary daily for a certain time to obtain special requests, and many and many a Mass has been said for the holy souls in thanksgiving for favors being obtained."

JAMAICA, WEST INDIES.—No doubt THE MESSENGER will be glad to hear of our efforts to honor the Sacred Heart this month, and of the success with which they have been blessed. Eight years ago our island was consecrated to the Sacred Heart, and though the results were wonderful, yet unfortunately some had

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lost their first fervor, so it was thought that a good way of rekindling the fire would be to renew that consecration.

A solemn novena in preparation was commenced in the Cathedral of Kingston on June 3. We had service each evening, consisting of prayers, sermon and Benediction. The nine offices of the Sacred Heart were the subjects chosen for the sermons, the prayers each evening corresponding with the office; the Fathers preached in turn. A great many followed the exercises regularly; even Saturday night, which is a very busy time for most of our poor but pious Associates, could boast of a fairly good attendance, thus proving that there are to be found those who are true "lovers of the Sacred Heart (the office for that night being the "lover.") Daily Mass was also well attended throughout the novena.

With the eve of the feast came a great rush of work for the Fathers; all the afternoon, up to time for service, they were kept busy in the confessional; even during the service there was a steady flow, and then a big crowd till after ten o'clock. The sight the next morning was gratifying; about 800 received Holy Communion,; yet it must be acknowledged there should have been very many more. There was High Mass at 6.30 o'clock, and immediately after the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. The Adoration was kept all day by the Franciscan Sisters and the Promoters with their Bands, and in the evening was the public Reception of twenty-two Promoters and 163 Associates. All during the novena names had been given in for admission to the League.

Bishop Gordon gave Pontifical Benediction, during which the solemn act of Consecration was renewed. The sight of all the Promoters, about seventy, kneeling with lighted candles around the altar rails during Benediction, was indeed calculated to inspire fervor.

But we did not finish our June celebration with the Feast. The children had yet to have a day of their own; the Feast of St. Aloysius being eminently suited for them, particularly when we remember that the very first possible Feast of the Sacred Heart kept by Father de la Colombière fell that year (1675) on June 21. On that afternoon, therefore, a special children's service was held, and they consecrated themselves to the Sacred Heart under the patronage of the Angelic Youth. For two weeks previously the schools were visited, and the pupils and teachers interested in the work. The Sisters and teachers set to making banners, bannerettes and scrolls for the occasion, and their hearts went with their hands.

On Sunday afternoon at 2.30, all the children of the different schools met at the Franciscan Convent, but an hour or so before that the church was surrounded by a crowd, who seemed quite indifferent to the broiling sun, in their eagerness to see the children enter the church. The gates were closed, and no adult was allowed within until after the children had taken their places when, as but little space was left, the building was crammed, and many had to be contented with remaining in the church-yard. At three o'clock the innocent voices were heard in the beautiful hymn of reparation: "Like a strong and raging fire," etc. The procession started from the Franciscan Convent, headed by the Cross-bearers and altar boys; the little fellows and those of the public schools were next, followed by the banner of St. Aloysius, and the members of his Guild, wearing their sashes; then came the boys from the different schools. The first place among the girls was taken by the pupils of the Academy of the Immaculate Conception. The badge attached to the broad red ribbon made a fine show against their black dresses. The delegation from Spanish Town had seats opposite to these, and was quite a contrast, having white dresses, and the blue ribbons of the children of Mary. Beautiful banners were dispersed all through the procession and quite a number of bannerettes and scrolls. Besides the Kingston schools, children came from St. Catherine's, St. Francis, and some few even from White Hall, which is five miles away. The pupils of the Sisters of Mercy were also present in great force, and the gathering may truly be said to be the representative of our schools. A very appropriate address was given by Father Coleman on the text, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Then came the Consecration, when the 1470 children present repeated, phrase by phrase, the words of the Act. Thirty-six boys were received in the guild of St. Aloysius. Then we closed with Solemn Benediction, after which the procession returned to the convent. There must have been jubilation in heaven that afternoon, for St. Aloysius himself has revealed that the "devotion of children to the Sacred Heart gives joy to the saints in heaven."

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Monthly Intentions. Letters with intentions do not fall off in numbers during the warm weather. The columns in which they are acknowledged keep constantly growing. It should be noticed that no mention is made of such letters when they contain other matters that call for acknowledgment through the mails. Very soon we shall have to adopt some other means of acknowledging letters with intentions, or the list would grow beyond all bounds.

Intention Blanks. The letters with intentions contained many thanksgivings last month. No doubt prayers were more fervent and multiplied during the month of June. Letters with thanksgivings are always desirable, but letters containing special intentions only should be handed to Local Directors or their secretaries, or deposited in the intention-box, if there be one, at the several Local Centres. We cannot engage ourselves to count and recommend any intentions but those that come written on the regular blanks, of the sizes 6 x 5 inches, or on the larger ones, 17 x 14 inches.

Intentions Recommended. What happens to the Intentions sent to the Central Direction? First of all, they are put on the altar in the private oratory, where the Fathers in charge of the work say Mass daily; next, they are recommended at all these Masses; in due time they are counted and entered upon the calendar, which is published monthly in the *Pilgrim*, *Decade Leaflets* and large *Calendar of Intentions;* finally this summary is sent to the Director General of the League in Toulouse, France, and placed on the altar recommended at the Mass said for them daily, and then forwarded to Lourdes, to be prayed for there. Take notice, however, that all this is done only for intentions that are regularly forwarded through Local Directors or their Secretaries, not for intentions sent to us directly, unless there be no means of sending them in the proper way, *i. e.*, through Directors or those appointed by them.

Recent Aggregations. The lists of Recent Aggregations and of Promoters' Receptions have been very large since June last. Naturally the work of the year should result in a number of Receptions, and June should bring a number of Aggregations. It is not too early to begin preparation for the December Receptions. The great preparation is the choice and training of worthy Promoters. League Directors everywhere have been expressing their gratitude for the chapters on the formation of Promoters now appearing in their own special League organ, the *League Director*. The fruit of this gratitude ought to appear in the number and character of the Promoters who will be received in December.

General Intentions. Much interest was aroused by our sketch of Iceland and the General Intention on the same mission last month. A continuation of the sketch will keep alive this interest in this new enterprise of zeal. The notice of the late Encyclical ont he unity of Christians will serve to urge on our prayers a matter that has been often recommended to us. It is very proper that we should not lose sight of the subjects of our General Intentions even after they have been recommended. The chief object in recommending and in explaining them at so much length is to make us feel a vivid and abiding concern about them, insomuch as they are among the things that concern the Heart of Jesus.

MESSENGER Contents. Looking back over the pages of this MESSENGER, one finds it hard to imagine the Promoter or Associate who will not find some, and even many topics of great interest. Iceland, Poland, France, Austria, Acadia, all furnish subjects for sketch and romance; the notice of the latest Encyclical, the article on "Environment," the verse and the variety of topics treated in THE MESSENGER depart-

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ments proper offer reading matter as attractive as any subscriber can wish, and as helpful as any devout Associate can look for.

League Hymnal. THE MESSENGER is almost the only magazine that has not sounded the praises of our new hymnal. The selections we give in our advertiser speak very highly of it, but its eulogies by our private correspondents are even more numerous and flattering. Judging from the number of Centres that have called for it, League music will soon give the League devotional exercises a distinct and uniform character. The choirs will use the hymnal; for the congregation, whether its members join in the singing or not, the League devotion and the special reprint of the hymns, without music, supply the words so as to enable all to follow the services more attentively and profitably.

Spiritual Retreats. The topic of the month is, of course, our *General Intention*. If one of the chief fruits of a retreat is an increase of zeal, what a beneficial thing it would be for all, or, at least, for many of our Promoters to make the spiritual exercises. Who can measure the great results they would have to report after such an experience. In France such retreats are growing quite common. Several Centres combine together and send a number, if not all of their Promoters to the House of Retreat. If this is not as yet possible with us, why cannot every Centre organize a special *triduum*, or even a week's retreat, with spiritual exercises, morning and evening, in the church or council-room. These devotions would give some knowledge of what a real retreat would be like. Those who wish to know more about them can interrogate their Local Directors. There is not one of them who cannot describe in detail the routine of a retreat and tell of some wonderful results of divine grace in the course of its exercises.

Houses of Retreat. Where shall we make these Spiritual Retreats you speak of? Ask your League Director, your confessor, or any priest, and you will be properly directed. Many convents and religious houses receive "retreatants," to use a convenient term, even though they are not Houses of Retreat. Some have regular accommodations for this purpose; for instance, among others, St. Regis House, West 143d Street, New York City, St. Michael's Villa, Englewood, N. J., and Manresa, West Park-on-Hudson, N. Y., all three for women; whilst men may go to the Abbey of Gethsemane, Ky., St. Michael's Monastery, N. J., St. Alphonsus' Convent, St. Louis, Mo., and other Redemptorist houses: to the Carmelite Hospice at Niagara, or to Manresa, Keyser Island, Conn. The work as pursued at this last mentioned place has suggested the beautiful letter of commendation from Cardinal Satolli, lately published in our pages.

Late Publications. Naturally the month of August claimed much of our attention for the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, N. Y. Two publications in behalf of this sacred site were issued by us last month. A *Shrine Manual* of devotions for pilgrimages and for the different religious services held at the Shrine has been compiled from sources that were familiar to Father Jogues, and which were selected because he made them his favorite devotions. The *Album* is a precious souvenir not only of the Shrine, but of the chief places of interest near Auriesville. The natural beauty of the scenes presented, not to speak of their historical interest and religious associations, would make it well worth having. Both these publications are on sale at the Shrine or at our office, 25 cents each copy, the proceeds to go to the benefit of the Shrine.

Christian Education. Our readers will remember that at this time last year, by request of pastors and Directors, was reprinted the *General Intention* for July, 1895, on *Christian Education*, for general circulation. Several thousand copies were then distributed by various local Centres, with much profit to their respective congregations. This tract has lost nothing of its timeliness, as the circumstances will be the same this year at the opening of the schools as they were last year—the same difficulties, the same prejudices, the same indifference, the same opposition. This excellent little paper on *Christian Education* meets all those difficulties in a solid and conciliatory manner. It should be put in the hands of all Catholic parents and others interested in Catholic education before the re-opening of the schools. It may be had from this office at $1.00 a hundred, with a reduction for larger quantities.

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HISTORY OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE AT THE CLOSE OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By Johannes Janssen. Translated from the German by M. A. Mitchell and A. M. Christie. In two volumes: Vols. I and II. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 8vo. Pages 354 and 302. Price $6.25.

All genuine lovers of history in the English-speaking world looked forward with interest to the publication of an Englsh translation of this truly epoch-making work of one who is acknowledged by those competent to judge to have been the first historian of our age. Some years ago an attempt was made by an English publishing house to bring out a translation, and one volume was issued; but the translation proved to be so intolerably bad, that it had to be suppressed and the project was abandoned. It is all the more gratifying to observe the interest which greeted the present translation.

The two volumes before us comprise only the first volume of the German original. They are little more than an introduction to the history proper. They treat almost exclusively of the state of German culture at the close of the Middle Ages, that is, in the second half of the fifteenth century.

The subjects treated are of absorbing interest in themselves; and the author brings such profound and accurate knowledge and consummate skill to his task that his work may be said to read like a novel. He it was who undertook the gigantic task long contemplated by his illustrious teacher Jacob Boehmer, to re-write the history of his country. He has not lived to complete the work, but his mantle fell on one who is in every way capable of executing his great design—Ludwig Pastor, the well-known author of the *History of the Popes*.

These volumes independently of the rest of the history are of very special interest, as they give a complete presentation of the state of civilization in Germany immediately before the Reformation. They treat of such topics as the invention and spread of the art of printing; the elementary and religious education of the people; humanisn, universities and other higher schools; architecture, sculpture, painting and engraving; music, poetry and general literature; the social and economic state of the country; the political conditions, constitution and laws of the Holy Roman Empire; its relation to foreign nations, and so forth.

This first issue of the translation is very inviting indeed. The volumes are magnificently gotten up, well printed in clear type on fine thick paper, substantially and handsomely bound. What with the interest attaching to the subject, and a translation which is, in the main, idiomatic, we think that they cannot but prove very interesting to the average cultured English reader.

Those acquainted with the original, however, will find many regrettable features in this instalment of the translation. First, the title, whether by the fault of the translators or of the publishers, is misleading. One who knows no better will be led to think that he has before him the entire work of Herr Janssen in these two volumes, whereas he has only an introductory volume, giving merely a pen-picture of the intellectual, moral and social conditions of the country at the end of the fifteenth century. Then, the title is not *History of the German People* AT *the close, but* FROM *the close, of the Middle Ages*. In fact, *a history* AT a certain time is an absurdity. The same mistake is made in the very first sentence of the translation. By a mistranslation of the particle *seit* the effects of the invention of the art of printing are thrown in the first half of the fifteenth century instead of the second half—rather a serious historical blunder. Another thing which every scholarly reader will regret, is the omission of most of the author's references. The grand feature of the work is that it is based on original research. The author relates the history in the words of his informants, and is always careful to give the references so that any one who wishes may

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consult them for himself. This is a scholarly work written for scholars, and we believe that neither translator nor publisher had any right to deprive students of those valuable references, and the work itself of one of its truly erudite characteristics. What we wanted was Janssen's History, wholly and entirely, without curtailment and without additions. Over 400 original works formed the groundwork of this volume besides the numerous other works only incidentally cited; and of all those we learn hardly anything. We do not know whether the author is quoting an original manuscript or the most recent ephemeral pamphlet or magazine article. Moreover, some of the references that are given are altogether unintelligible, as, for instance, the foot-note Vol. I, p. 10.

A comparison of the translation with the original cannot but "make the judicious grieve." We are not informed from what edition the translation is made. We have before us the first edition of the German, and we must candidly confess that unless the author has entirely rewritten this volume, it has been treated in the most arbitrary manner by the translators. No attempt has been made to reproduce in the English the quaintness of the many quotations, which form the most charming feature of the original. Pregnant and expressive passages are carelessly slurred over. The meaning of others has not been reached or rendered at all. What, for instance, are we to understand (Vol. I., p. 383) by the heading *Topical Poetry?* In another heading we read "elementary" instead of "intermediate" schools.

Despite these serious drawbacks, we regard this part of the work as eminently readable and useful for its own sake. But we trust it will yet undergo a thorough revision, and that these defects, and many others that might be pointed out, will be avoided in the rest of the work. We are fully aware of the difficulty of rendering a work of this kind in our language. But the greater the difficulty, the greater is the responsibility of translators and publishers. A debt of justice is due even to a deceased author; and while we should be sorry, by any remarks of ours, to deter even one from reading this translation, yet we are bound, in justice to the great historian and to the public, to pronounce it a very inadequate and defective presentation of a truly great work.

MEMORIAL OF THE LIFE AND LABORS OF RT. REV. STEPHEN VINCENT RYAN, second Bishop of Buffalo, N. Y. By Rev. Patrick Cronin, LL.D. Buffalo: Buffalo Catholic Publication Company. 1896. 8vo. Pages 141. Price $1.00.

While a complete life of the late Bishop of Buffalo is awaited the Rev. Father Cronin has put the many friends of the deceased under a great obligation by compiling and publishing this beautiful memorial. It contains a large number of documents that will be read with interest, and will be a cherished memento of a good and holy bishop.

THE BIRTH OF THE RAINBOW. By Rev. P. T. Carew, Newark, N. J. $2 per dozen. Single copies, postpaid, 25 cents.

This patriotic drama is based on the Venezuelan incident, and is carefully elaborated so as to permit of the effective use of national costumes, pretty dances, patriotic songs and artistic tableaux. It will be appreciated by teachers preparing school entertainments.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

OUR OWN STORY and other Tales. By Rosa Mulholland. London: Catholic Truth Society. New York: Benziger Brothers. 16mo. Pages 250.

MARCELLA GRACE. By the same author. New illustrated edition. New York: Benziger Brothers. 12mo. Pages 358. Price $1.25.

THE CIRCUS-RIDER'S DAUGHTER. By F. v. Brackel. Second Edition. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ARE ANGLICAN ORDERS VALID? By J. McDevitt, D.D. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker. New York: Benziger Brothers.

CHRISTIAN PRIESTHOOD. By Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R. THE CHURCH AND LABOR. Four lectures by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Snow, O.S.B. THE MISSION FIELD OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By His Eminence, Cardinal Moran. DOES THE POPE CLAIM TO BE GOD? By the Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J. THE LAY FOLK'S MASS BOOK. POEMS ON ENGLAND'S REUNION WITH CHRISTENDOM. By Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C SS.R. London: Catholic Truth Society.

BOOKS AND READING. By Brother Azarias of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Fifth edition enlarged. New York: The Cathedral Library Association.

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IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 170,602.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes. v, 18.)

Special Thanksgivings.— A priest is thankful to the Sacred Heart for means obtained to build a church, when it seemed impossible to succeed. The matter was recommended to the League several times with a promise of publication.

A daughter returns thanks for the conversion of her father, who had not been to Mass or confession for over fifty years. He died on the First Friday after having received the last sacraments.

A sister offers her thanksgiving for the conversion of her two sisters. They had been baptized as infants, but owing to their mother's death had been brought up by Protestant relations. After thirty-four years they have returned to the true faith. This is an encouragement to persevere in prayer.

A little girl thanks the Sacred Heart for restoring her father's health. He was dangerously ill and had been anointed. She pinned the Badge and Promoter's Cross on him and he recovered rapidly.

A Catholic man, in danger of death, refused to see the priest. Every effort was made to change his determination, but without any effect. Finally he consented to say the Morning Offering. A few days later he, of his own accord, asked for the priest, received the sacraments, and died a peaceful death. Publication was promised.

The conversion is recorded of a father who refused his consent to have his children become Catholics. Strange to say, the wife, who is a Methodist, had them secretly baptized, at which he was very much displeased. His change is attributed to the prayers of his children and of the League.

A woman, who had been sick for years, was sent from home for change of air, but returned, as she thought, to die. A Promoter called on her and explained the League devotion to the Sacred Heart. She earnestly desired to be enrolled, and in a few days was able to walk to the church, and heard Mass for the first time in four years.

A young man ruptured a blood vessel in his head. The physicians were unable to stop the flow of blood, which continued for four days. They told the family to be ready for his death, which might occur at any moment. Publication and two Masses of thanksgiving were promised. He is now well.

Spiritual Favors :—A remarkable vocation; grace of receiving the Sacraments by a person in trying circumstances; removal of a Protestant father's objection to his child making her First Communion; the averting of a threatened disgrace to a family; restoration of reason to one insane, so that he was able to receive the sacraments before his death which occurred shortly afterwards; and many other favors not specified.

Return to religious duties :— Of a man after an absence of twenty years: he joined the League and the next day went to confession; of a woman long neglectful; of two young men: one after two years, the other after five years; of a whole family that had fallen away; also of many others.

Conversion :—Of an infidel; of a Protestant who had belonged for many years

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to a secret society; of a young man; of a mother and the consequent preservation of the faith of her young children; of a young Jewess; and several other conversions.

Favors through the Badge:—Recovery of a child from serious illness; cure of sore throat; relief of a child who had terrible pains from an injury to the stomach; recovery of a baby; cure of a child very ill with congestion of the brain and bronchitis; cure of a man desperately ill with pneumonia, the Badge, Cross and Lourdes water were used; instant cessation of a dangerous fever in a child; complete restoration of a child's health; great relief for a consumptive from pain in the lung; the Badge was applied to the deformed leg of a three-year-old child, born a cripple. she is now able to walk a little and contiuues to improve; an Associate fell down from a great height, and his case was pronounced hopeless, but his Promoter applied a Badge and he recovered on the First Friday; recovery of a Protestant young man desperately ill with pneumonia; reform of one who had lived a very wicked life and the grace of Baptism; cure of a severe case of rheumatism; and other favors.

Favors through the Promoter's Cross:—Speedy relief from a severe attack of indigestion; cure of a tumor; recovery from a severe accident to the eye, the Cross was dipped in the liquid with which the eye was bathed; instant relief from severe pain in the stomach; and other favors; cure of an earache; a child who was expected to die from a serious illness was cured by applying the Cross; two cures, one of which had been pronounced incurable by physicians; and other favors of various kinds.

Cures:—Of a person whose life was despaired of; of a young woman, without recourse to an operation; of the mother of several small children, who was dangerously ill for ten weeks: at the ending of a novena through Blessed Margaret Mary she began to recover; relief from a terrible mental trouble; of a young man after an unfavorable operation; of a person afflicted with rheumatism; wonderful improvement in health; entire disappearance of a tumor on the last day of a novena; recovery of a man whose mind, the physicians said, was gone forever: after a novena of Masses he recovered completely; restoration to health of a daughter after the promise of a monthly Mass for a year; of a person who had lost his reason; relief for a mother troubled with neuralgic rheumatism for over twenty years; of a husband who, according to the physician, had only a few hours to live.

Various:—Success in a great undertaking; news from an absent friend; relief in a temporal matter causing great anxiety; partial recovery from a great difficulty; many successful examinations; satisfactory settlement of business which threatened loss of property; reconciliation between a brother and sister; happy result of a lawsuit to force a religious community to pay taxes; an almost impossible temporal favor; the leasing of ground long lying idle; reconciliation of estranged friends; increase of pupils; favorable turn of a very important business transaction; three young men were about to be sentenced to five years' imprisonment, when the judge changed his decision and released them, a Promoter had just promised a Mass of thanksgiving if such were the case; vindication of one falsely accused of theft; and many other favors obtained from the Sacred Heart through the intercession of our Lady under various titles, St. Joseph, St. Anthony and other saints.

Employment and Means:—Increase of salary; unexpected means to pay taxes; extension of time for paying a note; payment of debts of two years' standing; speedy obtaining of a position after promising a Mass for the holy souls, publication and the keeping of the Holy Hour; means to meet just demands, recovery of a sum of money supposed to be lost; means to pay rent and buy food through St. Joseph; unexpected money to pay large debts.

Preservation:—Of a person in danger of a sudden death; of students from a contagious disease, out of eighty-four cases some of which had been despaired of by the doctors, not one proved fatal; of a household during a great calamity; of a person during an ordeal which nearly cost the loss of a position; of a corn crop threatened by long draught, a novena of Masses in honor of St. Joseph was promised, and after the first Mass the rain came, although fair weather was predicted by the weather bureau.

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PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS

Diplomas and Indulgenced Crosses for the solemn reception of Promoters who have faithfully served the required probation have been sent to the following Local Centres of the League of the Sacred Heart (May 20 to July 20, 1896)

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Diplomas and Crosses.
Albany	Frankfort, N. Y.	SS. Peter and Paul's Church	20
Alton	Springfield, Ill.	Immaculate Conception "	5
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.	St. Thomas' "	1
"	Leonardtown, Md.	St. Aloysius' "	13
"	St. Inigo's Manor Md.	St. Inigo's (S J.) "	1
"	Washington, D. C.	St. Aloysius' (S J.) "	20
Boise City	Wallace, Idaho	St. Alphonsus "	3
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N.Y.	St. Agnes' "	6
"	" "	St. John's (C. M) College	6
"	" "	Mercy Convent	6
"	" "	Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church	12
"	" "	Our Lady of Victory "	2
Charleston	Columbia, S. C.	St. Peter's "	3
Cheyenne	St. Stephen's, Wyo.	St Stephen's Indian Mission	1
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	Chicago Industrial School	9
"	" "	St. Columbkilles Church	7
"	" "	Holy Family (S J) "	21
"	" "	Holy Name Cathedral	7
"	" "	Holy Rosary Church	19
"	" "	St. Sylvester's "	8
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, O.	St. Patrick's "	3
Cleveland	Massillon, O.	St. Joseph's "	1
"	Toledo, O.	Ursuline Convent	2
Dallas	Sherman, Tex.	St Joseph's Academy	1
Davenport	Solon, Iowa	St. Mary's Church	5
Denver	Denver, Col.	St. Patrick's School	1
Detroit	Chelsea, Mich.	St. Mary's Church	2
Dubuque	Eagle Grove, Iowa	Sacred Heart "	4
"	Sioux City "	St. Mary's School	5
Halifax	Halifax, N S.	Lasalle Academy	3
Hartford	Danielsonville, Conn.	St. James' Church	11
Kansas City	Burlington, Kans.	St. Francis Xavier's "	1
Kansas City	Pilot Grove, Mo.	St. Joseph's (O.S.B) "	3
La Crosse	Prairie du Chien, Wis	Sacred Heart (S.J.) College	1
Lincoln	Aurora, Neb.	Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church	14
"	Hastings, Neb.	St. Cecilia's "	3
Little Rock	Fort Smith, Ark.	Immaculate Conception "	4
Louisville	Louisville, Ky.	Assumption Cathedral	5
"	New Haven "	St. Catharine's School	1
Milwaukee	Westport, Wis.	St. Mary's of the Lake Church	7
Natchez	Vicksburg, Miss.	St. Paul's "	4
Nesqually	Everett, Wash.	Our Lady of Perpetual Help "	10
"	North Yakima, W sh	St. Joseph's (S.J) "	5
Newark	Chatham, N. J.	St. Patrick's "	14
"	Hohokus, "	St. Luke's "	9
"	Paterson, "	St. John's "	2
"	Ridgewood, "	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel "	4
New York	Kingston, N.Y.	St. Joseph's "	1
"	New Brighton, N. Y.	St. Peter's "	1
"	New York, N. Y.	St. Andrew's "	40
"	" "	St. Anthony's "	1
"	" "	Catholic Sailors' Reading Room	2
"	" "	St. Francis of Assisi Church	1
"	" "	Holy Innocents "	3
"	" "	Holy Souls "	6
"	" "	St. Lawrence's (S.J.) "	14
"	" "	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel "	1
"	" "	St. Patrick's Cathedral	10
"	" "	Sacred Heart Convent	9
"	White Plains, N. Y.	St. John Evangelist's Church	1
Ogdensburg	Port Henry "	St. Patrick's "	6
"	Watertown, "	Notre Dame "	15
Oregon City	Eugene, Oregon	Purification B.V.M. "	11
"	Gervais, "	SS. Gervase and Protase "	4
"	St Paul, "	St Paul's Academy "	8
Peoria	Ottawa, Ill.	Mercy Convent	7
Philadelphia	Lenni, Pa	St. Francis de Sales Church	25
"	Manayunk, Pa.	St. John's "	1

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Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.		Diplomas and Crosses.
Philadelphia	Nesquehoning, Pa.	Sacred Heart	Church	1
"	New Philadelphia, Pa.	Holy Family	"	2
"	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Charles Borromeo's	"	10
"	" "	St. Edward's	"	3
"	" "	St. Elizabeth's	"	42
"	" "	The Gesu (S.J.)	"	25
"	" "	St. Joseph's	"	28
"	" "	Our Lady of Mercy	"	14
"	" "	St. Peter's	"	16
"	" "	SS. Peter and Paul's	Cathedral	103
"	" "	Sacred Heart	Church	15
"	" "	St. Stephen's	"	14
"	" "	St. Vincent's	Seminary	10
"	Pottsville, "	St. John the Baptist	Church	5
Pittsburg	Beatty Pa.	St Xavier's	Academy	1
"	Pittsburg, Pa.	St. Paul's	Cathedral	15
Portland	Bangor, Me,	Mercy	Convent	2
"	Portland, Me.	Immaculate Conception	Cathedral	26
Providence	Fall River, Mass.	St. Mary's	Church	20
"	Pawtucket, R. I.	Sacred Heart	"	3
"	Providence "	Assumption	"	6
"	" "	St. John's	"	26
"	Valley Falls "	St. Patrick's	"	9
Richmond	Newport News, Va.	St. Vincent de Paul's	"	2
"	Richmond "	St. Patrick's	"	5
St. Augustine	Jacksonville, Fla.	Immaculate Conception	"	2
St. Louis	Hannibal, Mo.	Immaculate Conception	"	3
"	Millwood, "	St. Alphonsus	"	4
"	Normandy, "	St. Ann's	"	7
"	St. Louis, "	St. Alphonsus (C.SS.R.)	"	8
"	" "	St. Bridget's	"	10
"	" "	St. Francis Xavier's (S.J.)	"	22
"	" "	Holy Name	"	14
"	" "	Immaculate Conception	"	10
"	" "	St. John's	"	1
"	" "	St. Lawrence O'Tooles	"	2
"	" "	St. Matthew's	"	1
"	" "	St. Patrick's	"	4
"	" "	Sacred Heart	"	4
"	" "	St. Teresa's	"	2
"	St. Paul, "	St Paul's	"	2
St. Paul	Fairfax, Minn.	St Andrew's	"	9
"	Montgomery, Minn.	Holy Redeemer	"	4
Salt Lake City	Salt Lake City, Utah	Cathedral		7
San Antonio	Cuero, Tex.	St. Michael's	Church	1
San Francisco	San Francisco, Cal.	St. Brendan's	"	7
"	" "	St. Rose's	"	7
Savannah	Augusta, Ga.	Sacred Heart	"	1
"	Macon, "	St. Joseph's	"	7
Scranton	Hazleton, Pa.	St. Gabriel's	"	36
"	Wilkesbarre, Pa.	St. Mary's	"	8
Springfield	Adams, Mass.	St. Charles'	"	1
"	" "	St. Francis'	"	4
"	Fitchburg "	Presentation	Convent	12
"	Gilbertville, Mass.	St. Aloysius'	Church	6
"	Lee, "	St. Joseph's	Convent	2
"	Pittsfield, "	St. Joseph's	Church	31
"	Worcester. "	Sacred Heart	"	8
Syracuse	Camden, N. Y.	St John's	"	11
"	Oswego, "	St. John's	"	1
"	Utica, "	St. Agnes'	"	18
"	" "	St. John's	"	10
"	" "	St. Patrick's	"	3
Vincennes	Indianapolis, Ind.	St. John's	"	4
"	New Albany, "	St. Mary's	Academy	7
"	St. Mary's, "	"	"	5
"	Shelbyville, "	St Joseph's	Church	2
"	Terre Haute, "	St. Ann's	"	17
"	" "	St. Joseph's	"	8
"	" "	St. Patrick's	"	7
Wheeling	Wheeling, W. Va.	Mt. de Chantal	"	3
Wilmington	New Castle, Del.	St. Peter's	"	6
Winona	Wabasha, Minn.	St. Felix's	"	1

Number of Receptions, 141. Number of Promoters, 1215.

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RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation from the Central Direction from May 20 to July 20, 1896

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date of Diploma.
Alton	Altamont, Ill.	St. Clare's Church	July 14
"	Franklin, Ill.	Sacred Heart "	July 2
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.	St. Elizabeth's Church	May 22
Boston	Dorchester, Mass.	St. Margaret's "	June 18
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Holy Family "	June 12
"	College Point, L. I., N. Y.	St. Fidelis' "	June 21
"	Maspeth, L. I., N. Y.	St. Stanislaus' "	June 21
Brownsville (V.A.)	San Patricio, Texas	St. Patrick's "	May 21
Buffalo	Somerset, N. Y.	" "	June 28
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Charles' "	June 5
"	"	St. Monica's "	May 26
Cleveland	Collinwood, Ohio	St. Joseph's "	June 29
"	Euclid, Ohio	St. Paul's "	June 29
"	Toledo, Ohio	Home for the Aged (Little Sisters of the Poor)	June 5
Columbus	Mingo Junction, Ohio	St. Agnes' Church	May 28
Dallas	Oak Cliff, Texas	St. Joseph's Orphanage	June 1
Detroit	Anchorville, Mich	St. Mary's Church	May 22
"	Deerfield, Mich.	St. Alphonsus' "	May 26
"	Detroit, Mich	St. Joseph's (Male) School	May 23
Dubuque	Brighton, Iowa.	St. Mary's Church	June 20
"	Cedar Rapids, Iowa	Immaculate Conception "	June 23
"	" "	St. Patrick's "	June 6
Erie	Erie, Pa.	St. Peter's Cathedral	June 29
"	Mercer, Pa.	All Saints' Church	June 28
Fort Wayne	Fowler, Ind.	Sacred Heart. "	June 3
Grand Rapids	Cheboygan, Mich.	St. Mary's "	June 2
"	Merrill, Mich.	Sacred Heart "	July 3
"	Parnell, Mich.	St. Patrick's "	June 23
Harrisburg	Sunbury, Pa	St. Michael's "	June 4
Hartford	Terryville, Conn.	Immaculate Conception "	May 23
Helena	Kalispell, Mont.	St. Matthew's "	June 29
Kansas City, Kansas	Cherryvale, Kansas	St. Francis Xavier's "	June 29
" " "	Purcell, Kansas	St. Mary's "	June 11
" " "	Weir City, Kansas	St. Anthony's "	June 4
La Crosse.	Hammond. Ind.	Immaculate Conception "	May 25
Lincoln	Seward, Neb.	St. Vincent's "	June 25
Little Rock	Brinkley, Ark.	St. John Baptist "	May 29
Louisville	New Haven, Ky.	St. Catharine's "	May 23
Milwaukee	Alverno, Wis.	Franciscan Sisters of Charity Convent	June 1
"	Eden, Wis.	St. Mary's Church	June 6
"	Milwaukee, Wis.	Immaculate Conception "	May 26
Monterey and Los Angeles	Ventura, Cal	San Buenaventura "	June 29
Nesqually	Walla Walla, Wash.	St. Patrick's "	May 23
New York	New York, N. Y.	St. Elizabeth's Hospital	June 12
"	"	Mission of the Immaculate Virgin.	June 29
"	"	St. Joseph's Church	June 29
Philadelphia	Easton, Pa.	" "	June 15
"	Philadelphia, Pa	Our Lady of Lourdes "	June 14
Pittsburg	Connellsville, Pa.	Immaculate Conception "	June 15
"	Pittsburg, Pa	St. Agnes' "	May 26
San Antonio	Yoakum, Texas	St. Joseph's "	July 2
Scranton	Wilkesbarre, Pa.	Holy Saviour "	July 18
Syracuse	Oneida, N. Y.	St. Joseph's Church "	June 17

Aggregations, 53; churches, 46; cathedral, 1; institutions, 4; convent, 1; school, 1.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Angelus	344,605	11. Masses heard	220,635
2. Beads	478,313	12. Mortifications	173,272
3. Stations of the Cross	55,440	13. Works of Mercy	70,631
4. Holy Communions	83,675	14. Works of Zeal	75,986
5. Spiritual Communions	414,512	15. Prayers	5,18 ,163
6. Examens of Conscience	231,103	16. Charitable Conversation	45,266
7. Hours of Labor	673,084	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	78,890
8. Hours of Silence	275,261	18. Self-conquest	170,324
9. Pious Reading	109,915	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	378,935
10. Masses Celebrated	6,449	20. Various Good Works	261,357

Special Thanksgivings, 821; Total, 9,32),637.

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LETTERS WITH INTENTIONS

Letters received from June 20 to July 20, 1896, and not otherwise acknowledged. The number after the name of the place indicates the date of the letter.

ALABAMA.

Mobile, 24, 29, GO. 16.

ARIZONA.

Phoenix, 6.

ARKANSAS.

Helena, 11.
Eureka Springs, 13.

CALIFORNIA.

Almeda, 15.
Eureka, 14.
Los Angeles, 25.
Los Gatos, 15.
Marysville, 28.
Menlo Park, 24.
Oakland, 20, 14.
Petaluma, 20.
Riodell, 10.
Riverside, 27.
San Andrea, 4.
San Bernardino, 22.
San Francisco, 29, 10, 15, 16.

COLORADO.

Animas, 16.
Colorado Springs, 22.
Denver, 25, 27, 6, GO. 11, 15
Durango, 25.
Georgetown, 26, 18.
Las Animas, 28.
Leadville, 15.
Trinidad, 11.

CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, 17.
Baltic 24.
Bethel, 30.
Danbury, 1, 30.
Derby, 13.
Greenwich, 2.
Hartford, 21, 23, GO. 29, 30, 10, 19.
Keyser Island, 20.
Meriden, 24.
New Hartford, 30.
New London, 24, 19.
Norwalk, 19.
Ridgefield, 20.
Sandy Hook, 24.
Stamford, 13, 14, GO.
Terryville, 6.
Thomaston, 18.
Waterbury, 11.

DELAWARE.

Wilmington, 24, 25, 28, 29, 7.

DIS. OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, 22, 23, 25, 26, 28, GO. 29, 1, 2, 3, 6, 11, 17, 16, 19.

FLORIDA.

Armstrong, 6.
Jacksonville, 20.
Key West 20, 24.
Palatka, 6.
Pensacola, 18.
Port Tampa, 19.
Saint Leo, 2.

GEORGIA.

Atlanta, 19.
Bainbridge, 25.
Macon, 29, 7.
Savannah, 9.

IDAHO.

Boise City, 2.

ILLINOIS.

Alsey, 23.
Alton, 25, 5.
Aurora, 30, 2.
Beardstown, 25.
Belleville, 13.
Bloomington, 14, 18, GO.
Bradford, 18.
Charleston, 18.
Chester, 26.
Chicago, 21, 23, 25, 5, 6, GO. 7, 10, GO. 16, 17, 18.
Decatur, 6.
Dwight, 2. GO.
Effingham, 29, 28, 5.
Feehanville, 30.
Freeport, 4.
Joliet, 12, 13.
Ladd, 26.
Liberty, 6.
Lincoln, 7.
Lostant, 26.
Morrisonville, 16.
Newton 17.
Ottawa, 16.
Pana, 26.
Peoria, 26, 14, 15, 17.
Prairie Du Rocher, 8.
Quincy, 25 29, 9.
Rockford, 29, 13.
Sainte Marie, 20.
Springfield, 14, 17.
Streator, 30, 7.
Wenona, 14.

INDIANA.

Fort Wayne, 7.
Green Castle, 29.
Hammond, 23.
Lafayette, 4
Madison, 22.
Notre Dame, 20, 27.
Prescott, 7
Saint Mary's 18.
Seymour, 22.
Shelbyville, 24.
Terre Haute, 14

IOWA.

Brooklyn, 15.
Cedar Falls, 2.
Council Bluffs, 25, 10, GO. 12, GO.
Davenport, 3.
Dubuque, 23, 24, 27, 17, 19.
Eagle Grove, 11.
Elma, 20.
Emmettsburg, 11.
Hiteman, 24.
Iowa City, 24, 19.
Keokuk, 17.
Lawler 29.
Le Mars, 9.
Mount Pleasant, 4.
Sioux City, 15.
Solon, 15.
Vinton, 24.

KANSAS.

Abilene, 9, 14.
Kiowa, 20.
Leavenworth, 15.
McPhers n, 27.
Olathe, 24.
Paola, 17.
Osawatomie, 6.
Saint Paul, 29.

KENTUCKY.

Bowling Green, 6.
Calvary 15.
Covington, 1, 9.
Earlington, 11.
Fancy Farm, 11.
Frankfort, 8.
Knottsville, 13.
Lebanon, 6.
Lexington, 16.
Louisville, 26, 29, 10 18.
New Haven, 2
Newport, 16.
Paducah 7.
Springfield, 27, 19.
Stanley, 9.

LOUISIANA.

Baton Rouge, 14.
Cottonport, 9.
Marksville 15.
New Orleans, 20, GO. 2 11, 14, 16, 17.
Shreveport, 15, 16.

MAINE.

Portland, 28, 19.

MARYLAND.

Ammendale, 29, 1.
Annapolis, 28, GO.
Baltimore, 20, 23, 25, GO. 26, 29, 30, 2, 3, GO. 9, GO. 13, 14, 16, 18, 19, GO.
Bryantown 18 GO.

MARYLAND (con'd.)

Chapel Point 25.
Chester, 17.
Clements 12, GO.
Collington 16.
Cumberland, 9, 10.
Emmitsburg, 22, 14.
Frederick, 27.
Glyndon, 18.
Great Mills, 15.
Libertytown, 16.
Morganza, 17.
Mount Saint Mary's, 17.
Mount Savage, 9.
Mount Washington, 30.
Newport. 17.
Oxen Hill, 17.
Pomfret, 23.
Sykesville, 8.
Urbana, 11.
Woodstock, 3, 18.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Abington, 1.
Adams, 17.
Amherst, 16, GO. 17.
Beverly, 24.
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Oakgrove, 14.
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Saginaw, 11.
Wyandotte, 28.

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McCauleyville, 30.
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·OCTOBER·1896·



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QUEEN OF THE MOST HOLY ROSARY.

(Sassoferrato.)

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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXI. OCTOBER, 1896. NO. 10.

THE WANDERER.

From the Greek of Theophanes. Ninth Century. By C. W. Barraud, S.J.

WANDERING where no star can shine
Through the land of Death and Sin,
Fallen, lost—'tis thine, 'tis thine
By thy prayer, my soul to win.
Mother of my God, behold,
Kneeling in thy sight,
How my trembling heart grows bold,
Ceaseth all my fright,
And to thee swells forth my strain,
The one maid without one stain.

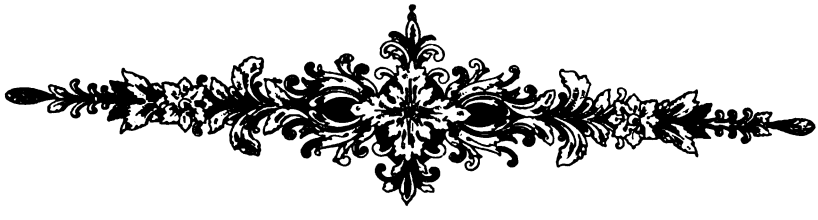
Lo! I have fooled mine hours away,
Left no evil deed undone;
Bitterly I groan this day
'Mid the woe my crimes have won.
Mother thou, of Christ, my God,
In my deep despair,
Waiting but the judge's nod,
Hear, oh hear my prayer.
Show thy love, thy mercy show,
Since through thee all mercies flow.

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By ill-living have I brought
Death eternal on my soul.
'Tis as one plague-smitten, fraught
With foul poison, nothing whole.
Lady, He who raised the dead
Took His life of thee,
At thy tender bosom fed;
Then give life to me,
That I may forever raise
Hymns triumphant to thy praise.

Sick with sorrow and deep guilt,
Virgin, in thy sight I lie.
Thou canst heal me if thou wilt;
Healing dwelleth in thine eye.
Say one word, one little word;
Breathe one prayer for me;
For my God, my King, my Lord,
Man was made of thee.
So shall I, if thou befriend,
Share His Kingdom without end.



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THE CAUSE OF FATHER JOGUES.

THE Church begets holiness and esteems it above every treasure. It is her constant aim to cultivate it in her children and her great glory to record their saintly deeds from the annals of the past. Time does not efface them from her memory, because when memory is prompted by love it is always unerring and far-reaching. The love of the Church, like that of Christ her spouse, is undying; her memory of ages past is as sure as her memory of yesterday.

Thousands of souls have died in the lowly walks of life, full of merits before God, but unknown to their fellow-men. In life they were not called upon to take a prominent part in the affairs of this world; after death there would seem to be no reason why special notice should be taken of their virtues. At times, it is true, the very humility and hidden life they had cultivated has been glorified, as in the case of St. Alexis, by a special revelation from God. However, in the ordinary ways of Providence, those souls are usually chosen for honor after death whose lives have been remarkable among their fellow-men. Naturally enough, it is the benefit derived from their example of philanthropy that has determined men to have them exalted to the honors of the altar.

It is proverbial that it requires a long period of years to bring about this exaltation of a soul departing this life in repute for holiness. Even when all is

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clear as to the heroism of their virtues, and certain about the miraculous favors required to manifest the power of their intercession, so many years must intervene between their death and the decree of their beatification that the one who takes up a cause at the start can rarely hope to bring it to a conclusion. Meantime, so great is the labor required, and so vast, in most cases, the expense incurred, that one is tempted to frame the proverb: "It needs a saint to make a saint," for it surely requires the spirit of a martyr to have one who lays down his life for the faith declared a martyr, and some of the heroism of a saint, to prove another's title to be venerated as a saint.

It is, therefore, easy to see how in the course of a process of beatification delays can occur that may prolong the process indefinitely; sometimes so long as to necessitate its being taken up again from the very beginning; and at other times long enough to dishearten and even exhaust the patience of its advocates. It is certainly no slight test of a soul's repute for holiness, when the tradition concerning it is so strong as to inspire other souls, even after a lapse of centuries, with the desire to have it beatified and declared worthy of public worship. This is a remarkable fact in the case of Father Isaac Jogues and of several of his companions, so remarkable, indeed, as to be one of the strongest proofs of his heroic virtues in life and of his death in the odor of sanctity.

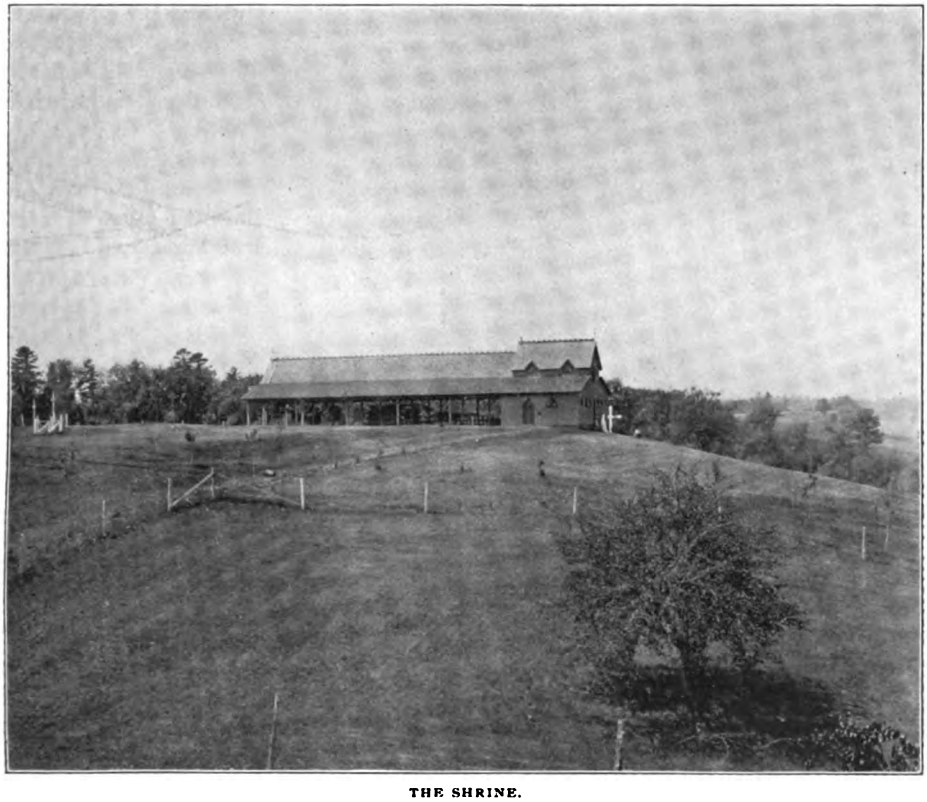
While Father Jogues was still alive he was regarded by all who knew him intimately as a saint. In recording this estimate of him, we must remember that it was not formed, as our own is apt to be formed, by the heroism he displayed during his two years of captivity among the Iroquois. Many a stolid Indian bore like tortures as calmly as the missionary, though more through their own motives of pride than through his motive of self-sacrifice. Many a white trader, too, in early colonial days stood brave and defiant under most brutal torments; in fact, several of Father Jogues' companions suffered with him just as keenly as himself, and yet they are not proposed as worthy of beatification. The virtues that made Father Jogues' companions and superiors look upon him as a saint were the obedience, the patience, the self-sacrifice, the fortitude, and the devotion which made them feel so sure of his constancy under every trial, that they never hesitated to entrust him with the most arduous missions, and they were never surprised that he should fulfil them with constancy unto death and under tortures even worse than death.

When his superior was choosing him as a minister of peace to the Mohawks, he noted in his relation for that year that the mission he hoped to found amongst them he would name Mission of the Martyrs. "If we are permitted to conjecture in matters that seem highly improbable," he added, "we may believe that the designs we have formed against the empire of Satan will not bear fruit until they are irrigated with the blood of martyrs." When a third time Father Jogues must go to the Mohawks, it would seem that he was the only one his superiors and brethren could think of as suited for the "Mission of the Martyrs." Such an estimate of his virtues they could have had only after witnessing in him, during all his religious life, the spirit of a martyr. His superior's conjecture was justified; only blood could sow the seeds of faith among the Mohawks. His choice of Father Jogues was justified. He chose him for his martyr-like spirit. He could quite naturally, therefore, write, on hearing of Father Jogues' death: "We may regard him as a martyr before God."

That this view of Father Jerome Lalemant was not singular or short-lived is clear from the fact that, some years later, one of his successors, Father Paul Raguenau, thought fit to include the traditions concerning Father Jogues among the

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collection which was drawn up, not only to preserve the memory of such men as Brebeuf, Garnier, Daniel and Gabriel Lalemant, but to provide materials for the process of their beatification should it ever be instituted. Each of these memoirs is attested by Father Paul over the signature of his secretary, Joseph Poncet. This, then, is the first step taken for the beatification of Father Jogues, and fortunately this collection of



THE SHRINE.

memoirs exists to-day, certified by one who knew its whereabouts during the suppression of the Society of Jesus, and who witnessed its return to its original owners.

All the memoirs and lives we have of Father Jogues were written with this one purpose, to preserve the memory of his virtues, heroic sufferings and death for the faith, and to gather together the material that might serve for the process of his beatification. It was this purpose his superiors had in view when they had Father Buteux put together all he had heard from Father Jogues himself concerning his tortures and slavery among the Iroquois. It was this same purpose that led Abbé Forest, a Jesuit of the last century, to write the biography of his townsman; and with a like purpose Father Felix Martin made use of the manuscript of Abbé Forest, which the French Revolution had prevented the author from publishing, in preparing his excellent life of Isaac Jogues. Finally, the distinguished translator of this life, Dr. Gilmary Shea, made his work one of devotion. It was only one of very many tributes of the great historian to the Apostle of the Iroquois, whose generous self-sacrifice he loved to record, though the story of his sufferings pained him so much that his manuscripts still

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THE ALTAR AND PIETA.

bear evidence of the tears he shed when composing them.

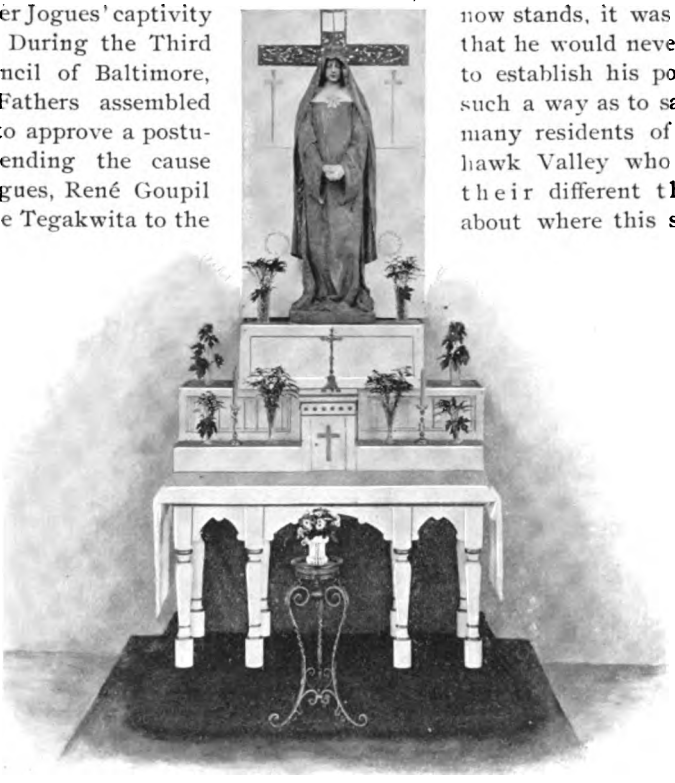
It is clear, then, that at no time since the death of Father Jogues has the project of having him some day declared Blessed been forgotten. It is noteworthy, besides, that in all the eulogies pronounced on him and on his many fellow missionaries, heroic as all of them were, he has always been classed with those who are singled out from the others for their distinguished sanctity. So characteristic and predominant is his sanctity in all he does, that it compels the admiration even of men who think a Jesuit cannot be sincere. According to Parkman, he is one of those whose character the pressure of Loyola's system intensified, without debasing, one who was so good that, even the violence done by that system to the noblest qualities of manhood, joined to that equivocal system of morality which eminent casuists of the Order have inculcated, could not make a whit less conscientious or religious.

If documents and historical eulogy of every sort were enough to establish the sanctity of Father Jogues, they could be furnished in abundance—so abundantly that the difficulty would be not in securing them but in selecting from their splendid testimonials to his merit. They are not enough, howsoever important may be the part they must play in every process of beatification. In a case like that of Father Jogues, in which it is impossible to furnish traditional evidence of his repute for holiness, either before or after death, the written testimony of authors and compilers from his day down to our own must be used to show that he practised all the theological and moral virtues in an heroic degree, and that his suffering and death were patiently and freely met for the interests of our holy faith. But the mere dry statement made from these sources is not the only, or in every case the most convincing, argument in behalf of a cause. What is also in demand, and what naturally appeals strongly to the judges in a process of beatification, is the popular sentiment which such documentary evidence should produce, the sentiment of great regard for the sanctity of the soul in question, and the sentiment also of a great desire to have that soul honored on our altars.

It speaks well for the cause of Father Jogues that such a sentiment springs naturally even from a slight acquaintance with the manner of his life and sufferings and death. No sooner had the scholars who best knew the documents pertaining to his career prepared his biography for popular reading than an eagerness to know more about him was apparent everywhere. The short sketches published in pamphlet form, the monthly notices in the *Pilgrim of our Lady of Martyrs*, the circulars issued from time to time, the excellent short

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biography written by Father F. Rouvier, of Mongres, France, all have been in great demand. Written as they were with the intention of arousing popular interest, it was soon found that even before they had appeared there was a disposition to read them, and this disposition has been increasing ever since their first appearance. Much of this interest is due, no doubt, to the familiarity of many of our priests with the story of Father Jogues' captivity and death. During the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, when the Fathers assembled were asked to approve a postulate recommending the cause of Father Jogues, René Goupil and Catherine Tegakwita to the Holy See, they did not need to inquire either about the merits of these three servants of God, or about the motives which should prompt every Catholic to wish for their beatification.



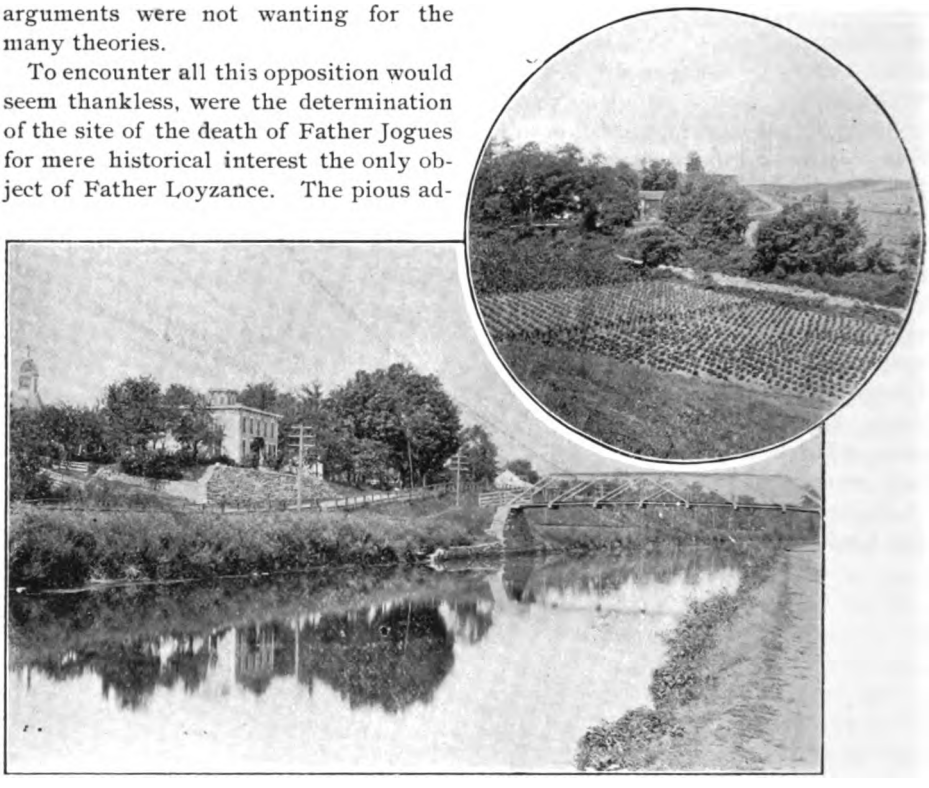
STATUE OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS.

What has most advanced the cause of Father Jogues the past twelve years is the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs which has been erected on the site of René Goupil's and his own martyrdom, which site was also the birthplace of Catharine Tegakwita, whose cause is associated with theirs. When the Reverend Joseph Loyzance, then of Troy, N. Y., first thought of finding the place consecrated by the memories of these heroic souls, his project was considered by many a hopeless one. Even when by the use of maps, and by the aid of the distinguished topographer, General John S. Clark, of Auburn, N. Y., he succeeded in locating the site where the Shrine now stands, it was thought that he would never be able to establish his position in such a way as to satisfy the many residents of the Mohawk Valley who had all their different theories about where this site must be. In the first place, not all could have access to the maps of the old Indian villages as they were located at different intervals from 1635 to 1684; nor could all have the benefit of the personal direction of General Clark in their several researches. Even could they have availed themselves of all these aids, the convictions that had grown with years would naturally be hard to shake, the more so that plausible

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arguments were not wanting for the many theories.

To encounter all this opposition would seem thankless, were the determination of the site of the death of Father Jogues for mere historical interest the only object of Father Loyzance. The pious admirer of the first pioneer priest of New York State had a higher object in view. To his eye of faith it would be a great achievement to discover the spot hallowed by the blood of a martyr; but this discovery seemed to him desirable only in so far as it would help to bring about the solemn declaration that Father Jogues was truly a martyr in spirit as well as in the manner of his taking off. To help on this result the site of his death must be made a means not only of making his heroic life and death better known, but also of inciting pious souls to a confidence in his favor with Almighty God; or, at least, to the desire to prove by their prayers the power of his intercession. As is well known, two things which seem, at first sight, to be mutually contradictory, are required before a cause of beatification can be introduced. It must first be proved that no worship has been paid to the servant of God whose cause is presented, and then it must also be shown that miracles have been performed in answer to prayers made through their intercession. As in every other detail of a process, in these two points also is the investigation most searching. How, we ask, obtain a miracle unless we induce the people to pray, and that fervently, in the way that makes prayer most acceptable to God, the prayer that calls for miracles, united prayer. And how shall we have them do this without leaving them under the impression that they are to some extent worshipping those whom the Church as yet forbids us to worship?



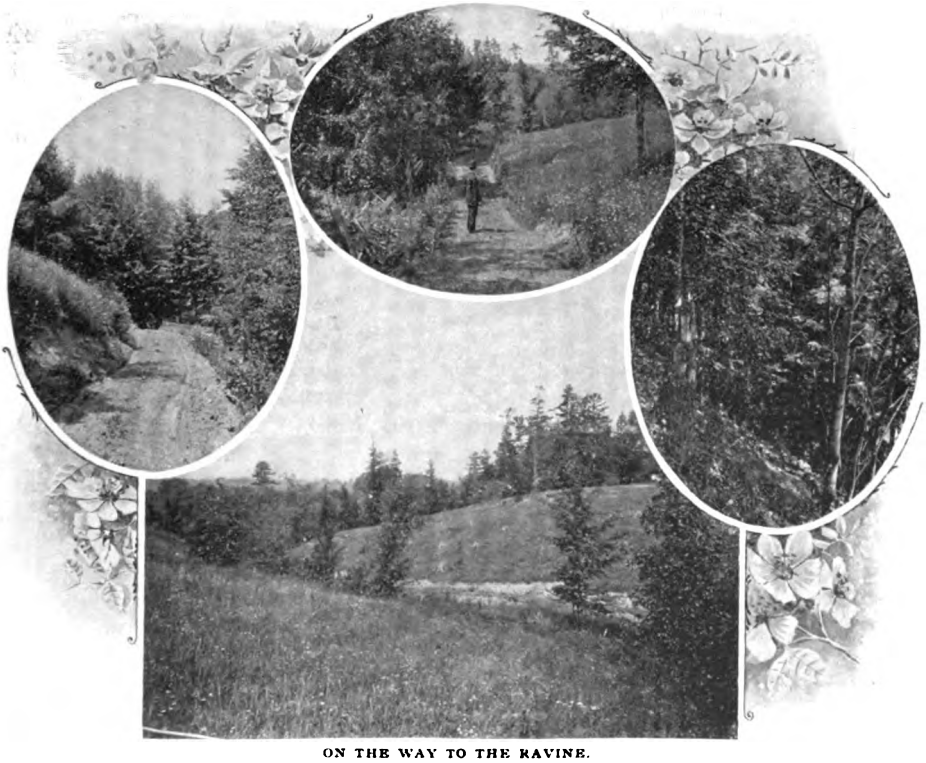
A SCENE ON THE CANAL.

The difficulty is not so great as it appears to be at first sight; but like many difficulties that are easy to answer, it may be very hard to meet in practice, explain as you will the distinction between public veneration, which is forbidden, and private veneration, which is

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allowed; insist, as much as you can, on the right we all have to ask any departed soul to intercede for us, so soon as one of God's servants is proposed as being possibly worthy of beatification, it is hard for some pious minds to treat with that soul as with ordinarily faithful souls, and it is hard to prevent them from acting or speaking as if they might publicly venerate the soul in question. It was a wise plan, therefore, of Father Loyzance to erect, as the only place of worship at the site of Father Jogues' death, a shrine in honor of Our Lady of Martyrs, securing in this way our Blessed Mother's favor on the cause of those who had hallowed, whether by their life or death, the soil of the old Mission of the Martyrs, and preventing most effectually any tendency to worship publicly those whom the Church has not yet presented to our worship.

Now in this country we are so unacquainted with the true nature and object of a shrine, that we are apt to expect too much or to obtain too little of the benefits of which it should be a medium, simply because we overlook or ignore its real purpose. The great Shrine at Lourdes has led many people to think that a Shrine must necessarily be a scene of frequent and striking miracles. Indeed, it is quite common to meet with people who imagine that, when God sees fit to grant a miracle in answer to the prayers made through the intercession of Father Jogues, it will surely take place at the Shrine at Auriesville. It will not do to answer that the miracle which finally determined the canonization of St. Berchmans happened not at his Shrine in Diest, but in our own country in the diocese of New Orleans. It would, it is true, be natural to look for special favors at the place where so much piety is shown, but the many remarkable favors reported as granted in other places through the intercession of Father Jogues and his companions should correct our belief that the Shrine



ON THE WAY TO THE RAVINE.

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must necessarily be a place of miracles. A place of marvels it surely has been, both in the temporal and spiritual order, but as yet no miracles that we know of have lately been granted through the intercession of those whom we seek to have beatified.

In his excellent life of Isaac Jogues, Father Felix Martin narrates several wonderful answers to prayer made with a view to having the power of this



servant of God made manifest to men; but it would serve no purpose to present these in his process at this late day. If God wishes to have Father Jogues beatified, He will surely manifest his power; if men wish to hasten this manifestation they must do all they can by their prayers and by their zeal for his cause in every way to deserve that he should extend to them the power of his intercession even by a miracle. "What can we expect from the martyr," wrote Dr. Shea in one of his private letters, "if we treat him so shabbily." True enough; how can we look to him for a miracle until we do something proportionate to such a favor.

But there are no relics! The implication is that there can therefore be no miracles. Now, one of the most frequent experiences in the course of a process of beatification is the discovery, or what comes to the same, the identification of the remains of the one to be beatified. In many instances this discovery is made in such a singular way as to be regarded itself as miraculous. Relics of Father Jogues do not exist, unless we regard his manuscript as such. His body was thrown into the Mohawk; his head lies buried near the village palisades, we suppose, because it had been placed on them the evening after his murder.

The remains of Catharine Tegakwita still exist, and are kept carefully by the Abbé of the parish in which her reservation is still maintained, and the site of her tomb is known, and many and remarkable are the



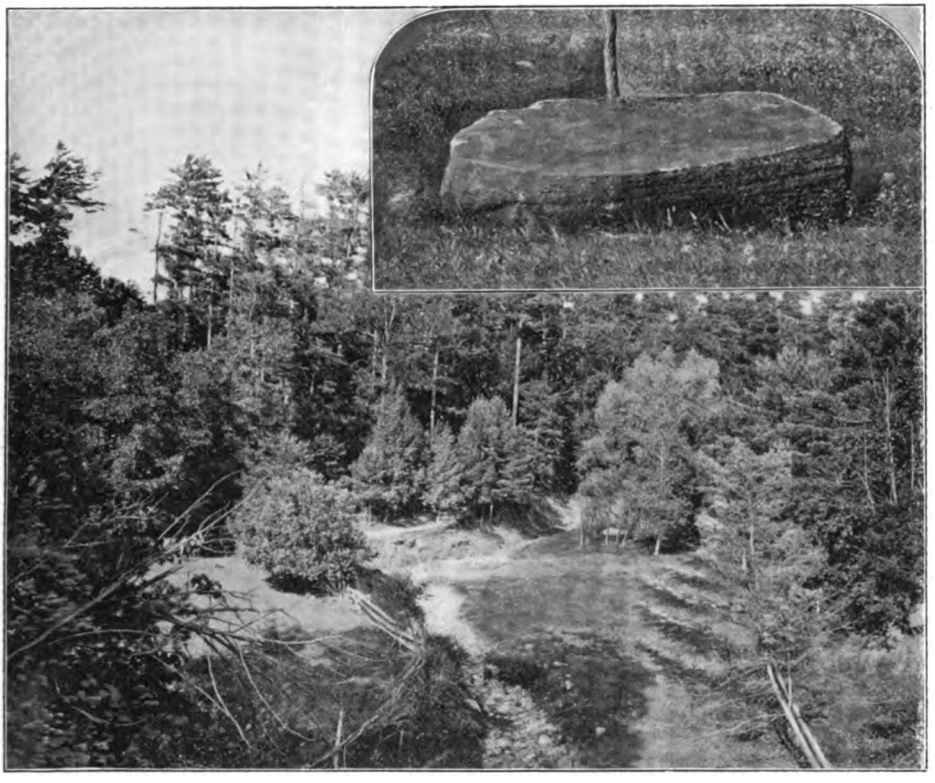
favors ascribed to the use of the relics and to prayers said at the tomb, at which descendants of her tribe may be seen kneeling frequently on pleasant Sunday afternoons. The bones of René Goupil were buried in the ravine which falls back of the old Indian village line, a short distance from the Shrine grounds. They were buried by Father Jogues, who hoped one day to enrich some Christian soil with the bones of this martyr Of course they have not yet been found.

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What honor they would receive could they be discovered may be judged from the value set upon a stone which lies in the ravine, and which popular credulity at one time sought to invest with supernatural virtue.

When Father Jogues, previous to the burial of the body of René, was obliged to hide it from the young Indian braves, he put it in the stream, fastening it against a large rock, around which the waters flowed, by piling upon it smaller stones. Now, it happens that there is a large limestone in the depths of the ravine, just where the stream-bed formerly lay, and because it was natural, when the ravine was first identified as the burial place of the young martyr, to say that this may have been the large stone described by Father Jogues, it was soon taken for granted that it must have been the same, and immediately it was treated as a relic. Fragments were broken off and passed around, and kept sacredly, and even steeped in water to try their curative powers. Cures were soon attributed to it, and the demand for more fragments became so great that it was necessary to fence round the stone, encage and padlock it, lest its popularity should be the cause of its utter disappearance.

Strange to say, Catholics were not the only ones to ascribe such virtue to this stone; non-Catholics also began to look upon it as a preternatural agent, partly out of respect for what they thought the Catholics believed, but chiefly because of the superstitious tendencies of our nature, which are common to all men, even to unbelievers. Now, God can make use of the lowliest and simplest of His creatures as a means of exercising His almighty power; and the soil of certain



IN THE RAVINE. THE ROCK.

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spots consecrated by the blood of martyrs, or even the bark of the trees, have been used as a medium of His divine influence even to the extent of miraculous results. There is no reason why the ravine, so hallowed by the burial of the young and saintly hero, René Goupil, and by the devotions of his companion in sufferings and death, should not thus become a place and source of miracles, if God wills it; but to encourage or even lightly to permit a belief more or less superstitious to be spread abroad about it and acted upon, would do great damage to the cause of both Father Jogues and René Goupil. The Church, which is so slanderously accused of fostering superstition, is, on the contrary, most jealous of it, and severe with her children who give way to it.

The truth is, miracles and, in most cases, relics, though most important as a cause of this kind proceeds, are in the beginning of the process only secondary in importance compared with the statements that must be prepared on the virtues of the souls to be beatified, on their repute for sanctity, on their strict orthodoxy in doctrinal and moral writings and teachings, on their Christian-like deaths, on the popular belief in their salvation and extraordinary power of intercession, and, finally, on the rigor with which every attempt to cultivate them by public worship has been discouraged and frustrated.

It may sound strange, but this very tendency to venerate publicly a servant of God not yet beatified, is one of the strongest proofs of his sanctity, and yet it must be checked under the penalty of losing his cause entirely should it be encouraged or permitted. As we have mentioned in the case of René Goupil, so an episode in the cause of Catharine Tegakwita will show what vigilance and sternness this requires. Born at Ossernenon, now Auriesville Station, Catharine moved with her tribe first to Gandawague, the present village site of Auriesville, and next to Caughnawauga, now Fonda, where she spent most of her life. The spring which marked the site of the old Indian village soon became known as the Tegakwita Spring. Its waters are still running, and it was a harmless thought to use them for drinking, but it was not so harmless to think of sending them here and there as being likely to show curative powers. Yet still some thought of doing this, all on the strength that Catharine must have frequented the spring when she went to draw water for her household. Happily, this did not last long, and people now look more to the saintly maiden herself and to her virtues than to any of the material things associated with her memory.

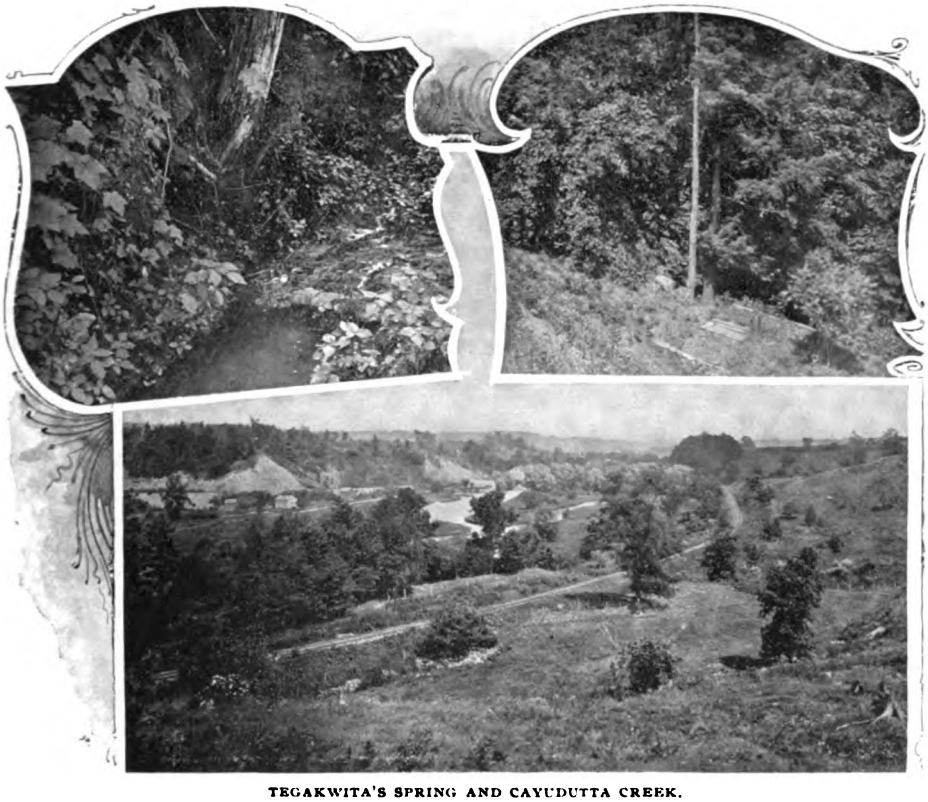
It should be clear from all that has been said that the cause of Father Jogues has not yet been formally presented to the Holy See. Petitions have been made by the Bishops both of this country and of Canada to receive his cause favorably when it shall be deemed proper to present it, but this only means that the highest dignitaries of the Church in these countries concur with the clergy and laity in the conviction that he lived a saintly life and died a martyr's death. It means also that they appreciate the great benefit it would be to our piety to have him declared Blessed. Meantime the same conviction has been growing among the laity, and it has led them to appeal to his intercession with greater confidence, and to judge by many letters of gratitude they write with greater proofs of the favors God grants through his servant. These are some of the results of the work done for his cause since 1884, when active interest in it was renewed, and they are important: they lend additional weight to documents and testimonies that have been collected with more energy during that time, and urge on us the need of a speedy presentation of the cause to Rome.

By the appointment of a vice-postulator the early preparation of this first

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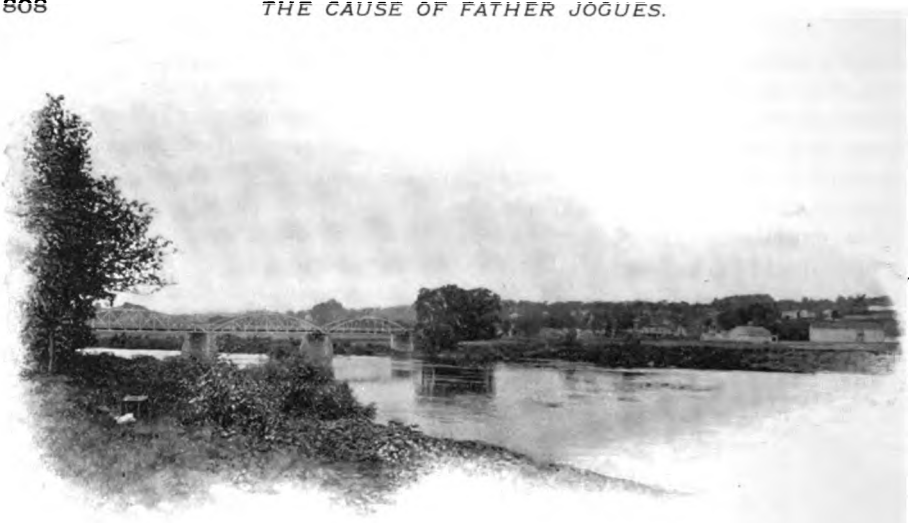
process is assured. The Rev. Arthur E. Jones, S.J., whose familiarity with the archives relating to the history of Father Jogues and his companions, has been appointed to this charge and he will assume it at once. All the evidence of Father Jogues' virtues must be sifted, all his writings examined, and all the traditions about his sanctity and his death for the faith investigated thoroughly, before the Bishops, who will be deputed to judge in the case, will consent to transmit this first process to be examined by the congregation of Rites. While all the erudition of postulators and advocates shall be thus employed in establishing the proofs of his title to our veneration, the faithful generally will be praying for the corroborative testimony of miraculous intervention on the part of God in answer to prayers made through his servant, which testimony of miracles must in turn be examined with the closest scrutiny, in order that every possible human means may be employed to assure us that Father Jogues is worthy of the honors of our altars.

This then is the present state of the cause of Father Jogues. Everything seems opportune for the preparation and speedy presentation of his cause to the proper ecclesiastical courts. This is the most important of all the measures thus far taken. All that has been hitherto done will help to a favorable reception of the cause when presented, but they are by no means essential for its introduction. The publications, the shrine, the pilgrimages in behalf of the cause, might be done away with to-morrow, but the preliminary process of presenting it could and must be prepared. It can be prepared, moreover, without any detriment even before the relics of those who



TEGAKWITA'S SPRING AND CAYUDUTTA CREEK.

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FONDA, N. Y.

are to be beatified are found, or before any first-class miracles are accredited to them. It would not do, however, to give up what has been of such aid to the work in the past; nor is it too soon to pray and to pray fervently for the miracles required before the final decree of beatification. Accordingly, while the preliminary process is being actively prepared, renewed efforts must be made to publish still more about the servant of God in question, to increase the pilgrimages to the Shrine in number and in fervor, and to multiply the prayers which shall finally draw down God's benediction on the undertaking even to the extent of a miracle.

With the cause of Father Jogues, that of René Goupil, his companion, and of Catharine Tegakwita, who was born on the site of their martyrdom, will be combined. And with this triple cause, that of Father Jogues' companions, Brebeuf, Lalemant, Daniel and Garnier, who died on Canadian soil, is also to be united. No true Catholic will ask why we should be so anxious about the beatification of these great servants of God. It is for us a family as well as a national affair. To the men and women who made the beginnings of our history Catholic we owe unceasing gratitude; to the most distinguished of them who make our entrance and first foundations in America a splendid record of heroism and saintliness we owe a devout remembrance that can never rest satisfied until it shall be permitted to manifest itself in public veneration. Divine providence blessed our soil with the miracles of grace that made a Jogues, a Tegakwita, a Brebeuf. It has worked the miracle of compelling even biased non-Catholic minds to proclaim their esteem for these heroes in terms so reverent as to sound almost like those of religious worship; the same divine providence can and will, in answer to our prayers, attest what it has done in sanctifying their souls, by miraculous proofs of the glory to which their sanctity entitled them.

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THE DARKEST HOUR.

By E. C. S.

THE great iron-bound prison gates clanged together behind Anthony Greyson and he stood in the clear October sunshine a free man once more. Free to go whithersoever he would—"the world was all before him, where to choose"—and free to rid himself, if he could, of the odium that attaches to one who has spent six months in gaol for theft.

As quickly as he could do so, he got away from the neighborhood of the prison and walked into the heart of the city, trying vainly to rid himself of the impression that he still wore the parti-colored convict dress and that everybody was eyeing it curiously. When a man has been living in a sort of waking nightmare for six months it is not easy for him to return to realities all at once. Beyond the fact that he was a straight, well-set young fellow, with a rather good-looking face, there was no reason that any one should take particular notice of him; yet it seemed to his sensitive imagination that the public was leagued in a conspiracy to stare him out of countenance, and at last he bought a daily paper in self-defence and went into a restaurant to read it while he discussed the chop that his new-found freedom had given him an appetite for.

Passing by the news, he turned to the advertising columns and began to look over the "wants."

He had to find work, that was imperative, for he had only five dollars in his pocket, the result, by the way, of a collection amongst the prison officials, who had thus testified their admiration of a prisoner who had never given them a moment's trouble. The question was, how was he to get the work? Times were hard and character he had none, except the one he had earned in gaol, which was not likely to avail him much. "I don't care," he said to himself doggedly, as the difficulties of his position grew more and more clear to him. "I am not a thief, I didn't steal that pocketbook, and I'm not going to let six months undeserved imprisonment take the grit out of me. Let me see; here is an 'ad.' for a bookkeeper, I'll try that, and another for a checker in a railway concern; I'll try both."

Having paid for his meal, he went out into the streets again and made his way in the direction of the establishment where a bookkeeper was desired. In spite of his assertion that he didn't care, he did care very much, indeed, and his spirits sank lower and lower as he neared his destination. It was a large dry goods store, and when he stated his errand he was ushered into an office at the back of the store, where a stout, elderly gentleman was laboriously adding up a formidable looking ledger.

"Humph! want a job at bookkeeping, eh?" said the stout gentleman, climbing pantingly down from his high stool and surveying Anthony from head to foot. "What is your name, young man; and where did you work last? Let me see your references."

Anthony turned scarlet, and his heart, low enough before, sank lower and lower. "I—I have no references, sir," he said slowly, a sickening sense of hopelessness taking possession of him. "I worked last for C. H. Wayington & Sons, but I left their employ under—under extraordinary circumstances and—and," he hesitated, stammered, and then broke out desperately: "The fact is, sir, I was accused of stealing a pocketbook that belonged to Mr. Wayington and—"

"I don't think you need say any

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more, young man," said the stout gentleman, severely. "I remember the case very well. Mr. Wayington is a friend of mine, and I heard from his own lips the story of your base ingratitude to him. I wonder that you have the audacity to apply for any respectable position. You may go, sir."

His last words fell upon the empty air, for Anthony was already half-way through the store, his face white as ashes and his hands clenched hard. He had thought he was prepared for humiliation, but the reality was not what he had pictured it.

Sick at heart, indignant and trembling with anger he reached the street and walked deliberately to the railway office, where a checker was wanted.

"You advertised for a checker," he said to the straw-hatted, shirt-sleeved individual, who eyed him from the midst of a pile of freight.

"I did," answered the other, removing a pencil from beneath his teeth. "Had any experience?"

"Some—in a wholesale house."

"What's your name and references?"

"My name's Anthony Greyson, and I have no references. I've just come out of gaol, after serving six months for a crime I didn't commit. Will you give me the job?"

The man looked at him aghast for a moment, then raised his arm and pointed to the door. "Git," he said, laconically.

Anthony turned on his heel and left the office, the hot flush of excitement that had borne him through, slowly dying away. He had acted without discretion, and he knew it. In the shirt-sleeved one's place he would probably have done as that individual had.

He wandered on aimlessly for some time, wondering bitterly if in all Montreal he was not going to find any soul charitable enough to give him a chance to earn his bread honestly.

"I won't go to any one under false pretences," he said to himself resolutely. "Whatever comes of it, I'll tell the truth. There shall be no after-claps if I manage to get a situation."

He was passing the big church of Notre Dame while he was thinking, and just then the mid-day angelus rang out. He mounted the steps, went in and passed down the side aisle toward the chapel of the Sacred Heart, as he had been wont to do in bygone days. The great picture behind the altar, with its life-like figures of the Redeemer and the humble Visitandine whom He chose as the apostle of His divine Heart, had always possessed an attraction for him, and half unconsciously he found himself kneeling before it now. Everywhere he had been that day he had felt himself a stranger and an outcast; here he was not so. He was at home once more. The odor of incense, the soft light that fell through the painted windows, the crimson lamp that swung gently before the altar, and, above all, the tender face of the kneeling nun and the transfigured countenance of the Saviour, wrapt him round with an influence that drew him out of himself and his misery. Elsewhere he was an alien, a criminal, a prison-stained ingrate, unfit to associate with his fellows; but here he was the well-beloved son, the dearly prized soul for whom that tender Heart was opening itself that he might take comfort and find therein renewed courage. A mist covered his eyes, and he hid his face in his folded arms. When he looked up again his cheeks were wet.

For many years he had been an Associate of the League; but it is doubtful if he ever knew the meaning of that wonderful devotion until that October morning.

Poor fellow, he needed all the faith and courage that came to him in that hour. His first experiences in seeking employment were only a sample of what was to come. Day after day he tramped the streets of Montreal, answering advertisements, asking for work; always with

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the same result. No one wanted a discharged convict. Some were civil, some were gruff, some laughed in his face; none would have anything to do with him.

Meanwhile his five dollars melted rapidly away, though he lived on one meal a day and slept in lumber yards and sheds and empty railway cars.

His clothes began to look shabby and his boots were almost worn out from constant walking. He grew gaunt and hollow-eyed from hunger—poor fellow, he had the voracious appetite of youth and nothing to satisfy it with—the commonest and humblest work was refused to him—but why go on with the heart-breaking recital?

The time came when he was without a cent and had been for two days without anything to eat save a piece of stale bread that he had begged from the niggard charity of a thrifty housekeeper. What it cost him to ask for that morsel only himself knew.

The month was drawing to a close and already the air savored more of November than October, when he made his way down one night to the wharf; weak, shivering and famished with hunger.

The navigation season would soon be over and the great coaling company was getting in its stock as fast as possible. The coal shutes were busy day and night unloading the steamers that replaced each other as fast as they could be emptied, and every available man was working as many hours out of the twenty-four as he had strength to do.

"For God's sake give me a couple of hours' work," begged Anthony of the foreman. "I am starving, man."

"Very sorry, but I can't employ non-union men," answered the foreman, wiping his grimy face on his sleeve. "The whole bilin' of 'em would go out on strike if I was to take you on. Here's a quarter out of my own pocket though; go and get something to eat, it's the best I can do for you."

He bustled away in answer to a call of: "Here you, Tim Flanagan, where are you?" and Anthony turned away and went nearer to the edge of the wharf where a pile of lumber made a shadowy corner. Here he sat down and looked dully out over the surface of the river, scarce conscious that he held the price of a meal in his hand. He had reached the deepest depth and there was nothing left for him but starvation or the gaol again. Nothing? He looked at the water dancing along, a silver pathway of ripples under the golden moon. Why starve when here was a way out of the difficulty? All he had to do was to slip down softly behind the pile of lumber and let himself gently into the water. A little splash—the men were too busy to notice it—a few choking breaths and all would be over—the hunger, the shame, the misery and degradation. A few days later a swollen, disfigured body would be washed up somewhere, there would be a hasty inquest, a hastier burial and then, and then—stay, was there not something more?

The lights in the French village across the river swam and danced before his eyes; the red and green signals on a passing steamboat stared at him like fiery eyes, and the rumble of a coal train behind him filled his ears with thunder. Would the day of judgment be a scene of confusion like this? His hand went swiftly to his brow in the Sign of Him at whose name every knee shall bow, and staggering to his feet he turned away from the treacherous, moonlit water and went feebly toward the town again, an unspoken, agonized prayer to the Heart of Jesus welling up from his soul.

As he toiled slowly up the road that led cityward he met a procession of people hurrying down to the ferry and, the sidewalk being narrow, stepped off into the roadway to make room for them. The street just at that part ran under a railway bridge and was in deep shadow, so that when his foot touched something soft he could not see what it was and

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was about to pass on, but a faint instinct of curiosity made him pause and pick up the article he had stepped on. The moment his fingers touched it he knew it was a pocketbook and hurrying into the light he examined it at the nearest lamppost. It was full of papers and keys, and in one pocket there was a roll of banknotes—a noble find for a starving man!

He turned the contents over and over eagerly, and at last came upon a visiting card bearing the legend: "Auguste N. Leduc;" low down in one corner was written in pencil "No. — Sherbrooke Street."

He hesitated for the fraction of a moment, then closed the pocketbook, snapped the elastic band around it and hailed the first electric car that passed.

Twenty minutes later he was being shown into the library of a handsome residence on Sherbrooke Street. "You wished to see me?" asked the grave, thoughtful-faced man who turned from his desk to speak to him.

"Is this yours?" asked Anthony, producing the pocketbook abruptly.

Mr. Leduc's face lit up. "Indeed it is," he exclaimed in a tone of relief. "I dropped it somewhere down by the wharf this evening and was just preparing an advertisement for the morning paper." He took the pocketbook from Anthony, and begun to turn over the contents and select a note from the bundle. "You work on the wharf, I suppose?" he queried, with a comprehensive glance at the young man's shabby apparel

"I don't work anywhere just at present," was the reply. "I cannot get any work to do." As he spoke a faintness came over Anthony, and he involuntarily placed his hand on the back of a chair to steady himself.

"You are weak—ill!" exclaimed the other, rising in alarm and forcing him to sit down. "You are not well, eh?"

Anthony looked up with a smile that was meant to be cheerful, but was only piteous. "I have not eaten anything for two days," he said wearily; "I am afraid I am starving."

"Mon Dieu!" ejaculated Mr. Leduc, hastening to his desk and touching an electric bell. In a moment a servant appeared at the door. "A glass of port wine, Cécile, and quickly," ordered her master.

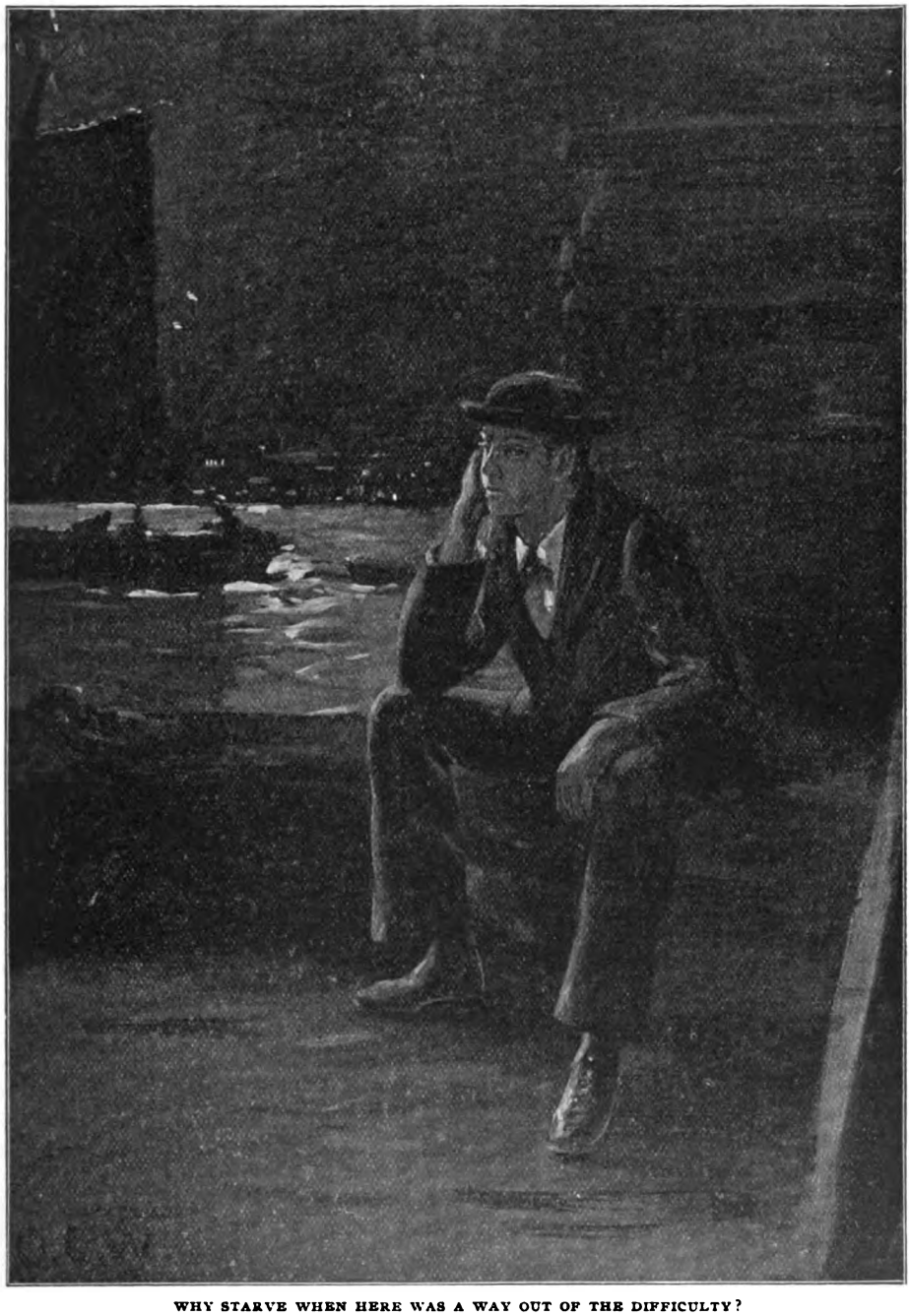
The maid tripped away and returned within a few moments with the wine. Mr. Leduc met her at the door and took it from her. "Prepare some supper in the dining-room at once," he said briefly, "something substantial Cécile." Then he brought the wine to Anthony and made him drink it.

"You are better now?" he said, as the color came back slowly to the young man's face.

"You are very kind," murmured Anthony gratefully. "Eh bien! and why not, my friend?" demanded Mr. Leduc, smilingly. "I think the obligations are on my side; there were six hundred dollars in that pocketbook. Now we shall have some supper and you will stay here to-night, my housekeeper will find you a bed. To-morrow we shall see what can be done in the way of providing you with a situation."

"You had better hear my story first, Mr. Leduc," said Anthony quietly. "It may cause you to change your mind." Then he told it, slowly and deliberately. Mr. Leduc listened patiently, shading his face with his hand. When Anthony had finished, he looked up and said thoughtfully: "You have been most unfortunate, but I do not believe you were guilty. A man who is honest when he is starving is not likely to have been dishonest when he was prosperous. I know Mr. Wayington very well; he is a good-hearted man, but very obstinate; and of course appearances were against you. I do not pretend to say how his missing pocketbook came into your trunk, but I am quite sure *you* did not put it there. God is good; perhaps the guilty person will yet confess. In

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WHY STARVE WHEN HERE WAS A WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY?

the meantime, what can you do? Can you write shorthand? Yes? Very good! I am in need of a stenographer, you are in need of a situation; what could be more convenient?

Anthony tried to stammer some words of thanks, but Mr. Leduc silenced him and led the way to the dining-room, where such a supper was spread as the outcast had not seen for many days.

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Dame Lecours, the merchant's housekeeper, looked somewhat taken aback when told to prepare a chamber for this very dilapidated looking guest of her master's, but she felt reassured when he addressed her in the very best French, and thanked her courteously as she was leaving him.

The next morning a difficulty arose. Anthony's clothes were scarcely in keeping with his improved fortunes. However his benefactor had not forgotten the fact, and before the young man had time to realize his embarrassing position, Mr. Leduc's valet appeared with an armful of clothes belonging to his master.

"Monsieur Leduc's compliments, and he hopes the garments will serve until monsieur has time to call upon his tailor."

Anthony was somewhat slighter than his new-found friend, but the clothes fitted very well, nevertheless, and Mr. Leduc scarcely recognized him when he came downstairs, so much improved was he in appearance.

"One thing I must prepare you for," said the French gentleman kindly, as they walked down-town together. "It will not be long before some one recognizes you, and you may be made to feel uncomfortable, but you must be brave and live down your trouble. Remember, *I* hold you innocent; and remember also that *le Bon Dieu* can dissipate the clouds when it shall seem good to Him to do so. Are you—pardon me—a Catholic?"

"I have that happiness," answered Anthony, simply.

"That is good—you have, consequently, many motives for faith and patience. Here now is the office; follow me."

For about a week all went well. Anthony's frank good nature soon put him on terms of good fellowship with his brother clerks, and he seemed on the high road to happiness once more, when all at once the clouds lowered over him again. One morning he went into the office, and not a voice returned his cheerful salutation. Everybody seemed too busy to notice him. "It has come," thought Anthony, hanging up his hat and walking into Mr. Leduc's private office, where a desk had been placed for him.

Mr. Leduc himself arrived about an hour afterward, and he was scarcely seated when the head clerk from the outside office brought in a paper and laid it before him. He glanced at it, and then looked up with a frown on his usually calm face.

"Send them all in here," he said, sternly.

A moment later half a dozen of his employees stood before him, most of them looking decidedly uncomfortable.

"I understand from this petition," he said in French, tapping the paper, "that you object to the presence of an employee of mine. Now, I want you all to understand that I am perfectly well aware of Mr. Greyson's history; that I knew what I was about when I employed him, and that I intend to keep him in his present position until he leaves it of his own accord. If any or all of you are not satisfied with my arrangements, you are at liberty to send in your resignations. You may go."

The little knot of clerks made their exit with an alacrity that would have amused Anthony had he not been overwhelmed at the moment with shame and mortification. Mr. Leduc looked at his crimson face and smiled. "Come, come, this will not do, *mon ami*," he said reprovingly, but there was genuine sympathy in his eyes, nevertheless. "It is only what I warned you of. You must have courage, courage. Oh, yes, they will perhaps send you to—to—how do you say it?—to Coventry, eh? But never mind, the lane that turns not is long, is it not? Now we will not speak of it again. Here is a batch of letters, let us get them out at once."

After that Anthony found his path a little thorny. None of the protestors

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sent in their resignation, but they all combined to cut him dead and he could not help feeling it acutely. "I don't think I'd be so hard on any of them if our positions were reversed," he thought more than once; and indeed it is probable he would not, for his was one of the rare natures that would rather raise a fallen brother than trample on him because he was down.

Once or twice in the days that followed he was tempted to give up his position and leave the city; but the knowledge that his story would certainly pursue him sooner or later deterred him. The stigma that clung to him was only to be removed by years of honest industry—unless indeed, which seemed unlikely, the one responsible for the original wrong should confess it and so clear his character.

Almost imperceptibly his nature broadened and deepened under the adverse circumstances that surrounded him.

From an easy-going, pleasure-loving youth he developed into a thoughtful, serious-minded man, to whom the world was worth exactly its real value and nothing more; he had seen beneath its surface and the lesson thus learned, had, without embittering him, cured him of many illusions.

He had always been a practical Catholic—indeed uncommonly so for a young fellow who had been his own master from the age of eighteen—but his piety had been of a dutiful sort. It was the right and proper thing for a Catholic to go to church on Sundays, to observe days of abstinence, and to receive the sacraments several times during the year, and he had been careful to observe all these points—would have felt uncomfortable had he not done so—but his religion had not entered into, and become the best and dearest part of his life as it was now doing. He had not dreamed that it could fill to overflowing the vacancy made in his existence by the withdrawal of a pharisaical world; but it was doing so daily and he rejoiced at the discovery.

Truly his tribulations had not been in vain. Happiness and prosperity, fair fame and the respect of his fellows might all be his in the future, but he would never again be in danger of placing a fictitious value upon them.

Then one day his faith and patience were rewarded. Mr. Leduc came to him with a newspaper and pointed out a paragraph which ran thus: "If Anthony Greyson, late of Wayington & Sons, will call at the General Hospital he will hear of something to his advantage."

"Take your hat and go at once, my boy," said the merchant kindly; and Anthony hurried off, the prey of contending hopes and fears.

When he reached the hospital he was shown up into a ward that a glance revealed to him was occupied chiefly by consumptives. A nurse met him as he entered and when he told her who he was she led him to the end of the ward where a screen was drawn around one of the beds.

"The person who advertised for you is in there," she said, and returned to her duty, leaving Anthony to announce himself to the invisible patient.

He walked softly around the end of the screen and found himself face to face with a man who had been a fellow-clerk in Wayington's; but so worn and emaciated was he that Anthony was a full minute before he recognized him.

"You have come at last, I am glad," said the sick man with difficulty. "I was afraid you had gone away."

Anthony took one of the shadowy white hands in his own and pressed it sympathetically. "I had no idea you were here, Preston, or I should have come to see you sooner," he said kindly. "Is there anything I can do for you?" The shock of seeing an old acquaintance in such a condition had made him forget momentarily the peculiar circumstance that had caused the meeting.

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"You can't do anything for me except grant me your forgiveness," answered the other feebly. "It was I who took Wayington's pocketbook — I who put it in your trunk when I found detection inevitable, and I who let you go to gaol when a word would have saved you. It was to tell you this that I advertised for you. I suppose I ought not to expect you to forgive me, it was a terrible wrong; but if you knew what I have suffered since, I don't think you would find it in your heart to let me go into eternity unforgiven."

The beads of moisture stood around his brow and lips and he closed his eyes as he spoke. Perhaps he dreaded reproach or invective.

Anthony sat as if turned to stone. In all his speculations as to the identity of the one who had planned his ruin, he had never once thought of Gilbert Preston. It was not in human nature not to recall the misery, mental and physical, that this man's cowardly act had been the cause of inflicting upon him, and it all recurred to him with the vividness of a flash of lightning. But the memory and the feelings it evoked lasted only long enough to remind him that he would one day need a generous pardon himself and there was no trace of anger in his face or voice as he leaned over and wiped the perspiration from the face of the dying man, saying gently at the same time: "I forgive you as I hope to be forgiven myself. Are you strong enough to tell me how it happened?"

Preston opened his eyes and looked up, an expression of relief struggling with shame in his poor thin face. "You are very generous, Greyson," he said weakly. "Thank God, I had the courage to speak; it has taken a load off my mind. Yes, I will tell you how it happened. I had got into trouble — gambling debts; and the fellow I owed them to threatened to write and tell Mr. Wayington if I did not pay up by a certain date. You know the sort of a man the boss was; he'd have turned me out there and then if he'd known the rig I was running and that would have meant ruin to me. I was desperate — didn't know which way to turn — and that very day Mr. Wayington left a wallet on his desk with five hundred dollars in it that he was about to take to the bank. So many of us were passing in and out that I fancied the suspicion was not likely to fall upon me more than another and I put the wallet in my pocket and went out to lunch as usual, taking the opportunity to run round to my boarding house and hide the money before going back. When I returned to the office the place was in an uproar. The money had been missed and old Wayington was raving about like a madman. Everyone had to submit to being searched, as you no doubt remember; but as half of the staff had been out for lunch of course the search was useless. You have reason to remember how *that* afternoon passed and the misery everyone was in. Well, as soon as five struck I hurried off home and secured the wallet and was just about to set off with it to pay my persecutor when I heard strange voices downstairs and looking over the balustrades I saw a detective coming up; a man I knew very well by sight, as it happened.

"It flashed upon me at once that Wayington had set him to hunt down the thief before the money should have been got rid of and I felt myself in a trap. He would certainly not let me go until he had searched my room and myself thoroughly. My heart died within me and I looked about for a means of escape. Your room, you remember, was next to mine, and had two doors; one leading into the hallway and the other into my room. I knew you never locked either, and so I slipped back into my own room, passed into yours, and threw the wallet into your trunk, which was standing open. Then I went back again and met the detective as he entered my room.

"Of course a search followed. He

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went into every nook and cranny, and searched me from head to foot—I am sure he suspected me for I must have looked guilty—of course he found nothing to reward him. Then he went into your room and I went with him. He hunted nearly everywhere before he went to the trunk, and I was hoping he would not touch it, for it did not look a likely hiding place with the lid flung back the way it was. He did go to it however and—and—you know the rest.

"There was no one to prove that you had not visited your room since morning—the street door was open all day and you might have gone in and out a dozen times without being noticed—so your only defence broke down and you were punished for my crime while I stood by and held my peace. When I think of it I wonder how you can forgive me."

He paused exhausted, and Anthony gave him a spoonful of wine. "Don't say any more about it," said the latter, sadly, "you didn't do it through spite or malice, but just to save yourself. Let it go now, it is all over and I am none the worse, thank God."

"You *shall* be none the worse, for I have put a written confession in the hands of the doctor who attends me, with instructions to publish it as soon as I am dead," said the sick man, feverishly. "I meant to die without trying to see you, but I could not. I dared not face the next world until I knew you had forgiven me. Surely God will not refuse what His creature grants. Do you think He will?"

"God never refuses to hear the penitent sinner," said Anthony, reverently. "Have you—have you seen a clergyman?"

He felt diffident about asking the question, for Preston was not of the household of faith.

The sick man shook his head wearily. "What good can they do me?" he asked. "Read a chapter of Scripture and extemporize a prayer; I can do that myself. If I had time enough left me, I'd study up your religion. It must be immensely comforting to you Catholics to believe that the Lord allows His ministers to assure you of forgiveness, so that you won't go out of life in a state of uncertainty. But I'm too late for that now, and must take my chance."

"Not at all, if you are thoroughly in earnest," said Anthony, eagerly. "Since you don't care to have one of your own ministers, will you have one of mine?"

"If you think he can help me, bring him by all means," said Preston. "Who knows, perhaps he may be able to give me back the peace of mind I lost twelve months ago, when I wronged you so terribly. Do you know, Greyson," he added, with the ghost of a smile, "I think you are responsible for the disease that is taking me off, because I went to the dogs altogether after that time. My sin didn't avail me much, after all, for old Wayington gave me the bounce before you'd been in gaol a month. Heigho! What a hand I've made of myself. But go now, like a good chap, and bring one of your priests to me; he may be able to patch my poor soul up a bit before it sets out on its long voyage."

The anxiety in his sunken eyes gave a denial to the seeming flippancy of his words and Anthony went away with a warm thrill of exultation in his heart. Surely to help this poor storm-beaten derelict into port was a revenge worth having!

Half an hour afterward he returned in company with a gray-haired priest, whom thirty years of missionary labor had familiarized with all the weaknesses and frailities of poor human nature. A man who had been all things to all men that he might gain them to Christ.

Leaving the Father with the dying man, Anthony sought out the hospital authorities and arranged with them to remove him into a private ward, where he and the priest could have access to him at all hours. This done he went

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away, treading upon air, to recount to his kind patron all that had befallen him.

Mr. Leduc congratulated him warmly, and then marched out to the other office and informed the clerks that Mr. Grayson's character had been cleared of all stain, and that they should know the name of the real criminal before long.

It was, however, nearly a fortnight later before Gilbert Preston passed away, comforted and sustained by the Sacraments of the Church, into which he had been brought almost by a miracle. Friends, old and new, flocked around Anthony Greyson when his innocence was established, and Mr. Wayington would fain have had him back at almost double his former salary, but Anthony was faithful to the interests of Mr. Leduc, to whom he felt he was under obligations that he could never repay.

Years have passed since then and the one-time convict is now a prosperous merchant, distinguished amongst his fellow merchants for honesty and integrity, but especially known by those who know him best as an ardent and zealous promoter of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in whose honor his life and fortune are spent.

POPULAR EDUCATION IN GERMANY BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

By Rev. James Conway, S.J.

IT is very generally accepted outside the Church that there was nothing but utter darkness—ignorance, illiteracy and barbarism—particularly in Germany before the so-called Reformation. A cursory reading of the excellent work of Johannes Janssen, the first volume of which has been recently published in our language, shows the period immediately preceding the Reformation to have been one of unprecedented literary and scholastic activity.

There was, of course, no such thing as public schools, in our sense of the word, in those days. But there were the great universities; there were numerous intermediate schools; there were common schools, pious foundations supported and patronized by the parents of all social grades, in which reading, writing and other elementary branches were efficiently taught.

The grade of popular education may be gauged, in the first place, from the number and quality of the books issued from the printing press — then in its infancy — before the beginning of the sixteenth century. Though many works have been entirely lost by the ravages of war and the fanaticism of the Reformers, we have still extant about 30,000 works printed before the year 1500. As many of these works consisted of several volumes — among them many folios — we may estimate the number of volumes at between 75,000 and 100,000—a considerable library—the production of the press in less than half a century.

Many of those works within the same brief period went through an incredible number of editions. One hundred editions of the Latin Vulgate version of the Bible were printed before the year 1500. Twenty different translations of the Scriptures into different dialects of the German language were published in numerous editions during the same time. One publishing house issued fifteen editions of the German Bible before the end of the fifteenth century, and another issued nine editions in ten years (1479–1489).

Prominent among the first publications of the printing press were the writings of

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the Holy Fathers of the Church, and other ecclesiastical writers and scholars in the Latin tongue. There were, however, among them also a considerable number of books of devotion and popular instruction, books for family reading, hymn and song books, and so forth—all in the German language.

A contemporary writer, who lived before the year 1479, says that in the district of Utrecht alone in his time more than 100 convents of nuns had in their possession German books for public reading and private edification. "Both gentle and simple," he adds, "both men and women, in this whole district, have German books, which they read and study."

Among the books of edification the *Following of Christ* held a very conspicuous place. Before 1500 it was issued in ninety-five editions in various languages. It speaks volumes for education, that the pedagogic works of Jacob Wimpheling, a reputable author of that day, were printed in thirty editions within twenty-five years.

While we have ample records on universities and middle schools at this period the information on common schools is rather scant. Yet we have sufficient data to show that these were very numerous, well conducted and well patronized—in short, that popular education was widespread.

There was, of course, no compulsory education in those days, but the duty of parents to send their children to school was urged as a part of the Christian law. Thus we read in a popular catechism, published in 1470, among the duties of parents: "They should send their children to school at an early age, to virtuous teachers, that they may learn to dread sin, and that they may not learn any evil or sin in the streets." Nor should the parents resent it when "the teachers punish their children for evil-doing." In another book of instruction of 1478 the children are taught that their teachers "are their spiritual parents;" that their services cannot be repaid "with gold or silver."

Besides reading and writing, it was the duty of the teacher, as we find written in another popular book of those times, "to instruct the children in the Christian doctrine and the commandments of God and of the Church. They are to supply whatever the preachers cannot effect in their sermons and other instructions, and lend these a helping hand."

In the little town of Wesel there were in the year 1491 five elementary teachers, who taught the boys "reading, writing, reckoning and ecclesiastical chant." There were also separate schools for girls. So, for instance, in Xanten, in the year 1497, there was a girls' school, under the direction of an estimable lady trained for this profession by the "Brothers of the Common Life," with eighty-four pupils, partly from the nobility and partly from the rank of common citizens. As a rule, every village in the empire had its elementary school, and even in the country places schools were to be found within a radius of a few miles.

The esteem in which the teaching profession was held may be judged from the salaries which were paid them, which, though they may seem small in our times, were then comparatively high. Their chief resources were the school fees paid by the parents of their pupils. But, besides this, they received liberal grants from the community. In a little place called Weeze, near the present Dutch frontier, the schoolmaster received from the community four florins in cash, twelve bushels of rye, eight bushels of wheat, eight bushels of oats, and sixty bundles of straw, besides a free house and a kitchen-garden of one-third of an acre, and the free use of an acre of meadow land. Besides, each pupil had to pay a school fee of five stivers in winter, and three in summer. Moreover, he received perquisites for church services, amounting to two or three florins yearly.

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To appreciate the amount of this salary, we must bear in mind that at that time you could purchase for one florin 100 pounds of beef or 110 pounds of pork.

In the village of Goch an elementary teacher, besides a free house, school fees, and other perquisites, received eight florins in cash yearly, while the secretary of that municipality received only five florins, and the two burgomasters had to share between them the same paltry sum. In some places, as Culmbach and Bayreuth, the yearly salary of a teacher was seventy-five gold florins. This was a very liberal remuneration, when we consider that a young nobleman with his private tutor could at that time live in good style at one of the great universities at the annual expense of twenty-six florins, including boarding, lodging, clothing, college fees, and extras. The ordinary village schoolmaster was better paid than the chief architect of the Cathedral of Frankfort or the Majordomo of the Court of the Palatinate, and that on the principle that the schoolmaster deserved best of the community.

Hence a contemporary writer says: "The instructors of youth should be held in the same esteem as the civil authorities; for they have to undergo hard toil and labor, to keep and nurture the children in Christian discipline and order. As long as they do this they deserve our esteem, love and support."

However, the school, at best, is only a supplement to the family, which was ordained by God for the education of children. The school supposes family education, and its work is completed by the family. The character of the school work is to a great extent dependent on the common consent of parents. As are the families, therefore, so will be the schools and the general education of the people. The true basis of education, then, is the Christian home. We cannot, therefore, form a just estimate of the state of education in any time or place without determining the nature of the home influences under which the children grow up.

The historian of the German people supplies us with ample data on home education in Germany before the Reformation.

A popular work of the time gives us an insight into the sentiments which actuated Christian parents. "The hope of the Church," it says, "is particularly the youth. Therefore all religious instruction should begin by exhorting parents to educate their children in Christian discipline and morality, and to make their homes the first school and church for the little ones. . . .

"Christian mother, when thy child, who is the image of God, rests upon thy bosom, make the sign of the holy Cross on his forehead, lips and breast, and as soon as he can talk, pray with him, and make him repeat the prayer after thee. Thou shouldst bless thy child, teach him the creed, and bring him to confession at an early age, and teach him also what is required to make a good confession. . . .

"Father and mother should set their little ones the example of a holy life, and should bring them on Sundays and holydays to high Mass and sermon and vespers, and also bring them to Mass often on other days."

Another similar religious manual says: "The parents should teach their children the *Our Father*, *Hail Mary* and *Creed*, and other points of this manual in the German tongue. *Item*, they should, moreover, teach them to honor Mary, the Mother of God, their guardian angels, and all the saints. Morning and evening they should bless the children, and should teach them at night to kneel down before their beds and thank God. . . . *Item*, they should teach them these things from childhood, for when they grow old they become awkward, so that they neither can, nor will do what is good. . . . Moreover, they should teach them to say grace before

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and after meals, to thank God, and to be temperate in eating and drinking, and to behave well in the street. . . . *Item*, they should dress plainly and not haughtily. They should be taken to church, to hear Mass, vespers and sermon, and taught how to serve at Mass. . . .

"The Christian home ought to be a Christian temple, particularly on Sundays and holydays, when all — father, mother, children, man-servant and maid, old and young—should assemble to praise God, pray and read pious books, but none the less sing, play and make merry. . . . Especially on those days, more than at other times, the parents should give their children the nourishment of Christian instruction by giving alms, by all works of mercy, by forgiving the evil deeds and insults of their neighbors. Thus they will set the children a good example that will not be lost on them."

Another writer of note exhorts the head of the family on Sunday afternoon to attend the sermon with his household, and after his return "to sit down with his good wife and children and servants, and ask them to repeat what they remember from the sermon, and then to repeat what he himself remembers. At the same time he should examine them on the ten commandments and the seven deadly sins, and the *Our Father* and the *Creed*. Then he should treat them to some refreshments, and sing a good song about God or our dear Lady, or something about the dear saints, and make merry with his little folks." So the house-father should sanctify the Sunday afternoon. The same author urges also the obligation of hearing an entire Mass and attentively hearing an entire sermon on Sunday morning.

Great stress was laid alike on the preaching and hearing of the word of God. Sermons were preached in all the churches in the morning at Mass, on Sundays and holydays, and in the afternoon at vespers. The hearing of the sermon on Sundays and holydays was so enforced by the Church, that the neglect of being present at an entire sermon, no less than the absenting one's self from Mass, was regarded a grievous sin. Those who left the church before the end of the sermon were to be reported to the bishop, and were in some places punished with excommunication.

All sermons to the people were preached in the vernacular, though the published sermons that come down to us from those times were in the Latin tongue. This custom of writing and printing sermons in the learned language of the schools probably gave rise to the widespread prejudice that in those days sermons were preached to the people in a language they did not understand.

The esteem in which the word of God was held in those times is shown also by the great number of endowments of pulpits in churches and chapels throughout the empire. The object of these endowments was to secure the most learned and eloquent preachers in the country, and give them the means of applying themselves entirely to the study of the Fathers of the Church and of the word of God, and thus preparing themselves for the arduous duty of preaching.

Their duties were by no means those of a sinecure. In virtue of the stipulations of the charters of endowment, they were bound to preach on all Sundays and holydays of obligation, on the Fridays (sometimes daily) during the holy season of Lent, and on other festive occasions. During the advent season, also, sermons were preached in the churches several times a week. The attendance at these sermons seems to have been very considerable. A writer of the beginning of the sixteenth century informs us that in the city of Nürnberg there was a great concourse of people at the sermons, although the word of God was preached in thirteen churches at the same time. The attendance in large churches sometimes reached four or five thousand.

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The most conspicuous among those foundations was that of Strasburg, which was held for thirty years by Geiler von Kaisersberg, probably the most eloquent preacher that Germany ever produced. To this pulpit was eligible only "a man of approved morals and virtue, eminent in doctrine and the art of preaching. He had to preach on all feasts and solemn occasions; besides on all Sundays after dinner, and daily during Lent."

The character of those sermons, as may be gathered from the specimens that have been published and handed down to us, was instructive and interesting, however quaint and naive the execution may appear to our modern taste. The favorite themes were those portions of the Scriptures which are read in the liturgy of the Church. A running commentary on entire books of the Sacred Writings, however, after the manner of the Holy Fathers, was no uncommon thing. Erasmus, a rather severe critic of his time, acknowledges this. He says: "In many churches it is customary that the parish priest explain the whole gospel, or the epistles of St. Paul, to the people in an ordered series of sermons." Three or four, or even five, of the sermons were devoted to the explanation of each of the commandments, as the subject demanded.

The religious instruction of the people was, therefore, thorough, and was based principally on the word of God, as interpreted by the Church. The preaching of the Gospel was conducted on the model of the Apostles and of the Fathers of the Church—chiefly by the living word. Where the Gospel was so efficiently preached, and where there existed such a high appreciation of the word of God, the people could not but be well instructed in their religion.

However, we have still another evidence of the eagerness of the people for religious instruction—the extraordinary number of sermons, instructions on the Christian doctrine, and other religious books, issued from the press at this time, which show a wide demand for religious information and edifying religious literature. Hundreds of such works are still extant from this period, of which there is hardly one that had not gone through several editions before the end of the fifteenth century. The sermons of the Dominican friar, Johann Herolt, for instance, were published in forty-one editions (certainly no fewer than 40,000 copies) before the year 1500. A very favorite kind of family reading, for which the Germans have preserved a predilection to this day, is the *Postille*, *i. e.*, a popular exposition of the Epistles and Gospels and other parts of the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and of the various feasts and seasons of the ecclesiastical year, such as many American Catholics have become familiar with in the excellent and popular work of Father Goffine.

The summaries of Christian doctrine and duties, corresponding to our catechisms, were numerous and widespread. They are remarkable for thoroughness, accuracy, simplicity, and above all for that unction which true piety alone can inspire and appreciate. Many of them might serve as models to this day. Add to all this the popular songs and hymns, which still form one of the grandest features of German literature Those undying "folksongs," which are falsely attributed to Martin Luther, but date from the time of which we write, or from an earlier period, were in themselves the outgrowth as well as a potent factor of an advanced civilization.

The wonderful activity of the printing press, therefore, the number and quality of the elementary schools, the condition of family life, the methods of Christian instruction, and the character and quantity as well as quality of popular literature at the decline of the fifteenth century—all go to show that Germany before the Reformation enjoyed a high degree of popular culture. On the other hand, the Reformation brought the terrible curse of war and want on a peaceful, cultured and contented people.

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A BHUTIYA VILLAGE.

BUDDHISM AND LAMAISM.

By Rev. C. Bouckhorst, S.J.

IN these distant parts, whither my Superiors sent me to labor among the heathen, whilst glancing over papers and periodicals from Europe and America, I have occasionally come across the terms Buddhism and Buddhists. It would seem that a certain group of men, enemies to Christianity and enemies to God, are trying in Europe and America to uphold what they term the one true religion of humanity, a system of universal brotherhood, a substitute for what they love to characterize as a superannuated worship of a non-existing Deity.

They give out that they owe their religion to the East, that it flourished from time immemorial in India, that it spread thence all over Asia, that to-day it counts among its adherents the vast majority of the population of the globe, and that, judging from the progress achieved, it is sure of gaining over the rest of the world, and bids fair to triumph over Christianity itself.

Its teachings, they say, surpass in sublimity those of Christ; in fact they assert that Christ borrowed some of his best precepts from Buddha. Its practices commend themselves by their high moral tone and their perfect adaptability to the wants of men; and to it, it is alleged, the Catholic Church owes several of its ceremonies and rites.

To us, who live side by side with Buddhists and know something of their sayings and doings, such utterances appear more like the ravings of madmen than the expression of conviction on the part of men of culture. With the history of early Buddhism on the one hand and various accounts of modern Buddhism in Ceylon, Burmah, China and Japan on the other, and especially with Buddhism under our eyes in the garb of Lamaism

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in Tibet and Sikkim, we are able to form for ourselves a correct idea of what Buddhism is in itself, what its tendency is, and what its influence is on the moral character of the nations that have chosen it as a guide.

We purpose, therefore, to give a brief sketch of primitive Buddhism, to describe its actual manifestation in Sikkim, to account for the noticeable divergences, and lastly to discuss some data in connection with the numerical strength of the Buddhists in the world.

I.

To Buddhism can hardly be conceded the merit of originality. In its essence it is but one of hundreds of national protests, embodied in one great man and representing the aspirations of the freest and boldest of the period, lodged against the degrading yoke of Brahminism, the dominant religion in India. Such protests have rung in the ears of the all-subduing Brahmin at stated times from century to century in the long course of ages; but one and all, after reviving for awhile some smouldering hopes in the hearts of the many classes of the oppressed, have finished by being absorbed in the huge, irregular, many-sided system of Hinduism.

In its constituent elements Buddhism is a mere copy of Hindu beliefs and Hindu practices. It inherited from the parent stock that placid elasticity which accommodates itself to all tastes and passions, to all conditions and nationalities; and whereas in India mutual concessions and tolerance at last set at naught its *raison d'être* as a scheme of opposition to the Brahmins, it succeeded on the same principle in surviving in several neighboring countries. Nevertheless, so blended do we find it everywhere with the local forms of worship as to be, in our opinion, hardly deserving of the common appellation of Buddhism.

Numerous are the legends grouped around the central figure of Buddha, its founder—as numerous in fact as the sects that worship his memory. These legends, with little or nothing in common with one another, leave us to grope our way in the dark in search of some positive information.

It is recorded that *Sakya-muni Gautama*, called subsequently *Buddha* (the wise one), was born in 557 B.C. in old Kapilavastu, a city situated north of Benares, at the foot of the Nepal Himalayas. He was son and heir to Suddhodana Gautama. A philosopher by birth, if not by education, he is said to have begun at an early age to revolve in his mind the all-important problem of man's destiny. This problem at that time was mooted throughout the civilized world—in Greece by the disciples of Pythagoras, in Persia by Zoroaster, in China by Confucius. The scene of misery and wickedness displayed on all sides by a corrupt world deeply impressed Gautama and brought him earnestly to seek a remedy for the evil. At last he resolved to abandon wealth and honor, kith and kin; and, as many in India had done, and were to do thereafter, he fled from the haunts of men and penetrated into the desert to live a life of austerity and meditation.

For six years he applied himself to master the various systems of philosophy propounded to him by Hindu ascetics. He practised fasting, abstinence, and other singular austerities. But nothing of all this brought peace to his mind; nothing gave the longed-for solution. Surely not the then prevailing Brahminic form of religion.

Brahminism, as evolved at that time out of the primitive Vedic nature-worship, consisted of an agglomeration of idolatrous sects and different schools of thought, without unity, without temporal power, and without popularity. The literary language was exclusively Sanskrit. In it all religious hymns were written, and these were thus rendered incomprehensible for the multitude. Their propitiatory sacrifices had become so numerous and taken such vast proportions as to drench the whole peninsula

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with blood. The ritual enforced on those occasions was so intricate and trivial as to exasperate the nobles, who were taught that victory and immortality were to be extorted only at this price from the jealous gods.

The masses were groaning under the iron yoke of caste.

The Brahmins alone, these cunning mutterers of old formularies, worshipped as emanations of the divine intellect, reigned supreme, glutted with the life-blood of nations. These were the inventors and inexorable expounders of the inequalities of birth between man and man. These were the rulers that laid down the tyrannical laws binding both king and kuli (laborer) to the minutiæ of caste duties. These were the extortioners of the poor man's wages, and the cruel oppressors and violators of womanhood.



BHUTIYA LADIES.

Therefore, turning his back on the Brahmins, Gautama began to evolve a system of his own, which he felt confident would solve the problem so long engrossing his mind The legend would have that supreme knowledge dawned upon him under the Bodhi-tree, or Tree of Wisdom, at Gāyā in Behar.

This tree still exists behind the old Buddhist temple; or rather the tree is perpetuated in new trees planted in the decayed stem of the old. The temple is attributed to Osoka, the Constantine of Buddhism, who flourished about 250 B.C.

In the light of this knowledge, our philosopher, now risen to the dignity of a Buddha, is said to have discovered that the existing religious and social structure was no longer to stand, if his countrymen were to be spared utter ruin. Boldly then did he rise against his former teachers, proclaiming the equality of all men, the aptitude of all to rise to the dignity of an ascetic, and the possibility for women to associate with men in the pursuit of perfection.

Other novel doctrines were framed. The pantheism of the Brahmins, viewing this universe as a diffused portion of the Supreme Being, to be finally reabsorbed in Him, was cast aside. Men were no longer to have their destiny moulded by aught else but themselves. Practical atheism was set up and egotism was to be the sole rule of action. All atoning sacrifices became meaningless, and every man was to bear in his present existence, as well as in his future ones, the full consequences of his deeds. Since life is synonymous with suffering, and since the thirst for life is the root of this suffering, the sooner a man frees himself from the bondage of concupiscence, the sooner he reaches that state of non-suffering, inaction, non-existence—the most coveted *Nirvana*.

What, then, is this *Nirvana?* In its formal negative sense it supposes the destruction of passion and of action; it

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is a goal to be reached through many succeeding existences, by constant efforts in the practice of the *Rules of Life* laid down by Buddha. These consist in right vision, right thoughts, right words and right actions, all of which are applicable to all men. Four are reserved for ascetics: namely, right living as a recluse, right application to the study of the law, right memory of the law, and right meditation. In its positive sense *Nirvana* conveys seemingly no meaning at all, for Buddha professed invincible ignorance on the subject, and hence it has been inferred that he denied the immortality of the soul taught by the Hindus.

On the other hand, more stress was laid on another Hindu doctrine, namely that of the transmigration of souls. The present position of man on the ladder of life is determined by his doings in preceding existences. He now pays the penalty or enjoys the reward of his former actions, and his actual merit or demerit will have as effect to accelerate or delay the final annihilation of his wordly existence. Man, therefore, is to abstain from all disorders and impurities as from the causes of all suffering within himself; he will furthermore practise poverty, inaction, benevolence and abstract contemplation, for these will release him from all troubles arising from his dealings with the world.

Like all other Indian reformers, Buddha entrusted the spread of his doctrine to a body of holy mendicants, both male and female, called respectively *Bikshus* and *Bikshunis*.

For forty years Buddha travelled about in the garb of a beggar, visiting in turn most of the kingdoms of India, triumphantly received by princes and potentates, welcomed by all classes, and loved by the poor and the outcasts. He died probably in 477 B.C. at the age of eighty years.

The preaching had begun in 522 B.C. at Benares, and within the space of three centuries it gained supremacy in India, a supremacy based on tolerance and persuasion. A branch developed in Cashmire in the first century of our era, and spread thence onward to China, Corea, Japan, Cochin-China, Formosa and Mongolia. This branch is known as North Buddhism. Another branch flourished in Ceylon and sent forth offshoots that took root in Burmah, Siam, Java and Sumatra. It is called South Buddhism.

Let us now consider the causes of this wide extension. Owing to its indifference with regard to the Deity, Buddhism found it convenient and easy to amalgamate with all forms of religion. Moreover, where it met with deeply rooted national or foreign, pagan or Christian, customs, it did not reject them, but adopted them, although under a distorted shape, and for its own purposes. Besides it spoke, it appears, of brotherly love, pardon of injuries, benevolence and equality—words that seemed to announce the dawn of salvation to the weak and the needy. Finally, we may point to the egotism and pride so natural to man. Buddhism knew well how to flatter these passions. Not God, but *I* am the object of all my aspirations. *I* work out my perfection. If *I* misbehave, *I* shall atone for it. No one need *I* serve or supplicate. A less perfect life must necessarily follow on a sinful one. *I* may possibly have to go up and down the ladder of perfection, but in the end *I* shall achieve my salvation through my own endeavors and struggles.

However, in India the Brahmins persevered in their calm and studied opposition to Buddhism. Violence may hardly be said to have been used to any extent. Yet before the beginning of the twelfth century of our era they had succeeded in banishing their rival from the continent. The victory was on the side of the partisans of caste distinctions, as we missionaries know but too well. Internal decay, disunion, and, above all, the absence of a personal deity, may have contributed considerably to the disappearance of Buddhism in India. But although the trunk died in the land

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where the seed had been sown, n t so the branches grafted on mouldering stems in neighboring countries. There Buddhism has for centuries given signs of life and growth, and such was the case in and beyond the hills where we are established at Darjeeling.

II.

We have not alluded in the preceding to the material structure of Buddhism. Gautama had bidden his hearers only to lead good lives and not to trouble themselves with gods and sacrifices. But a religion, or whatever you may call it, without tangible practices, ceremonies and the like, is repugnant to man's dual nature, and as such could not last. Consequently, we read that in the course of time more external practices were borrowed from the Hindus. Exterior homage began to be paid to the remains of pious people. Monasteries became sanctuaries, images of Buddha appeared on altars and in processions. Bells, beads, and other implements of worship were introduced, and obelisks were erected above a supposed tooth or bone of the great founder. These visible tokens of the presence of Buddhism are yet existing, and we have them under our eyes here in Sikkim. These relics we see glittering in beautiful silver or gold cases on the breasts of Bhutiya ladies. We have heard the peal of these bells.



A GROUP OF NATIVES.

We have seen these beads gliding through the fingers of so-called priests and of laymen. We have visited these monuments and these temples.

But let us describe all this in order, not omitting the peculiarities that make the genus Buddh sm the species Lamaism

Sikkim is a small country lying on the southern slopes of the Himalayas, north of Calcutta. Forty miles journey

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from the plains brings the visitor into the heart of the little kingdom, of which part is under British government, part under British protectorate. Within sight of the eternal snows of the Kinchinjunga, among the old forests that crown the heights as yet unabsorbed by the ever advancing wave of tea gardens, one meets here and there little villages of a singular aspect. The huts and the hilltops in the immediate neighborhood are surrounded with high bamboo poles, planted in clumps or in rows. To these bamboos are attached long pieces of cloth, on which mysterious formulas and emblems are printed. The bushes, too, above and below the dwellings, present the curious sight of a thousand strips of colored cloth and paper floating in the breeze. The approaches to monasteries (and there are about thirty-six in this little district) are characterized by longer and denser rows of these "prayer flags" or luck flags, and more strips on the adjoining shrubs

The most conspicuous figure in a Buddhist village, or about a monastery, is naturally the *Lama*, *i. e.*, the priest, monk, hermit, sorcerer, exorcist, astrologer, or whatever you wish to call him, after one of his numerous professional capacities. From one end of the Himalaya Mountains to the other, from Mongolia in the north, down to the British possessions in the south, the Lamas exercise their spiritual and at times temporal ascendency. Their true home, or rather ecclesiastical State, is Tibet, their chief centre, Lha-sa, the capital. A head-lama, called *Dalai-lama*, a supposed incarnation of a demi-god, holds sovereign sway. The Emperor of China is their supporter and legal protector.

Lama monasteries (Gompas) are scattered all over Tibet and obtain for it the name of Country of Prayer. Monasteries are also met with in Nepal, Bhutan and Sikkim. In the hill panorama, which in clear weather we have under our eyes, we can descry up to ten Gompas known to us by name. Their inmates are very numerous. Moreover, begging Lamas live and thrive everywhere. Sikkim, that counts only 31,000 inhabitants, of whom 20,000 are Hindu Nepalese immigrants, 6,000 Lepchas, and 5,000 Bhutiyas, possesses a thousand Lamas, mainly supported by the two latter tribes.

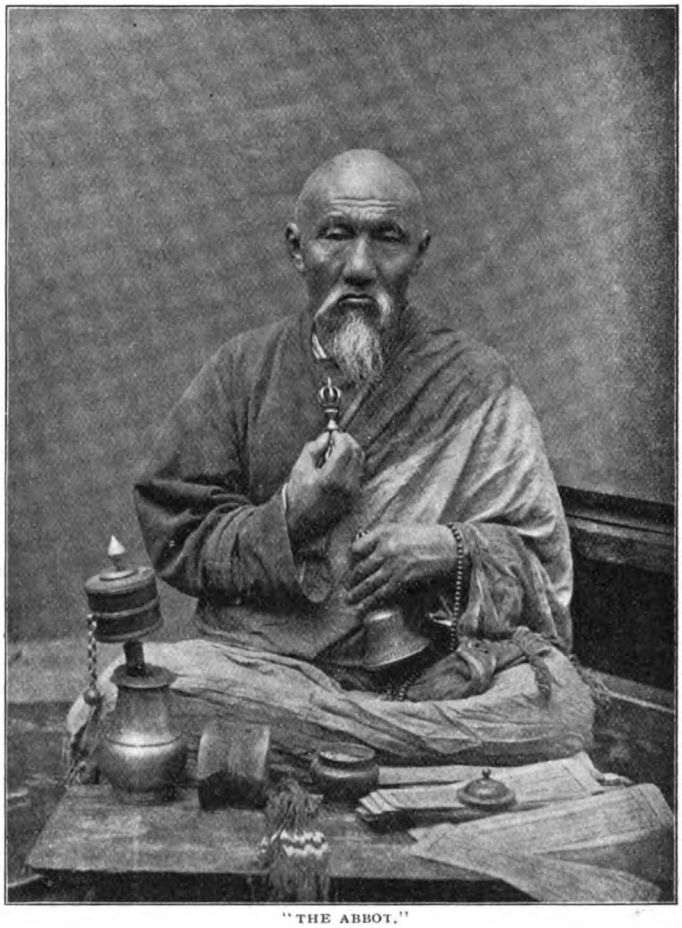
It is nothing rare to meet one of these Lamas along the roads, nor is it difficult to accost him, for he is on the whole a peaceful, kindly being. As we stop to address him let us take a full survey of the man. His skin is olive-tinged; his eyes have a tendency to obliquity and are almond-shaped; his cheek bones are high and wide apart; his forehead broad and culminating in an almost conical shaven skull; the nose is substantial, and hair on upper lip and chin very scanty. A dark red gown having long sleeves with wide cuffs wraps his broad-shouldered form; a colored belt girds his loins and keeps so much of the long gown tucked up as to display the bare feet and ankles. With a smile on his face and amiable gestures, he gives you to understand that he would like to converse with you on the topic of religion. For indeed in this matter he is allowed to treat you as his equal. In fact he fancies that his dignity, science, and preternatural powers bridge the gulf between him and the European "Lama." With much self-complacency does he expose his own system, and with no less politeness does he declare himself ready to learn something about the Catholic religion.

One of the questions which might interest us has reference to the way of recruiting Lamas. The Lama institution is very popular among the Bhutiyas of Sikkim. As the eldest son is destined to perpetuate the family name and property, the rule is that the second son in every family be devoted to monasticism. A certain amount of reflected honor attaches to a family which has produced a Lama.

Between the ages of eight and ten

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years the boy-candidate is brought to the neighboring monastery by his father and presented to the abbot. If the boy pleases the latter, a senior relative already incorporated among the Lamas is called upon to be his tutor, and this tutor receives from the boy's father a present of tea, eatables and beer.



"THE ABBOT."

As a probationer the child is little more than a private schoolboy under the care of his tutor. After two or three years' training, during which corporal chastisement is freely administered, the boy, if not hopelessly stupid, is admitted among the novices.

The novice or *Grapa* is now for the first time brought under monastic rules. He is ceremoniously shaven, takes vows, dons the habit of a monk, and receives a religious name On this occasion the father or guardian is required to prepare for all the monks of the monastery a feast of food and beer. After a few months another present of a pig or a bullock, a cargo of beer, a load of dried grain, and two bricks of Chinese tea must be made. Besides this, each monk of the monastery may claim from the novice's family one rupee in cash. This goes at times to make a round sum as the number of monks reaches in some cases more than one hundred.

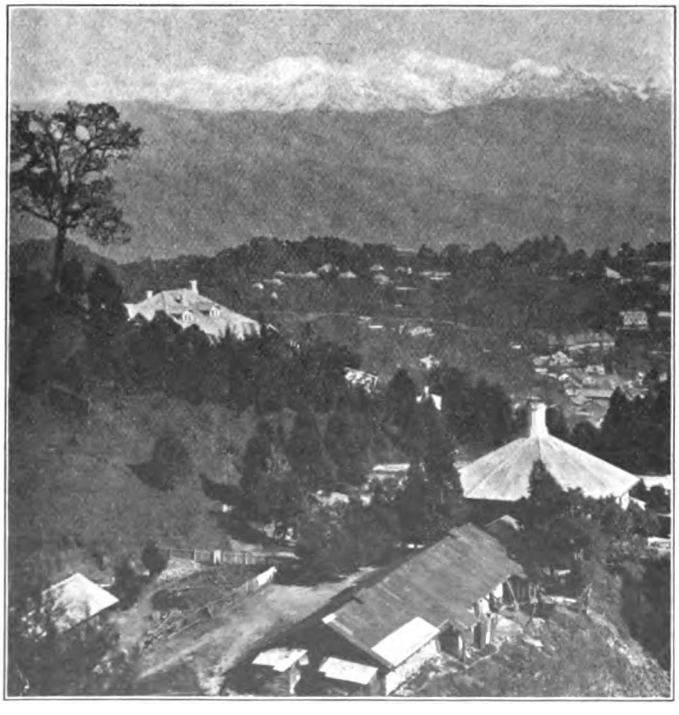
As a novice the boy owes his tutor implicit obedience; to him he has to hand over any share he may receive in the offerings of money or alms made to the community. Moreover, his relatives must often come to visit him, and pay their respects to the tutor, and bring presents of cooked meats and so forth. Meanwhile the novice has to learn by heart several books on worship, magic and morality, and until he succeeds in passing a severe examination on these subjects he has to perform menial offices, such as serving tea and soup to the monks during the intervals of service in the temple. Although a monk is at liberty to devote himself to sciences and arts, such as astrology, medicine, painting, yet he is, as a rule, solely intent on exercising his memory so as to be able to recite without the help of a book the whole ritual. For in this case he will be

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much more popular and sought after as a family priest, which is a paying business, and the goal to which most of the monks aspire.

Besides the regularly trained Lamas, there are found also what we would call intruders. One of our neighbors appears to be of the latter kind. Some years ago he succeeded in gathering some money by dint of work and economy. To put this to good account he resolved to abandon his trade, to buy for himself a Lama outfit, to surround his hut with prayer-flags and profess sorcery. However, as he thought, the people of the *Basti* (hamlet) had not much confidence in his newly acquired powers. In order to obtain the necessary degree of influence, he devised a pilgrimage to a renowned temple in Nepal. He told us himself that the journey would take two months going and coming on foot. He disappeared and in due time returned in a considerably altered appearance. Nothing was wanting now. A costly Tibetan dress, visits of fellow Lamas, the practice of contemplation, mysterious airs, and, above all, a continual practice of prayer, sufficed to make him pass for a genuine Lama. As a sorcerer it is he who is mostly consulted in all cases of sickness, ill-luck, danger of impending calamities, and the like. As a priest he is called upon to perform funeral rites at the interment or cremation of deceased persons.

The description of a Lama would be altogether inadequate if no mention were made of a singular instrument that accompanies him everywhere, namely, the famous prayer-mill called *mani*. Whether at rest or on the march; whether seated within doors or squatting on his verandah; alone or in company; in the throng of the bazaar as well as in the solitude of the temple; whether silent, talking or laughing, the Lama holds and swings in his right hand a kind of toy. It consists of a cylindrical box, with an axle passing through the centre, and having underneath a handle and above an ornamental knob. A short piece of bamboo encloses the axle within the box, leaving space enough for several long sheets of paper covered with prayers to be rolled round it. The box opens and shuts freely. On the outside there is a little brass or leaden ball fastened by a little chain. It has for object to accelerate and regulate the motion of the mill. The whole is sometimes artistically wrought in silver or gold. Such is the Lama's most familiar implement of



KINCHINJUNGA AND DARJEELING.

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prayer, and not without reason. For he is an individual who ought to be found in prayer at all times, not that at all times he feels the need of imploring the assistance of a Supreme Being; no, as a matter of fact he is very little concerned about the Deity, but the mysterious formulas which he makes use of are so many *mantras*, or charms, that, to the popular mind, possess the *intrinsic* power of driving away evil spirits. The articulation of these formulas, or the waving of their printed representation, have for effect, moreover, to diffuse a spiritual virtue that cleanses from sin, protects from danger, increases personal perfection, reduces the cycles of re-births, and hastens the acquisition of Nirvana.

There is something peculiarly strange about the fascination that has seized the mind of these people. A mysterious syllable, a sigh, a gesture, a movement; nay, a sound, a flutter of the prayer-flag, a turn of the prayer-mill, possesses for them the power of a spell that overrules all causalities. Hence the hand prayer-mill, the *vade mecum* of the Lama, that cause the pious devotee to move in an atmosphere of sanctity. Hence those numerous flags that exhale good luck. Hence those shreds on the bushes. Hence those water-mills, prayer-barrels, and a hundred other clever contrivances that, in one way or another, turn or swing prayers, and so multiply in a wonderful manner merit and virtue.

The most renowned of the sacred formulas is rendered as follows in Sanskrit: "*O mani padmi hum!*" O thou flower of the lotus, hum! So deep and mysterious is this sentence that no living creature can fathom or analyze its meaning. European scholars have proposed several explanations, but the Lamas, who pretend to know better, shake their heads and declare all such attempts vain. They themselves are little concerned about the meaning of spells. The saying is popular and resounds through the whole of Central Asia. Numerous monuments, called *Mendongs*, bear in rudely carved characters the mystic sentence. Pious Buddhists repeat it some thousands of times a day; and to count the number they make use of sets of a hundred and eight beads (thengna). This rosary, if not gliding through their fingers, hangs from their neck at all times.

(*To be concluded.*)

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ST. WILFRID OF YORK.

AN ENGLISH ULTRAMONTANE OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY.

By M. Townsend.

FIFTY-ONE years ago William Henry Faber startled the English Church with his life of St. Wilfrid, a work so far in advance of the position then held by Anglicans that the storm of indignation which it caused once passed, the book itself seemed to pass from men's minds, and it was with difficulty a copy could be found in New York from which to take the extracts we give.

No sketch can do justice to the work itself, written in Faber's most winning style, with earnestness of soul and singleness of purpose in every line. It is a ringing, soul-stirring call to unity with Rome, and it is hard to realize that it came from a leader in the Anglican party. No wonder the Oxford movement influenced the noblest minds when such fearless seekers after God's truth were among them.

In Bowden's life of Faber there is a phrase which tells with keen emphasis the sad difference between *then* and *now*—unconsciously perhaps but none the less true for that—"*Faber was Leader not Spokesman.*" To-day scores of men are found in the English Church who write and speak and argue for corporate reunion with Rome, but they *lead* not onward. Their plea for reunion simply means *sanction from Rome to stay where they are.* To them *reunion* does not mean *conformity* with Rome. The attitude taken by F. G. Lee and others of his like, reminds one painfully of a man, who, convinced that his own note is of little value, endeavors to get an endorsement which will make it good. Such transactions often succeed in the world of commerce, but Rome has never endorsed and never will endorse error.

In each successive century holy men have not been wanting to uphold at any and at all costs the truth as delivered by Christ to Peter in its whole integrity as did St. Wilfrid in the seventh. We believe a study of his life-long labors will be timely and wholesome to both Catholics and Protestants, and we recommend Faber's book as one that meets our needs of to-day most singularly.

St. Wilfrid was born probably in the year 634. Little is known of his parents save that they were of noble blood. His childhood was rendered so unhappy by the unkindness of a stepmother, that, with his father's consent, he left home at the early age of twelve years for the court of King Oswy, where he was graciously received. Queen Eanflede soon became interested in the studious, lovable boy. She placed him under the care of an aged nobleman, who, weary of the world, had decided to become a monk, and so it came about that Wilfrid's boyhood was passed, not in a court as he had elected, but in the monastery of Lindesfarne, where he grew in wisdom and grace, winning the love of all the brethren by his humility and obedience.

But, as Bede says, "he was a quick-sighted youth," and as time went on he became aware of the fact that many ancient Catholic customs were neglected, and he saw that the one thing to do was to go to Rome, and there learn the perfect way of serving God. Faber says, in speaking of this turning point in Wilfrid's career, "To look Romeward is a Catholic instinct seemingly implanted in us for the safety of the faith." The monks not only approved his design but urged him on to its fulfilment, a striking indication of the Roman spirit in English monasteries of that date. The queen, at all times Wilfrid's friend, despatched him to her

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brother the King of Kent, desiring him to "Send the boy to Rome." While at this court Wilfrid met a man well skilled in ecclesiastical matters, none other than the Archbishop of Canterbury, St. Honorius, and learned from him that the Psalter in use there was not St. Jerome's improved version but the old one still used by preference at Rome.

"This was enough for Wilfrid. He made all haste to forget St. Jerome's version and learn the old one. What a task! To go on saying the psalms for years, weaving the very inflexions of St. Jerome's version into his heart, and then to lay it aside and learn a new version and steer clear of his old remembrance during recitation—this must have been a task many would have never compassed at all—but it was a labor of love; it brought Wilfrid more into contact with Roman things. This was the Roman feeling in a little matter, but it was the same feeling which was the life of his actions afterward."

The keen sympathy these lines betray reveal the struggle already begun in Faber's mind as he contemplated a possible future when *he* would have to lay aside a version dear to his heart and adopt another, of which, after his conversion, he wrote in such memorable words, that we cannot refrain from recalling them here.

"Who will say that the uncommon beauty and marvellous English of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives in the ear like a music that can never be forgotten, like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how to forego. Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than mere words. It is a part of the national mind and the anchor of national seriousness. Nay, it is worshipped with positive idolatry, in extenuation of whose grotesque fanaticism its intrinsic beauty pleads availingly with the man of letters and the scholar. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of a man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representative of his best moments; and all there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him out of his English Bible. It has been to him all along as the silent, but O, how intelligible, voice of his guardian angel! . . . And all this is an unhallowed power! . . . As it is, there is no blessing of the Church along with it; and who would dream that beauty was better than a blessing?"

Would to God such love of our Mother and her homely language swayed men's hearts to-day!

But to return to Wilfrid of the seventh century. King Erconbert, who seems to have entertained a warm affection for the ardent youth, detained him, much against his will, at the Kentish court; but, finally, after four years, allowed him to depart on his Romeward course. At Lyons, the archbishop St. Delphinus, received him very kindly, even offered to adopt him, promised to give him his niece in marriage, and obtain for him a post of distinction in the government. Wilfrid replied, "I have vows, which I must pay to the Lord. I have left, like Abraham, my kindred and my father's house to visit the Apostolic See, and learn the rules of ecclesiastical discipline, that my country may make proof of them in God's service, and I would fain receive from God what He has promised to them that love Him, an hundredfold now, and then eternal life, for leaving father and mother, houses and land."

So he once more turned his back on the allurements of the world, and set out, with the Archbishop's blessing, on a vocation which clearly came from God.

At Rome, as at Canterbury and at Lyons, he found warm friends. The Archdeacon Boniface, secretary to Pope St. Martin, took a specia interest in him, instructed him in Roman customs,

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and dictated to him the rules of ecclesiastical discipline. The Pope, St. Martin, learned the cause of Wilfrid's coming, gave him audience, bestowed many marks of favor upon him, and dismissed him with blessing and prayer when his visit was ended.

On his homeward journey he stopped for several years at Lyons. A persecution was raised against the Church in that city, and Wilfrid narrowly escaped martyrdom by the sword, to be reserved for a longer and nobler conflict in his native land. Nine bishops were put to death, among them his friend St. Delphinus. Wilfrid went with the saintly old man to the scene of torture, and was calmly awaiting his own turn, when the persecutors discovered that he was an Englishman, and thus his life was spared. Reaching England, whither he hastened after the burial of St. Delphinus, he found Alfrid, the king's son, anxious to adopt and follow the Roman customs, but King Oswy opposed the change. Alfrid, who seems to have been at this time attached to our saint, gave him land and money to found a monastery, and, moreover, bestowed the monastery of Ripon, in Yorkshire, upon him.

As Abbot of Ripon, Wilfrid, who was now ordained, soon became noted for his humility, his austerities, the miracles he performed, but most of all for his goodness to the poor.

He took part in the Council of Whitby, which was held in the year 664, and his learning and influence aided no little the important decision which was reached in regard to the observance of Easter. St Wilfrid represented the Roman party, and Bishop Colman was spokesman for the opposition. King Oswy and his son Alfrid were present.

Bede relates in quaint and simple style the controversy that took place. The decision of the Council was that the Church should conform to the Roman customs. This was a great step towards the fulfilment of Wilfrid's mission. "In his speech he laid open the true disease of England, the disease which was then drawing it onward to the brink of schism, . . . which plunged it into that depth later, and has hitherto retarded its penitence and self-abasement. . . . Nationalism must result in the meanest form of bigotry, and as being essentially demoralizing must be a fearful heresy in theology."

In this same year an awful pestilence carried away, among many others, the Bishop of Lindesfarne. The bishopric was offered to Wilfrid, who, while humbly accepting the charge, made the condition that he should be sent into France to receive an *undeniably* canonical consecration.

During Wilfrid's absence some enemies poisoned the mind of the king against him, and as his stay in France was quite prolonged, this was made a pretext for nominating another to his see. On his return, he found his throne uncanonically occupied by St. Chad. He made no protest but retired quietly to his monastery, satisfied that this step was the one God asked in the interest of the Church for the moment. Several years after, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, St. Theodore, in making a general visitation, discovered the wrong that had been done, restored St. Wilfrid to his see, deposing St. Chad, who obeyed his superior with such promptness and humility that he earned the hearty approbation of St. Theodore, who determined to set him over some other see when the opportunity should present itself.

Though history is silent as to the reason, we next hear of St. Wilfrid as Bishop of York. Here, as at Ripon, he earned a great reputation for sanctity. He built many churches, preached constantly, visited the poor, and worked many miracles. His humility was so great that he always travelled on foot, until forbidden to do so by St. Theodore, who insisted that he should ride when going upon long journeys.

At the death of King Oswy, his son

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Egrid was raised to the throne. The queen, St. Etheldreda, had, by her husband's consent at the time of their marriage, lived a life of continence with him. Later on, when he wished to change her purpose, she appealed to the bishop, and through Wilfrid's influence the king reluctantly gave way to Etheldreda's wish, the marriage was annulled, and she retired to a monastery. The king now married Ermenburga, a vain, haughty, vindictive woman, who did many things unbecoming a queen, and St. Wilfrid did not hesitate to tell her so in plain words. The indignant queen lost no time in attempting the removal of one who had thwarted her evil passions. She taunted the king with being the second man in his kingdom, kindling anew his resentment toward Wilfrid.

A chance of revenge was at hand. St. Theodore, at a synod, where for some reason Wilfrid was not present, decided to divide the See of York, sending Wilfrid to the old See of Lindesfarne and installing Bosa in York. This he could not do, canonically, without the consent of St. Wilfrid, which was not asked. When notified of this strange step, Wilfrid consulted the neighboring bishops, who advised him to resist. Accordingly he appeared before the king and council, quoted the canons of the Church, which forbade all such change until the bishop of the diocese should have publicly defended the rights of his see, and reminded the king that monarchs could not, without sin, take ecclesiastical authority on themselves at all. He received for answer that, although there was nothing against him, the decree of the archbishop would be carried into effect. Upon this Wilfrid decided to lay the case before the Holy See. "O blessed See of Rome! was never charm spoken over the tossings of a troubled world like that potent name of thine. What storms has it not allayed! What gathering evils has it not dissipated, what consummated evils has it not punished and undone, what slaveries has it not ended, what tyrannies, local or world-wide, has it not broken down, what smooth highways has it not made for the poor and oppressed, even through the thrones of kings, and the rights of nobles, and the treasure-chambers of narrow-hearted commonwealths! Rome's name spoken by the widow or the orphan, or the unjustly divorced wife, or the tortured serf, or the persecuted monk, or the weak bishop, or the timid virgin, have there not been ages when emperors and kings, and knights and peers, trembled to hear it in their far-off strongholds? All things in the world have promised more than they have done, save only the little, soon-spoken name of Rome, and it has ever gone beyond its promises in the mightiness of its deeds; and is not, then, that word from God?"

So Wilfrid started the second time for Rome; severe storms drove the ship he sailed in to the coast of Friesland, and there he was obliged to remain for many months; but he turned the accident to good account, converting many of the pagan inhabitants of that country, during his stay among them. In Rome he was received with great distinction, and the case which brought him was decided in his favor. At the time a council of more than one hundred bishops was assembled in the Eternal City to condemn the Monothelite heresy, and St. Wilfrid was chosen to represent the English Church, but to these honors bitter pain and humiliation soon succeeded; on his return home, the king charged him with having obtained the Pope's decree by fraud, and committed him to prison. He was consigned to the care of a most cruel jailer (whom he subsequently converted), cast into a dark cell, loaded with chains, and insulted in every possible way. The king and queen, who were travelling through the kingdom, frequently sent him messages to the effect that his rights would be restored, if he would admit he had obtained the Roman decree by bribes and false representation; but Wilfrid ever answered

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that he would lose his life rather than subscribe to what was false or say aught in disparagement of the Holy See.

Queen Ermenburga, continuing her royal progress, was, soon after, taken alarmingly ill at Coldingham Monastery; the abbess predicted that if the king would restore St. Wilfrid's property and reinstate him in his see, his queen would recover. The king would not listen to this; the abbess then asked at least for Wilfrid's release from prison, with permission to leave the country. Egrid reluctantly consented, the queen did recover, and it is good to be able to say of this woman that on the death of her husband she retired to a monastery where she died penitent.

On his release from prison, the Bishop of York with a few faithful followers prepared for exile. He settled in the kingdom of the South Saxons, where he remained five years. Meanwhile King Egrid died, unreconciled to the holy bishop, and in the same year St. Theodore died. Some months before his death the archbishop sent for St. Wilfrid, besought his pardon, and named him his successor in the See of Canterbury. Wilfrid assured the archbishop that past differences were all forgotten, but declined the honor offered, saying the choice of a successor must be considered in proper assembly. Theodore continued to urge compliance with his request in vain. Surely never did Wilfrid better prove his lack of personal ambition. Had he so willed he might now have mounted the throne of Canterbury most honorably, yet he only asked that Theodore should send letters to his friends, requesting them to restore a portion of his possessions, according to the decree of the Holy See. St. Theodore's letter to the Mercian king is so humble in its simple directness that one is tempted to call the error happy which called forth such noble repentance. Theodore speaks of Wilfrid as "A holy bishop who has long possessed his soul in patience, in imitation of Christ our Head, with all humility and meekness; . . . who these many years has been obliged to live among pagans, in the conversion of whom he has served our Lord with great effect:"

Surely such testimony should clear Wilfrid from the charge of haughtiness and arrogance brought against him by his enemies—if indeed it were needed.

The letter procured his restoration to his see, but he found his former friend Alfrid, who now occupied the throne of Northumberland, a changed man, and from the first the sad alteration showed even under the surface of a kindly welcome. Alfrid saw that Wilfrid would never lend himself to State experiments upon the mind of the Church, and he soon determined that it would be preferable to have some one of a more pliable disposition in the Monastery of Ripon, and so notified the saintly bishop, who refused to retire, but was finally deposed by trickery.

Though he was over seventy years of age, he set his face Romeward once again, travelling on foot a great part of the way, his firm faith in the Holy See as steadfast as when he took the same road so many years before. Again he was victorious, and the king was ordered to restore his see; but Alfrid was sullen, and refused to receive the Pope's decree from Wilfrid's messenger. The latter had scarcely left the royal presence when Alfrid was seized with a fatal illness; before breathing his last he commanded his successor, for his soul's sake, to make peace with the bishop.

In Faber's treatment of this period of Wilfrid's life, there is a passage on statecraft and statesmanship, with an allusion to the spirit of St. Ignatius, which is so apposite to recent events, that we regret that want of space will not allow its reproduction here. We would call attention to the whole chapter as one of interest to every thoughtful and spiritual-minded man.

The new king Eadulf laughed Alfrid's death-bed repentance to scorn and ban-

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ished St. Wilfrid. He did not triumph long, however, for within two months he was deposed and slain. Osred, Alfrid's son, succeeded to the throne. Bertwald, Archbishop of Canterbury, called a council on the Nid, and said *Rome must be obeyed*, but Wilfrid, humble and worn out, resigned his bishopric. His battle was won; he had not fought for *himself* but for *a principle*. He asked only for his abbeys of Ripon and Hexham, and they gave him what he asked. Here among the friends he loved and who loved him so well, he lived for several peaceful years, and in the seventy-sixth year of his age he was called to his reward. His life-work was accomplished. "Wilfrid made no secret of what that work was; the thorough Romanizing of the Northumbrian Church. . . . It may be said he failed, for in the end he gave up his bishopric. The saints never fail, yet they ever seem to fail. They fight for a principle and that principle is embodied in certain ends, and God's will is that those ends should ever give way and break under them, lest they should, in *the end*, forget *the principle*, cry victory too soon, and leave a *Divine end* incomplete. He fought for Rome, he pledged himself in youth to Rome, Rome came to him in a shape he did not expect, in sufferings; and sufferings led to appeals, and appeals to fear of Rome; he fought not for York, but for Rome; and so he left York where he did not find it, chained to St. Peter's chair."

The revolution of the sixteenth century seemed to undo his work, still in view of the numerous conversions of late, the reawakening of Catholic life and spirit, the renewal of many Catholic customs, such as pilgrimages to holy places and sadly mutilated shrines, may we not hope that some time England may again be chained to the chair of St. Peter and regain that lovely title she once so proudly bore, "The Island of the Saints?"

A HYMN FOR AURIESVILLE.

By J. E. U. N.

Queen of Martyrs, meekly bearing,
In thy grief, all martyrs pain,
With our hearts thy sorrows sharing
We would join thy pilgrim train!
Weeping, up the sacred hill
To thy shrine at Auriesville.

Treading reverently and slowly
Up that hill of blood and tears;
Where those martyrs pure and holy,
Tortured were, in other years;
May their faith our cold hearts thrill,
Blessed ones of Auriesville.

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For the name of Jesus hated,
For His sign, despised and slain;
Yet by love inebriated,
Longing only souls to gain;
Knife nor scourge, their zeal could chill,
Martyred ones of Auriesville!

Queen of Martyrs, we beseech thee
Show thy power in this place;
Grant the earnest prayers that reach thee
And obtain us every grace,
Asked (according to God's will)
Through the elect of Auriesville.

A DAUGHTER'S HOLOCAUST.

By J. M. Cave.

(*Continued.*)

EDOUARD called the next day determined to force an avowal from Philomena's own lips. To urge her by every argument in his power, to yield her happiness into his keeping.

Oh, how impatiently he waited for the opening of those great barred, and double-barred, princely doors, that shut her away from him.

They opened at length.

"Mlle. de Pavlewski?"

"She is not here."

"When will she be at home?"

"She has gone away."

"When will she return?"

"She will not return."

"Where has she gone?"

The man shook his head, and looked impatient to close the door. A gold piece brought the hurriedly whispered answer, as the door closed in his face.

"Taken to the 'bolnitza'" (hospital).

"The hospital! My God, what hospital?" cried the young man, with horror and surprise.

The closed doors gave no answer.

He beat upon them and rang the bell, and called, and beat upon them again, with all his strength.

For a long time, an eternity of anguish for him, no answer. Then an upper window opened, and a piece of paper fluttered down to him.

Novaya Hospital.

That was all.

The house was closed. The family had fled the moment Philomena's illness had been announced, and half an hour later she was transported to a hospital, outside the city, accompanied by a hospital nurse. The servants left in charge, had received strict orders to hold no communication with any one; all information needed was to be obtained only through the police.

How desperately the poor young man worked that day to gain admittance within the walls of that horrible building, who shall say?

"Not possible before three o'clock," they told him.

At three o'clock the doctor who signed the permits was not to be found. All day he was driven about, from one offi-

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cial to another; until night closed he was held, hoping hourly for admission; then the gates closed and he stood outside; battling, as best he could, with his desperate grief.

Nearly frantic with anguish, he hurried to his cousin. The horrible news thrilled her with grief and fear, but where he had failed, she found a way, and together, at dawn, they stood before the hospital door; the paper that authorized their admission signed by a name that had to be respected, and obeyed without demur.

The official to whom it was addressed looked at it and them, but made no sign; moved not from his post. Edouard thought, and even then he was waiting for the usual bribe, and laid some gold coins on the table.

"Quick," he said, in a hoarse voice, "Quick, take us to her!"

The man turned way.

With a low heart-broken cry, Mlle. de Joncourt fell senseless; she had seen the expression of the man's eyes and understood all.

But Edouard would not understand. With a quick movement he seized the man by the throat, "Quick, I say again," he shouted, "I will see her; are you ready to lead the way," and he shook him with desperate force.

The man, though he was a powerful fellow, made no resistance. He saw the madness of despair in the young man's eyes, and he was powerless to help him.

They had come too late. Already the yellow hospital coffin held all that remained of the bright being they had so loved.

Philomena had died the morning after her admission to the hospital. As no friend came with her or claimed her body they had buried her the next day, in the ground set apart for strangers, in the cemetery not far from the hospital for contagious diseases, where she had died.

But for her fears for the young lover poor Mlle. de Joncourt must have died. To save him she did her best to control her bitter grief.

"Why should she thus mourn?" she asked herself.

"She would soon go to her darling, and she was at rest." She pressed the tear-stained leaves of the little prayer-book, her last souvenir of her beloved child, to her lips in anguish too deep for words.

A hard duty was pressing upon her. The duty of telling the wretched father that his devoted child had gone to her last home. How could she do it!

Edouard de Longueville was utterly overwhelmed by the terrible blow. Happiness so near, and the cup dashed from his lips, in such a way. He had been so happy, had promised himself so much. Philomena had inspired him with a feeling of intense passionate love. Her rare and admirable character, her touching and exquisite beauty, her utter unconsciousness of self, and above all, her spirit of devotion to her duty, and her rare and ostentatious piety had heightened this feeling into something far exceeding human love. Love and reverence were strongly mingled in his thoughts of her.

The hours in which the joyful words of his cousin had repeated themselves over and over again in his heart, seemed like some wild dream. In them he had said, "She will be mine; she loves me," and dwelt upon the promise, till his pulse thrilled with love, and his heart was subdued with gratitude. "What shall I render to Thee for all Thy mercies," had been his glad, grateful cry.

"Oh, she could not be dead! She could not be lost to him! He must find her. There was some fearful mistake. How could she thus disappear and leave no trace; without one farewell word, quit him forever?"

With unreasoning persistency, he continued to wonder about the house where she had lived, and the hospital where "they said" she had died.

"What proof had he of her death?

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Perhaps there was some mistake. Cruelty there surely was; perhaps there was foul play too; for how could she, that noble and beautiful one, high born, and high bred, how could she have been thrown into the ditch, from a hospital bed, like the veriest beggar, or the refuse of the street!"

His blood boiled with indignation and wrath, and he madly sought vengeance for so fearful a crime, if it could be true that she was really dead.

At every step of his inquiries he was met by stolid officials, not one of whom would acknowledge any responsibility. "All had been done according to law."

"To law," he cried. "What law could send a young and beautiful lady, like any pauper, to such a place as Novaya Hospital, at midnight and alone!"

"Pardon, not alone. By special request of the Princess Verkamoff an experienced nurse had been sent for the patient."

"Where was she, this experienced nurse?"

"At the hospital."

When at length Edouard succeeded in seeing this nurse, he heard from her lips the narrative of that terrible night.

He had some difficulty in opening her lips; she had been prejudiced against the friends of the dead lady, who, it was whispered, had made trouble and declared the hospital authorities guilty of her death.

"I accuse," said Edouard, "those who thrust her from their door."

His haggard face, sunken eyes and agonized expression touched the woman's heart; and she told him freely all she knew.

* * *

The narrative of Philomena's last hours was quickly told. "I was sent," said the nurse, "from the hospital in a closed carriage, to the house of the Princess Verkamoff on the night of Thursday, January 25, to bring a patient here. The night was intensely cold, and there was no moon visible. The streets through which I passed were nearly all well lighted. The family physician was wating for me to give me some instructions, before I saw the sufferer. He said she was very weak; had some difficulty in breathing, and considerable fever. He had not made a thorough examination, knowing, that whatever the illness was, the patient must go to some hospital. He had applied for a bed at every other hospital in the city, and they were all full; so he had no resource but to apply here. He thought there might be heart trouble, but there was throat trouble, too, and that would authorize her being received by us, here. The doctor placed an envelope in my hands containing a sum of money; it was to be given to the sick person when she would be well enough to leave the hospital; for the Princess and her daughter would be away, and the Prince was abroad. Their house therefore would be closed.

"I was to do all that the patient wished, to carry out her desires in every way, chiefly that she was not to be subject to the ordinary rules of the house during convalescence, and I was not to insist upon her wearing hospital clothes. That is why I did not change the garments she was in," said the nurse, apologetically, "when I prepared her for the hospital.

"I found her a beautiful young person indeed, in a very elegant room. She was lying on a couch, dressed in a white, loose gown, and her hair was in two long braids, very long and very thick. She was not asleep, but her eyes were closed.

"I said I had come to take her where she would be well taken care of.

"She asked if she was very ill, and I told her she would be better soon, no doubt.

"She held her left hand to her side and was very pale, indeed. I asked her if she could walk a little. She said she could, but when she got on her feet, she fell back, fainting. I bathed her forehead and hands with aromatic vinegar,

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that I found in a dressing-table in the room, and after some time she recovered a little, and looked bewildered. She could not stand. Then we carried her down stairs, well wrapped in blankets from her own bed.

"In the carriage she moaned several times, but I think she was not wholly conscious. She said several words that I could not understand. The jolting of the carriage roused her often, but each time she lay back, moaning. Her head was on my shoulder all the way. I was very sorry for her. I thought she had no friends; that she was a foreigner, I knew, for she spoke Russian, imperfectly. Well, I did all I could for her. As soon as she was in bed, the house



THE HAND THAT HID HIS FACE COULD NOT HOLD THE FLOOD OF TEARS THAT FELL.

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doctor came. He said almost the same as the other doctor, 'very weak, heart trouble, and perhaps sore throat,' but he did not trouble her to examine her throat then, she was too exhausted. He is a kind man, and he forbore for her sake. He told me what to do, gave me a mixture that I was to administer every hour, and went away, promising to come in early, and if I wanted anything before morning, I might call him, he said.

"The young lady sank into a sleep after the mixture, and I sat by her, not sleeping, because I was interested in her, poor thing. She did not sleep long. When she opened her eyes and saw me close by, watching her, she looked surprised, and by and by made, as it were, a motion that she wanted me to come near. She was very weak. I asked her if she wanted to drink; she shook her head a little. She held something tightly, all the way here, in her right hand. She wanted to show it to me, and I helped her, because she seemed to wish it. It was a little red box. 'My mother's hair is here,' she whispered, 'and a relic; promise not to take them from me.'

"I said I would not.

"'Never?' she asked again.

"I said 'never,' that she might sleep in peace.

"'And if I die?'

"I said that I would see that they were not taken from her, but that she must not think of dying. She would be better in the morning. I thought so too, though she was as white as a corpse then, and very weak.

"After that," said the nurse, "I gave her the mixture once more. After dozing a little, she became very restless, talked in a language I could not understand, but the words 'father,' 'mother,' occurred frequently, and she called me several times, 'maminka,' or something like that, as I bent over her. Almost the last word I understood was 'maminka, tell him,' the rest I could not catch, though she seemed to expect me to answer her.

"After the third dose she became quiet, and I thought she was sleeping; in her sleep, if sleep it was, she seemed to be repeating words of prayer, for I heard the names 'Jesus,' 'Mary,' more than once; but she was not restless, not agitated. About four o'clock I opened the shutter of the window opposite her bed. The morning was dark but the light of a street lamp was reflected on the window. She saw it, for when I came to the bed afterwards I saw her eyes, large and very bright, fixed upon it.

"'Morning, morning,'" she said, in a feeble voice.

"I smoothed her pillows, made her as comfortable as I could; asked her if she wanted anything, but she made no answer; her eyes were still fixed on the light. I sat down by the bed, but I suppose I dozed then.

"When I went to her again it was just five o'clock, or a few minutes past only, and she was lying as I had left her, her left hand on the coverlet, her right clasping the little reliquary. She was dead then, but I did not know it. I stood looking at her, admiring her, she was so wonderfully beautiful; and it was some time before I became conscious that she was not breathing. Then I rang the bell; the doctor was just coming up the stairs, of his own account.

"'I thought so,' was all he said. 'Heart failure.' The nurse could not go on for some time. Her listener did not move, but the hand that hid his face could not hold the flood of tears that fell heavily on the stone floor of the hospital hall.

"There is hardly any more, sir. I kept my promise. They left the reliquary in her hand; it is there now, and the beads we found in the pocket of her white dress we placed on her breast in the coffin.

"No orders, no instructions had been given for notifying any one. The Prin-

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cess never thought the dear young lady would be taken away. There was no one at the house to ask for information, so they let me prepare her, with the help of another nurse, for the grave. It was done in such a way that the Princess might be pleased on her return; for she is one of the patronesses of the house. She is very generous to all hospitals. We dressed her in her own white robes that she wore when I brought her here, and I followed her coffin to the grave myself, a thing not generally allowed.

"For the destruction of her personal effects we are not responsible here," said the nurse. "It was the command of the Princess that everything in the apartments of the young lady should be burned. It is the law in cases of diphtheria; but the house doctor here thinks it might have been avoided in this case; of course he does not wish to go against the family physician, but he has inscribed 'heart failure' on the register, as cause of death in this case."

Edouard heard nothing of this last explanation; he was looking into that new-made grave. He saw the white robe, the long silky tresses, the chaplet lying on the still heart, the white hand clasping the reliquary, and the sweet pale face of his darling

He had never called her so in life except in his own heart; he might say it now aloud, but what use was it? She could never respond by the tender smile or gentle voice.

It was all over, his brief, bright dream. He would go back to France leaving his youth, hope, and courage by that poor lone grave.

* * *

But Mlle. de Joncourt could not rest while her darling's body lay in that hospital ground. Both she and Edouard made every exertion, used every means in their power, to obtain permission to remove the remains of their loved one to some Catholic Cemetery. The authorities were inflexible.

A Novena of Masses was begun for the repose of Philomena's pure soul; Mlle. de Joncourt was about to dispatch the mournful tidings to the Count, when an event, so strange, so wholly unexpected, occurred, that only strong faith could credit it.

Where was the Count while his only child lay dying? In one of Warsaw's gilded saloons, brilliant with a thousand lights and filled with gay Russian officers, seated before a gambling table, as was his wont.

The Count de Pavlewski had been looked upon for years as one of the pillars of the place. No one had ever had much occasion to fear him or be jealous of him. He had rarely won, and never any considerable amount; while his losses had been exceedingly great, as all the world knew.

Within a few weeks, however, his luck had changed, to use a hackneyed expression. He had begun to win steadily, and often large sums; and the habitués of the place had remarked it; and remarked, too, that he seemed to play with less ardor as a winner, than when, as a loser, his estates were slipping away with every deal of the cards. He felt himself humiliated by his gains. His proud old Polish blood stirred with something like shame, when his hand closed over his winnings; and he always withdrew with less proud step when he carried away any considerable gain.

His new wife was not now with him. She had gone, it was said, to visit a relative who was dying.

One night the Count had been winning largely. He would have withdrawn, but dared not, lest it should appear that he wished to retire with his winnings.

The play ran high, and although he played almost negligently he continued to win. He began to feel strangely restless; he could not follow the game; though he threw his cards mechanically and was quite indifferent for his own sake whether it was loss or gain (he would have preferred the former) his

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"run of luck" continued. He became more and more agitated and longed for midnight that he might throw up his cards.

He himself could not account for this abstraction, this indifference, amounting almost to insensibility; as if his mind and spirit were under the control of a strange superhuman force that was drawing him, without his own volition, in an unknown direction. His senses were under a spell; involuntarily he caught himself listening. "For what," he would have asked himself, had there been time. But he was obliged to follow the play, in spite of the strange influence, distraction, confusion of minds, or whatever it might be called.

The lookers-on remarked it, and mistook it for deep combination or calculation, on his part, admired the supposed premeditated plan that he was following, and marvelled at the results of what was mere hazard as far as he was concerned.

As the hours of the great clock rang out solemnly for midnight he suddenly started up and flung down his cards.

What had he heard in their thrilling tones? A voice, he could have sworn, for the response was on his lips, but he checked it. The company looked at him with surprise, as he stood an instant, irresolute. He seemed unconscious of them, and listening still for a few seconds, then hurried away without farewell or word of excuse; leaving his winnings unclaimed. The company waited a little for his return; all wondered, but none could explain his strange conduct. "Had his luck turned his brain?" they asked. Stranger things had come to pass.

The Count hurried down the brilliantly lighted stairs of that gorgeous marble hell, and along the streets to his home; he himself could not tell the reason of his haste or of his action.

What did he expect to find there? A letter, a dispatch; his wife suddenly returned? He could not have told himself, but the voice he had heard, that had called him, was not her voice; it was the voice of his daughter.

There was no letter, no dispatch, no living presence. All was still in the suite of rooms he had occupied since his unhappy marriage.

He had not written to Philomena in so many long weeks because he was winning fabulously. Not needing her, he had neglected her. He would not write, he told himself, until he could tell her of recovered wealth.

Still he was not anxious, not troubled, not longing for her—not regretting her. For all that, something connected with her had cast a spell over him.

* * *

He would break this spell. He sat down and began a letter to her, telling her "that he had been very much occupied," "that some unexpected funds had reached him," "that he thanked her for her letters and her loving care for him." Some one knocked at the door.

It was only the man-servant, to take his master's orders for breakfast, as he was in the habit of doing each night. After his exit, the count sat in his high-backed arm-chair, in an easy position. He would finish his letter next morning, he thought. It was already late, and he was tired.

Unconsciously he began to doze, thinking himself wide awake, and still speaking to the servant or listening to his report of the day. As the man withdrew, he perceived that a visitor entered; a tall figure, in black from head to feet. The Count waited for the visitor to speak, but he waited in vain. He tried to speak himself, but could not; neither could he see the face of his visitor. He began to feel very uncomfortable. Could it be his wife come home in this uncanny way? At first he thought it was, for she was tall and slender, as this shrouded figure seemed to be. But no, that could not be; he felt that it could not be. Was it Philomena herself? No, no; she would have been in

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his arms or kneeling at his feet long since, looking with such loving, tender eyes into his face.

The love of Philomena was the sure test by which he would know her. He knew he had only to call, and her spirit would respond to his from any distance. He now remembered the tones of the voice he heard at the card-table; he seemed to hear their echo yet—yes, it was surely the voice of Philomena. He had been about to answer it; perhaps he had, he was not quite sure. In any case it was her voice that had moved him to leave the company and return home, and nothing had come of it save this visitor, who would not speak. Thus, between dozing and dreaming, his thoughts ran on.

He became restless and uncomfortable, the figure was approaching him. The black garments were slowly falling away from the head, and now he saw plainly the face of his visitor—the warning face that tradition said was sure to be seen by his race, when death was about to claim any of its members: the figure of death. He did not fear it, but it subdued him, and prepared him for something more, of which it was but the prelude. He covered his face with his hands to shut out the warning vision. When he removed them the apartment was flooded with light, the black figure had vanished, and on a low couch was a figure in white-flowing garments, that he knew at once, and that had no terror for him—the wife of his youth. He thought the sight of this ever idolized being had no terror for him, and yet a great awe fell upon him, though this was a vision he well knew. He gazed upon the vapory robes that enfolded her, upon the long, unbound hair that veiled her face from his sight—the beautiful silken tresses he had been so proud of.

She seemed to be looking down at something lying on her knees; something all white, too, all enshrouded in the same vapory snow-white veiling. At what can she be thus gazing, so long and fixedly? What means the sorrowful droop of the bowed head? Hush, she moves, forestalls him; as, like a thief, he is about to steal softly to where he can look upon her face.

She moves, puts back the long tresses and the cloudlike veil, and turns towards him slowly, slowly, and the veil that covers the burden on her knees is lifted too. And he sees—the dead face of Philomena.

With a terrible cry the Count awoke, and started to his feet.

"She is dead," he cried, "she is dead! and I am her murderer." He sank upon his trembling knees, and raised his trembling hands, and a great agony shook him, and he was filled with a wild terror, a maddening fear.

"Philomena," he cried, lifting again his trembling hands in supplication, "if this is not true, and thou art still alive, my future shall be all for thee. Never again, my darling; never again, child of my beloved Madeleine, will I leave thee; I swear it. Philomena, Philomena, my child of light, how have I tortured, perhaps destroyed thee."

He arose from his knees, and rang the bell. "What time does the first train leave for St. Petersburg?" he asked of the servant, who came hurriedly to answer the startling peal he had sounded.

"Make all things ready; I go by the first train."

* * *

It seemed as if that journey would never end. Only that he assured, or tried to assure himself, from time to time, that he was acting on superstition and not on certain knowledge, he felt that he could not have survived it. Hurrying on as swiftly as steam could bear him, he passed in review his wasted life, his selfishness, his engrossing passion for the degrading pleasures of the gaming table; the ruin he had brought upon his beautiful gifted child and himself. He thought, too, of what might have

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been. That noble child married to one worthy of her, her life and his, honored and peaceful, in the land and home of their ancestors. He thought of the old castle, now ringing with the merriment of strange voices; of the neglected grave of the lovely young wife of his youth. He saw again the home of her childhood, that should have been the proud possession of her child; thought of the strangers installed there too, and then he saw once more the white form clasping Philomena in its arms, gazing tenderly down upon her dead white face, and mournfully upon him, and fain he would have called down, then and there, heaven's vengeance upon himself. It was more, almost, than he could bear. What punishment could he invoke upon himself, what voluntary penance inflict, for the wrong he had done them, and for his own wasted life? He dared not pray. The enormity of his guilt seemed to cast him headlong into the bottomless pit of despair. "She may yet live, and I may yet atone," he thought. Then he remembered that he could make no atonement. "Could he give her back the home of her youth and the grave of her mother, could he give her back that other home of which he had robbed her, only to hand it over to a stranger, to lose it in a mad hour, at a game of cards?" He cursed his folly.

"No, he could not atone."

But then he remembered how she loved him. How she had pleaded with him "to stay with her, to be poor together. Poverty with him, better than luxury apart," she had pleaded, with dewy eyes, and supplicating voice; and he had thought the moments long, while she thus pleaded, until he could quit her for the company of —— the thought of the woman he had wedded in an evil hour goaded him almost to desperation.

Had he known then for certain that Philomena lay in her coffin, he would have dashed headlong from the flying train and added suicide to his other crimes.

"But she could not be dead," he told himself. "He would soon see her, and clasp her to his heart; on his knees he would ask her pardon, and she would smile upon him, and in the matchless sweetness of her voice and smile he would forget the agony through which he was now passing. How could he have been so blind and indifferent."

(*To be continued.*)



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THE AMSTERDAM PILGRIMS ASCENDING THE HILL TO THE SHRINE.

THE AURIESVILLE PILGRIMAGES.

"WHAT excellent judgment the Indians had in selecting sites," is the verdict that springs to our mind, as we stand on the Shrine land at Auriesville. We are looking down on the valley of the Mohawk, and how beautiful it is! But its beauty had little to do in influencing the savages to select it. Not that they lacked the sense of the beautiful, but that usefulness would naturally take precedence.

Here they were near the river which in those days was a highway of travel. Though shallow for the most part, it was deep enough to bear their birch-bark canoes, while from its waters they could get fish for food. Standing on the highland they could get a view of a long sweep of country, and so guard against any sudden attack of an enemy. Doubtless much woodland has been cleared since those days, and fertile meadows have replaced the primeval forests, but the general aspect of the landscape must be much the same.

As we follow with our eyes the course of the Mohawk to our right, we see a beautiful bend in the river, and then the houses and barns of Fort Hunter, about a mile and a half away. There is an old suspension bridge here leading to Tribes Hill. It was one of the earliest constructed and considered quite a marvellous piece of work in those days. It is so narrow that only one team can go over at a time. It appears much better at a distance, which, as in so many other cases, lends enchantment that vanishes on a nearer approach. Tribes Hill was so called because it was a

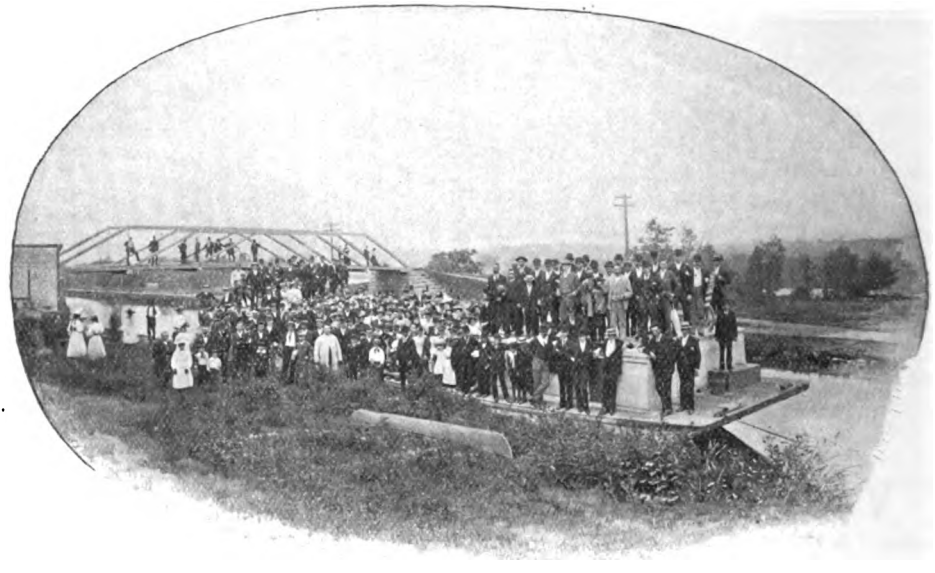
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favorite place of rendezvous for councils. Here it was, in fact, that the fate of Father Jogues was discussed and decided in his favor. Unfortunately, or shall we rather say, fortunately, the holy man had gone to his reward before the decision reached Ossernenon, and when the messenger arrived he saw the bleeding head of the missionary impaled on the palisade of the village.

A far more picturesque bridge of stone arches crosses the Schoharie Creek shortly before its waters empty into the Mohawk. This bridge is an aqueduct, for it carries over the Erie Canal at this point. The Schoharie answers to the description Father Jogues gives in his account of the burial of René, and so helps to determine the site of Ossernenon.

If we turn our eyes up the Mohawk, from our stand on the Hill of Martyrs, we are first attracted by a little group of houses about a quarter of a mile away. It is the village of Auriesville, called in Indian times Gandawagué. It is only a hamlet now, without any promise of increasing.

If our sight is far-reaching, and we look higher up the river, we can see Fonda on the other side of the Mohawk, connected with Fultonville by a bridge, which, as in the case of that at Fort Hunter, appears well in the half-tone of a photogravure. Near Fonda is the site of the village of Caughnawauga, where Catharine Tegakwita lived for some years after the tribe had moved, first from Ossernenon (Auriesville) where she was born, then from Gandawagué. In this neighborhood they still point out a spring which they call Tegakwita's spring, and from which she is said to have been in the habit of drawing water.



THE LANDING OF THE FONDA PILGRIMS.

Times have changed since the days when the swiftest mode of travelling was in canoes up the Mohawk, and now our eyes are constantly distracted from the beauty of the scene by almost continuous trains rushing along on each side of the river. The shrieks of the locomotives remind us of the warwhoops of the savages that once resounded there.

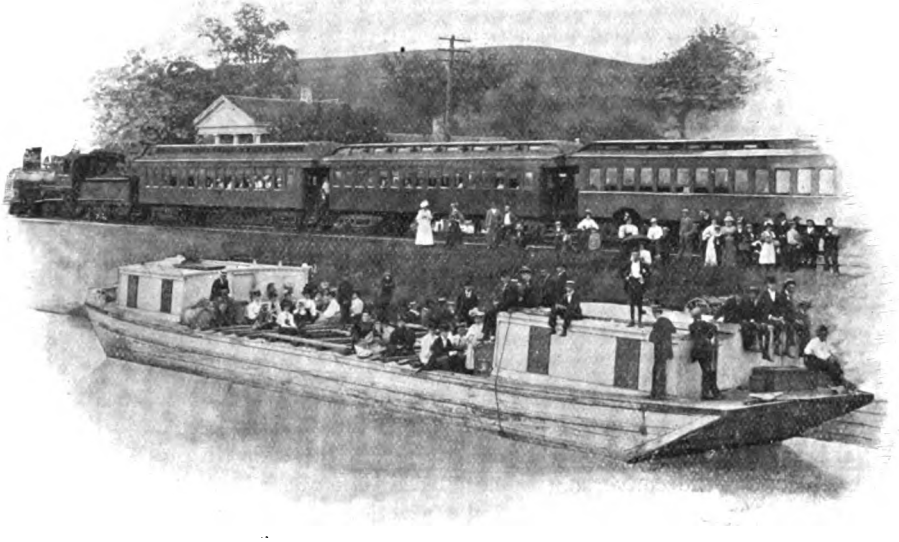
We still see a sort of connecting link between the ancient and modern ways of travel in the canal which stretches out at our feet. In strange contrast to the swiftly speeding engines with their long trail of cars is the team of horses

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or mules dragging slowly and painfully the heavy and clumsy barges. However, electricity will soon be the motor used on the canals, so that their waters will vie with the steel of the railroads.

They tell us at the little country hotel that all the year round there are visitors at the Shrine, not a steady stream of them, for it is well known that there is no resident priest there except for one month in summer, but those who happen to be passing by cannot resist the representation. The people of the neighboring towns and villages are very devout to our Lady of Martyrs, and this is a hopeful sign for the developing of the devotion.

We noticed one day, when the morning train came in, an old woman alight. She was a type of the olden days with a neat frilled white cap under her bonnet and a shawl folded over her shoulders. She had come fasting in order to be able to receive Holy Communion at the Shrine. We asked her how old she was,



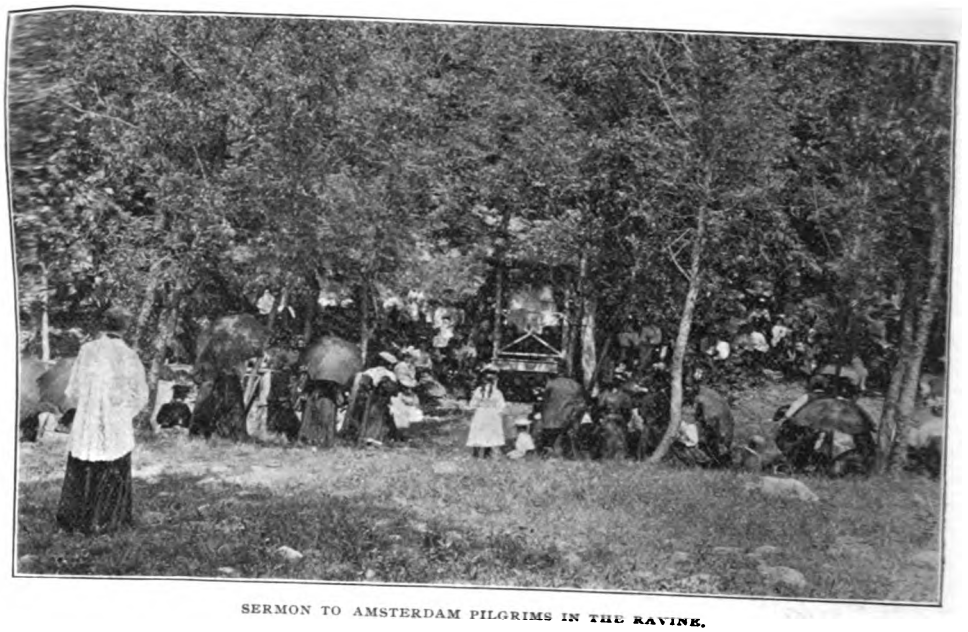
FONDA PILGRIMS LEAVING ON A CANAL BARGE.

desire to offer their petitions or thanksgivings to the Queen of Martyrs. Were there a residence and a priest in attendance the number of pilgrims would doubtless be great. The season opens with the feast of St. Ignatius, father in God of the heroic Jogues and Goupil, and the holy sacrifice is offered in the sanctuary erected on the ground hallowed by the blood of these servants of God. From this day on, the pilgrims begin to come daily. Of course on week days few can spare the time, but on Sundays there is always a goodly

for there was no indiscretion in the question, as she had evidently reached the age when a woman is rather proud to be old since she bears her years well. She said she was *eighty-four!* It would be, she thought, her last visit and so her last opportunity of receiving there. But we could not agree with her, as she showed no signs of decrepitude.

Another day we met on the road, about a mile away from Auriesville, two old ladies on foot. We wished them good day but got no response, whereat we set them down for very bigoted

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SERMON TO AMSTERDAM PILGRIMS IN THE RAVINE.

persons. To our surprise, some time later, they made their appearance at the Shrine. "Why! are you Catholics?" we asked. Just think, they had walked eleven miles along a dusty road in that memorable torrid week so fatal to life. There they were ready after it all to make the Way of the Cross. One of them was over *seventy* years old and the other was far from young. It was a pilgrimage of thanksgiving on the part of the elder for the conversion of her husband to the faith. He had died lately, but had first made his submission to the Church, and so in gratitude the widow had come to offer thanks, joy struggling with grief.

Not a day in August passed without pilgrims coming on foot from a distance fasting. This meant a real spirit of sacrifice in the sweltering weather we had in the early part of August.

The feast of Our Lady's Assumption is the red-letter day at Auriesville. How beautiful the sanctuary looked. Loving hands had embowered the altar in graceful palms, their mass of green relieved here and there by bright geraniums, roses, carnations and sweet peas. How devotional was the sight of the Pietà in these surroundings. A rich-toned bell, the gift of a devoted pilgrim, was to be rung for the first time, in honor of the Queen of Martyrs, on the day of her triumphant entry into heaven. The event of the day was the pilgrimage of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality of St. Mary's Church at Amsterdam.

A little after ten o'clock in the morning came the train with its pious throng, led by one of the Fathers of the Central Direction of the Apostleship of Prayer. The Sodalists formed in ranks and marched up the hill singing the Litany of Loretto. When they reached the Shrine Mass began, during which the choir sang hymns in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. Most of the members of the Sodality were fasting in order to receive Holy Communion. Many brought bouquets to adorn the sanctuary. There were some five hundred pilgrims in all, which was a large number, considering that it was a week day, so that many were obliged to work. The Stations of the Cross were made at one o'clock, which implies a good deal of sacrifice for those who were exposed to the scorching

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sun, as they moved slowly from the old Mission Cross round and up the hill to the Calvary.

Then, reciting the Rosary as they went, they proceeded to the Ravine. Here the rustic pulpit was used for the first time by Rev. John W. Dolan, the pastor of St. Cecilia's Church in Fonda. He sustained his reputation as one of the leading orators of the Albany diocese by an eloquent discourse on the apostolic spirit of the Church, as exemplified particularly in Father Isaac Jogues and René Goupil. It was a unique spectacle—the beautiful wooded glade for a temple, the bright sunlit sky overhead, the attentive audience, some seated on the grass, others on fallen trees, others standing, and the ringing voice of the speaker stirring up in their hearts a love for the faith that alone produces martyrs.

The sermon over, they paused for a few moments before the newly erected Grotto, in which the statue of the Queen of Martyrs now stands, and recited the litany. Then in all haste they returned to the sanctuary for the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, permission for which had been cordially granted by Rt. Rev. Bishop Burke. All the pilgrims took part in this impressive ceremony, the choir singing the *Pange Lingua* preceding the Blessed Sacrament and four of the pilgrims carrying the handsome canopy, the generous gift of some faithful Philadelphia friends of the Shrine. Two altars of repose had been set up and adorned, one in the old Shrine, where now are hung paintings of Father Jogues, René and Kateri, the other at the foot of the cross on the Calvary. At each of them Benediction was given to the kneeling worshippers, and also on the return to the sanctuary. Who that took part in such a procession can ever forget the impression made! It is during this ceremony that those who come for special favors are instructed to pray for them most fervently.

Owing to the short time allowed by the West Shore schedule to pilgrims who come from points east, the programme of exercises must be carried out somewhat hastily. It speaks well for the pilgrims from St. Mary's, Amsterdam, that this haste never creates disorder and never detracts from their piety and devotion. So often have they visited our Lady of Martyrs that it has become like a Shrine of their own. To their zealous pastor is due a frequent memento from every pilgrim to Auriesville for the interest he has shown in the work of the pilgrimages and cause even before the site had been identified.

Some pilgrimages are remarkable for fervor; others, while not lacking fervor, are more remarkable by the numbers.

Sunday, August 16, was to be the day of



THE TROY PILGRIMS AT THE CALVARY.

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THE TROY PILGRIMS IN THE PROCESSION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

our Lady's triumph, for a great pilgrimage was expected. At a quarter past seven in the morning the pilgrim trains from Troy began to arrive. Three came in succession, twenty-eight cars in all. Mass was being said for those living at Auriesville when the sound of the Litany of our Lady sung alternately by men and women was heard. Up the hill they came, with crossbearer and acolytes in the lead, a seemingly endless line of pilgrims following two and two. Tears filled our eyes as we saw the inspiring sight and heard the strains in Mary's honor. Very many were fasting.

In due time the regular train from Amsterdam came in bringing hundreds of people, and having left behind at least 200 for whom no accommodation had been provided. Later on two barges heavily laden with passengers were towed down the canal from Fultonville, and in their wake was a steamer with more pilgrims. In the meantime omnibuses, carryalls, buggies, buckboards and farm waggons had been arriving, to say nothing of those who walked, so that, according to the estimate of one of the trainmen, used to calculating crowds, the number of persons on the Shrine grounds was about *5,000!* To this inspiring congregation Very Rev. Father Pardow, S.J., preached at the conclusion of the last Mass. The Gospel of the day was the parable of the Good Samaritan, and furnished a setting for the picture of the holy missionary, who 250 years ago had followed on that very ground the example of *the* Good Samaritan in ministering to the poor savages wounded and despoiled by sin.

The other exercises were the same as on the previous day only the great number of worshippers enhanced their impressiveness. From one spot of interest to another that vast throng moved about in perfect order, needing no police or special discipline to manage them. Down the narrow defile leading to the Ravine and back again, the choir chanting the Litany of our Lady as they moved past her Grotto, nearly 4,000 pilgrims walked, not all Catholics, at this exercise, as the afternoon always brings a number of our non-Catholic neighbors to the grounds. What a spectacle for men and angels to see the multitudes walking in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament and kneeling on the green sward to receive the Master's blessing.

Among the pilgrims was a poor little boy on crutches. We could not help pitying him, but his mother told us that he had been a helpless cripple from hip disease, unable to walk at all, until on his return from a visit to Auriesville last year, for the first time in his life, he was

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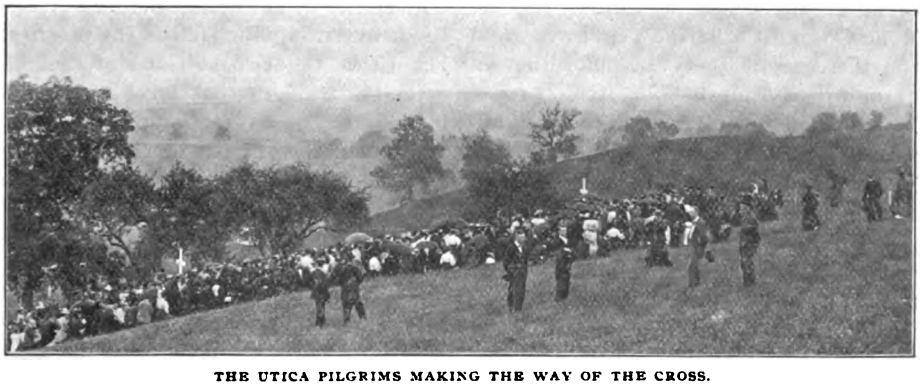
able to put his feet to the ground. She hoped that a fuller restoration might be granted this year.

A young man came all the way from Western Pennsylvania in thanksgiving for what he considers his cure of consumption, for which the ablest doctors, whom he had consulted in various places were powerless to give any remedy. He had then appealed to the Queen of Martyrs, and was heard. He left a substantial proof of his devotion in a generous contribution to the Shrine, although he was only a hard-working mechanic. Other men came from Maryland, Ohio, and an old veteran from Maine to ask our Lady's help. Philadelphia, Boston, Brooklyn, New York and Chicago were also represented.

Who, that has been privileged to witness such a magnificent evidence of faith as seen in a pilgrimage, can fail to deny emphatically that the ages of faith have passed. No greater proof of the hold of the truths of the Catholic Church on the hearts of her children can be given. Is it a wonder, then, that the prayers of the faithful are heard and answered, and that our Blessed Lady intercedes powerfully for her devout clients.

It is most gratifying to record that for eleven years that pilgrimages have been made to Auriesville, nothing like a worldly spirit has ever manifested itself. In one or two instances an attempt was made to combine the piety of a pilgrimage with the merriment of an excursion, but that was not so much the fault of the people as of their leaders, and, once our attention was called to the abuse, all subsequent attempts were promptly checked. The property was purchased dearly as a sacred spot, by aid of the hard-earned money of Catholics in every part of the country, and even could it have been our purpose to turn it to any other than a sacred usage, justice to the wishes of our benefactors would have kept us from doing so. Those who have visited other shrines have all remarked how singularly free Auriesville is from every attempt at the trafficking, amusements and other abuses that offend the pious visitors to other shrines, and it must be our endeavor to maintain this character of the pilgrimages at all costs.

Not only are the faithful bent on having Auriesville kept sacredly as a place of pilgrimage, they also show a disposition to rival, if the term be permitted, the piety shown in pilgrimages in other parts of the Catholic world. Nothing seems too hard or too much for them. Sacrifices of money given in alms to the Shrine, sacrifice of vacation but too often sadly needed after the year's labor, fasting, punctuality at the exercises, patience with the elements and with the crowds, tractability, good nature, and a grateful sort of enthusiasm when all is over—all go to show they are real pilgrims, and that it only needs the proper direction to renew on our own soil the piety, if not the marvels, of Lourdes.

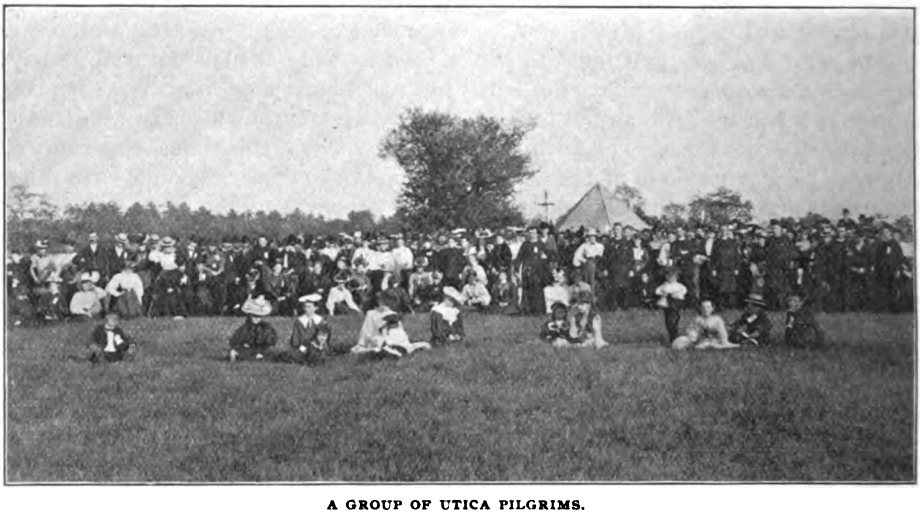


THE UTICA PILGRIMS MAKING THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

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All this is the more consoling because as yet Auriesville has not the claims that miraculous shrines have to the sacrifices of their visitors. Thus far, it would seem that the pilgrims are doing all, venerating our Lady's Shrine and honoring the memory of the martyrs who died there, without receiving in return the answers to prayer that distinguished other places of pilgrimage. Remarkable answers to prayer have never been wanting either at Auriesville or wherever devout clients of our Lady of Martyrs have urged their petitions. Even were there no such remarkable favors on record, the pilgrimage would still be accomplishing their chief purpose which is twofold, viz : the advancement of the cause of Father Jogues, René Goupil, Catharine Tegakwita, and the increase of piety by affording an extraordinary means for its exercise. How well the pilgrimages have advanced the cause of Father Jogues and his companions, may be judged from the wider knowledge of their lives and title to beatification, from the confidence with which favors are sought through their intercession, and by the contributions from all sources to help forward the work on their cause. How effectually Christian piety is promoted both by the pilgrimages and other means taken to advance the cause, was never more manifest than during the pilgrimage which came from Utica, Sunday, August 23, though it is only one instance of what has frequently happened at Auriesville on a smaller scale.

For nine days before the day chosen, the members of St. John's parish, Utica, attended devotional exercises in their church in preparation for their pious journey to the Shrine. Rev. Dr. Lynch, their pastor, had organized their pilgrimage under the auspices of the League, and the first thought of the Promoters was to provide a banner which should be carried in procession up the hill and left in the Shrine sanctuary as a memorial of the occasion. In spite of the heavy rain which fell as the pilgrims left Utica, the two sections of the pilgrimage train carried 850 devout pilgrims, under the direction of Dr. Lynch, and one of the priests in charge of the Shrine. From the station to the brow of the hill they marched in procession, the choir singing hymns to the Blessed Virgin all the way. During the Mass and after, two priests were occupied giving Holy Communion to about 500 who had come fasting. The first Mass being over about 9:30, a second Mass



A GROUP OF UTICA PILGRIMS.

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was said by Dr. Lynch for some of the Utica pilgrims who had not yet heard Mass, and for about 200 others who arrived by the West Shore train from Albany. After Mass Rev. James Conway, S J., preached a sermon on the gospel of the day, exhorting the pilgrims to the confidence of the lepers who came to our Lord to be healed, and to the gratitude of the one who came back to give him thanks. The choir then sang the *Magnificat* for fine weather, as much by way of thanksgiving as by petition, as the clouds were already breaking. Their prayer, together with the good nature with which they had faced the rain all morning, obtained for them dry weather enough to take part in some, if not in all, the services usual at the pilgrimages.

At half-past one the Way of the Cross was begun, Father O'Sullivan leading the pilgrims, who by this time numbered nearly 1200. At the head of the procession was carried a relic of the true Cross, with which a blessing was given after the Stations from the Calvary. From the Calvary to the Ravine, all marched in ranks four deep, Dr. Lynch leading reciting the *Rosary*. In the Ravine a hymn was sung, and Father Wynne explained the origin, nature and object of the Shrine and pilgrimages; then the *Litanies* were intoned before the grotto, and all returned to the Shrine reciting after Dr. Lynch the beads of the Seven Dolors. A return of the morning's rain made it advisable to omit the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, as also the ceremony of blessing the new bell. After Benediction pious articles were blessed; the rain ceased just as the pilgrims began to leave by the first section of their train, which left at 4:30, a beautiful sun lit up the valley, and those who were departing as well as those who still lingered on the hillside felt that they had had the best fortune of all true pilgrims, beginning in disappointment and ending in joy. St. John's, Utica, St. Mary's, Little Falls, and the many other neighboring parishes from which the pilgrims had come, should have many a blessing in reward of the piety they manifested at Auriesville.



MEMORIAL BANNER OF THE UTICA PILGRIMAGE.

The beautiful banner that stands near our Lady's altar as a memorial of their coming recalls very pleasant memories to those who dwell awhile near the Shrine. Our Lady has a memory, too, and we often call on her to remember all her devout clients at Auriesville!

We have spoken of those who dwell near the Shrine during the month of August. Their pilgrimage is one of frequent prayer and devotional services. Morning prayers after the daily Mass; the Way of the Cross at 10:30; a visit to the Ravine, the Holy Hour, or some similar exercise about four o'clock; the *Rosary* and night prayers at 7, make up a day of devotion which, however, in no way interferes with the proper rest or relaxation some come to seek. *The Manual*, which recalls the various devotions practised by Father Jogues in this same holy place, renders it easy to lead a life of prayer in such a way as to make it a rest for body and soul.

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A CONVERSION THROUGH THE BADGE.

A SISTER OF MERCY sends the following account, together with an extract of a letter to her from a well-known non-Catholic physician of New York. She tells why he belongs to the League.

He was accustomed to wear a badge of the G. A. R. on his vest, as he had been surgeon in the army. During one of his visits I noticed that for the first time he did not wear it. I remarked its absence and asked if he would wear my Badge, as he had left that one off. "Certainly," he replied. Thereupon I went and got him a Badge of the League of the Sacred Heart. I showed him the Morning Offering, and knowing his many charitable deeds, pointed out their great value when offered through this medium. Knowing the aversion non-Catholics usually have to the Sacred Heart, I explained it as the symbol of the interior sentiments of the God-man. He held the little thing in the palm of his big hand and said: "I do not know why people should object to it, I think it is a sweet emblem," and he carefully placed it in his card-case.

Some time after, he called and explained his long absence by his travels over the United States with a patient. He said: "I would like another of those little prayers as I have lost mine. I have been faithful to it. Do you know," he added, "that little Badge saved my life, I firmly believe." I asked him how it was. He said that during his travels he had attempted to get off a train before it had fully stopped; not seeing another train coming from the opposite direction. He was thrown down between the two trains, and, being a portly man was in great danger of being run over by one of them. He said while lying thus he felt he owed his safety to the Badge of the League that he carried in his pocket.

I enclose extracts from the Doctor's letter:

"No subject has ever taken a fuller possession of my thoughts and study than the development of the thoughts you suggested years ago. I most fully believe that the Roman Catholic faith is the true and only pure Christianity. My eyes have been opened in a mysterious way; my gaze is so strongly fixed upon these great truths, that nothing can change my mind. Now for the first time the story of the cross has a meaning and reality about which there is not a single doubt. I never knew the comfort of being so thoroughly at rest. I will illustrate my feelings toward the Church by this incident. A lady had for her guest at her country home an Indian. After dinner she suggested to him to walk out on the lawn. Not finding a seat she thought suitable for him she called an attendant to get a chair.

"The Indian said no, and immediately reclined upon the ground. Pointing to the sun, he said, 'The sun is my father; the earth is my mother—I'll rest on her bosom.' I want the Catholic Church for my mother, and rest on her bosom.

"Every objection I ever had to the Catholic Church has been swept away. Its feasts, its fasts, its indulgences, relics, traditions, are all right if the Church has ordered them. She is nearly 2000 years old, is always young, knows the whole earth, speaks all languages; why should a miserable being like myself question her wisdom? I think no Catholic to the faith born knows the pleasure of a convert—there is such a sense of certainty, all doubts swept away—a comfort that is not found elsewhere."

The Doctor has had the happiness of making his profession of faith, and of being received into the Church, which he so highly and justly appreciated.

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FOR OCTOBER, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with His Blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

DEVOTION TO THE HOLY ROSARY.

NO month could be so well chosen for this Intention as the month of October, which for the last thirteen years, owing to the exhortations of our Holy Father, has been set apart for practising devotion to our Lady by the recital of the Rosary. Naturally, Promoters and League Associates generally will be called upon not only to set the example but also to induce others to attend the Rosary devotions, and it is highly proper, therefore, that while working they should pray; prayer is needed to prosper our efforts, and no prayer succeeds so well as that which is proved sincere by work.

Prayer is always needed when there is question of leading even one soul to perform one good action. It is needed more especially when the good action is to be repeated, and when we are striving to acquire a virtue by such constant exercise of goodness. It is never more needed than when the good thing sought for is more a gift freely given by God than the ordinary grace which He deigns to extend to our human efforts as if we were in some way entitled to it. Devotion is such a gift, a gift that we can cultivate once we have obtained it, but which must come in the first instance freely from the hands of God. It is, in its general sense, any increase of faith, hope and charity, or, what is the same, any renewal or advance in a disposition to serve God, any readiness to do His will, any strengthening of the ties that bind us to Him. It is, therefore, a confirmation of our religious sentiments, and as these, in the first instance, come freely from God, so, too, must devotion be His free gift; this is why we are to seek it so earnestly by prayer.

If prayer be needed to obtain devotion in its general sense, much more is it necessary for obtaining and for inducing others to seek any special devotion. Take, for example, this very devotion of the Rosary. Before we can hope to have many practise it, we must first remove the singular prejudices, which even some Catholics have against it, and then we must make all, even those who are well disposed towards it, realize that they can never acquire it, or derive the proper benefits from it without constant prayer to this end. This then is the work and the prayer that our General Intention calls for during the month of the Rosary and it is this we shall endeavor to explain.

It is not easy to forget the popular simile between the keys of a piano and the *Hail Marys* of the Rosary, but it is very useful to bear it in mind as an answer to the fault found with this devotion for its constant repetition and monotony. The keys have each their distinct notes, which when combined produce melody so varied and harmony

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so rich that the ear can never tire of them. So it is with the *Hail Marys*; every one that is piously said must awaken different sentiments in the heart, and when woven together into a crown, they naturally create religious impressions so new and so elevating that it must be a dull mind indeed that would complain of their monotony. There can be no monotony in saying the same thing over and over again day after day to those we love, nor any dread of fatiguing others by repeating what we know they are glad to hear. An agreeable salutation can never become monotonous. Every new mood in which we find ourselves and every new set of circumstances lend a new meaning and force to our words, which those who know our hearts can detect and appreciate. Our Lady knows our hearts, and pleased as she was with the Angel's salutation, the first time she heard it as a message from on high, she cannot but be pleased each time that we repeat it in memory of the great honor paid her by the Almighty and in testimony of our desire to know more of her great dignity.

A great master of eloquence used to say that the best way to grasp a truth, and to make others grasp it also, is by repeating it over and over again until its sound and sense becomes familiar to our faculties. If this be true of ordinary simple truths in the natural order, it is true *a fortiori* of the most sublime truths in the supernatural order. When such truths are stated in the most concise form, repetition becomes doubly necessary as well to impress them more deeply on our minds, as to make us dwell with more leisure and with more active interest on the details or consequences suggested, but not always expressed, and which add greatly to their significance. We might say the *Hail Mary* once and think over it for the ten or twelve minutes that it requires to say the beads; but how few minds there are that can think for fifteen minutes on any definite subject? How few of those that can are willing to do so. Be the ability or willingness ever so great, how few can say even one *Hail Mary* without distractions, or grasp even a portion of its meaning, until by dint of repetition they have made it like an abiding thought or sentiment in their lives.

But why use the beads? Why not say a number of *Hail Marys* without attempting to count them, or, if the number should be determined, why not use any other means of telling them? Before St. Dominic's day, and long after his death in certain places, the Rosary was said without the use of beads, and on the other hand, beads were long in use as instruments of prayer, before the Rosary, as we know it nowadays, came to be a common practice among Catholics. The saintly Robert of Winchelsey, Archbishop of Canterbury speaks of telling his *Aves* on his fingers, and old engravings as well as ancient documents make it clear that beads differing in number and form, were used to count *Pater Nosters* as well as *Aves*. In fact, bead originally meant prayer, and as it was customary in very early days to use little grains or stones as a means of reckoning the number of prayers, the term bead or prayer was gradually applied to the grain or stone. In other words, the instrument of prayer, which we call Rosary or beads, came to express, or stand for the prayer itself for which it was used.

This transfer of the word signifying prayer to the object used while saying the prayer, and the universal custom of calling a string or chain of stones by the name of beads, show how natural and proper it is to count our *Hail Marys* on our beads, in the present way of practising the devotion of the Rosary. The beads are an external sign of our prayer; they are something to occupy our hands while our hearts are engaged in prayer, thus making our senses work as well as our heads. In this simple way the whole man, body and soul, displays his devotion to our Lady of the Rosary. The beads are a reminder of the devotion,

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even when not in use. Not only were they employed for counting the *Aves* in good old Catholic days, but they were worn as ornaments and treasured as heirlooms, bequeathed in wills, and made over as precious presents to the great ones of the earth. To Catholic piety the beads are precious still; if not displayed as ornaments, they are borne about and fondly used. No better use can be made of them than to say them fervently for the Catholic, who is not simple enough to honor them for the same reason that we should honor any pious object.

The simplicity of true Catholic piety loves the Rosary or crown of roses on which the 150 *Hail Marys* are devoutly counted. No dutiful Catholic will be without his beads or small crown of five decades. He may not be able to put in words the philosophy of the devotion; he may not know why a definite number of beads have thus been strung together; but he knows to some extent the theology of the *Hail Mary* and of the mysteries of the life and death of Christ, which are usually commemorated with each decade. The *Hail Mary* speaks to him of the Immaculate Conception, of the divine maternity and of Mary's patronage over us all in life and in death. The *Our Fathers* make him repeat our Lord's own prayer, and each mystery brings back vividly some scene from His life on this earth. The charm of it all is that the doctrine sinks into his mind, not through the dry and laborious way of the brain, but through the heart. A son is repeating his mother's titles to love and veneration; an exile is calling on his Star of Hope against the dread day of his return to seek admission to home and country. What must be the void in the heart that has never recited a *Hail Mary!* What a stranger in his own household the Catholic must be who does not say it constantly, by practising the devotion of the Rosary

During the past half century this devotion has become more popular among Catholics than ever before. If we do not hear of bequests and foundations for the support of men and women, or of young boys and girls to recite our Lady's Psalter so many times weekly, or the beads a given number of times each day, if we are not suffering persecution, as our fathers did in penal times for the practice of the Rosary, we are witnessing everywhere the spread of the devotion to an extent and with results never before contemplated. This has been brought about by confraternities of the Rosary, and by the practice known as the living Rosary and the perpetual Rosary, both of which practices until fifteen years ago, were greatly advanced by our own Promoters in France, in England and in this country, and are even still advanced by the Daily Decade of the 2d Degree. Nothing, however, has so much favored the devotion of the Rosary as the action of our Holy Father for the past thirteen years, in encouraging it by his repeated encyclicals, making it the matter of daily devotional exercises every October, granting special indulgences for attending these exercises, raising the grade of the Feast of the Most Holy Rosary, appointing for it a proper Mass and office, and adding to our Lady's titles in the Litanies that of "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary."

It is no new thing to speak of our Lady of the Rosary, as our frontispiece from the painting of Sassoferato shows. The Feast of the most Holy Rosary is really that of our Lady under this title. In fact, so popular has devotion of the Rosary ever been in the Church, that some speak of devotion to the Rosary as they would speak of devotion to our Lady in whose honor the Rosary is recited. What is new about this title is that Leo XIII. has decreed that it should be inserted in the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, an enactment of far greater import than the addition of a new title to those of an earthly queen or empress. It means that our Lady's latest honor is

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our devotion to her Rosary, and that this has become so widespread and so well established as a practice of the Church that it sufficiently expresses a universal tribute of esteem to make it a common title under which Catholics all over the world can address her. It means further that, by the recital of the Rosary, the faithful generally have had enough proof of our Lady's power to attribute to her the name of Queen with the special title to our devotion in this favorite way.

For fully six centuries the Church has recommended the devotion of the Rosary as a means of destroying heresy and of obtaining relief in her pressing necessities. Ever since St. Dominic used it as a successful remedy for the evils caused by the Albigensian heresy in the south of France, it has been offered by the Sovereign Pontiffs as a sure means of obtaining our Blessed Mother's powerful protection when great calamities are upon us. It has become a commonplace among Church historians to attribute the repulsion of the Turks from invading Europe to the efficacy of this devotion, which Pius V. so earnestly urged at the time on the Christian army and on the faithful whom he could address at Rome and elsewhere. A similar victory is ascribed to the same devotion under Clement XI. Our own Holy Father had not long to wait for answers to the prayer of the Rosary which he began in 1883 to propagate so zealously. As early as 1887 he could point to splendid answers to this prayer made by the universal Church. Glorious things had begun to happen in his reign. He has not ceased to triumph, nor have his enemies ceased to meet with adversity. His triumph is ours, and with him we may justly refer it all to our Lady and her Rosary.

It is not strange then that so many means have been devised for inducing the faithful to take up this practice, or that such rich indulgences should have been bestowed upon it. Even were it vastly more difficult, were it less blessed with indulgences, had we never experienced its efficacy, or had we no special needs or favors to ask for, its very simplicity and beauty and the great help it gives to our faith and to our religious spirit should make us eager to cultivate it and to make it a daily custom. It brings home to us in the most homely way the great mystery of our religion, the Incarnation of the Son of God. It makes us realize what this mystery means for us, that Christ became really man. It does this by impressing on us that He was born of woman as we are, and that He is, therefore, flesh and blood like ourselves. It is God's own way of reaching our minds through our hearts. The argument is all in the one word mother, and in the fact that this one word expresses so well, viz., the fact that to be with us and one of us the Son of God took flesh and was born of the Virgin Mary, full of grace, blessed among women, and blessed in the fruit of her womb, Jesus.

To make all Christians know, respect and practise this devotion of the Rosary is the object of our General Intention.

Since the Daily Decade gradually leads our Associates to take up the Rosary itself, we should begin by giving our special attention to this. Extend the membership of the 2d Degree; see that those, who have already engaged to say their Decade, keep faithful; induce them, for October at least, to say the beads from time to time; bring as many as possible to the Rosary devotions. What the League does for the Rosary, the latter in turn will do for the League.

PRAYER FOR THE INTENTION OF THE MONTH.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular, for the devotion of the Rosary.

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IN our last issue, reviewing the condition of our parochial schools, we noticed a very considerable increase in the attendance over last year. This is very consoling and speaks well for the future of Catholic education in this country. A glance at the annual catalogues of our Catholic colleges and universities reveals very satisfactory results in higher Catholic education as well. The standard of studies, to judge by the programmes, is generally high. Our better colleges are acknowledged to be at least on a par in scholarship with our great national universities, while the test for graduation in some of our Catholic colleges is decidedly higher. The various chairs, we presume, are filled by efficient teachers. The attendance, too, considering the bad times, is as good as might be expected, and the number of graduates seems to be on the increase.

However, there is no denying the fact that, with one or two exceptions, our colleges are all greatly hampered financially. They have no endowments; they have to subsist on the fees paid by the students and some small charities offered by the faithful. Were not their staffs in most cases made up of religious, who profess poverty and consequently draw no salaries, they could not subsist at all. What is saved in salaries has to go towards outfit and improvement of the institutions so that there is little possibility of enlarging and perfecting most of our Catholic colleges. From all indications they will have to continue to struggle for existence for many years to come.

We have not been taught to expect better treatment and better patronage for our Catholic colleges, and, such as they are, we are not only satisfied with them, but we cannot help admiring them. They are doing a noble work, and they are doing it well, against great odds. They do not, as a rule, pass round the hat. They are satisfied with the patronage of Catholic parents, and act on the principle, that those who would give a higher education to their children should also bear the expense of it, that the children of wealthy Catholics are not an object of charity.

All they ask, then, for the present, is the patronage of well-to-do Catholic parents. If they do the same work, as we have said, and do it as well as the great Protestant universities, which have millions yearly at their disposal, they have a right to expect that Catholic parents will send their children to them in preference to Protestant or secular colleges. The more they are patronized by Catholic parents the more efficiently will they be able to do their work. This is the mere secular or business view of the matter.

* * *

Yet we regret to say that they have been thus far very poorly seconded in their efforts. They have a goodly number of pupils, it is true; but there is a great number they ought to have and have not. We are not able to quote statistics in this matter, but making a rough estimate from what we have learned from private sources, we judge that in the three great universities of New England alone (we take them as an

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illustration) there are not less than 1000 Catholic students in the Arts Department alone, to say nothing of professional and special students. On the other hand, in the Catholic colleges of New England, which are in every way equal to these, from a secular point of view, there are not quite that number.

This is phenomenal, and we are inclined to ask the cause of a fact so abnormal. The first cause, we regret to think, is the ignorance and pride of wealthy Catholics. Many of those good people have had no education, or at most a very imperfect education, themselves. Consequently they do not see the danger to faith and morals that their children are incurring in these Protestant institutions. A course, or a few sessions, at Harvard or Yale is, in their estimation, the highest ideal of an American education. They have the ambition to have their sons educated in the same schools as the sons of Doctor and Lawyer and Senator So-and-so. That gives them social standing, they think. So to Harvard they shall go, whatever may be the consequence. Of course, money is no consideration, and they are willing that their sons should sport from one thousand to two thousand dollars a year at Harvard, while they might have a better education for them at from three hundred to five hundred dollars in a Catholic college.

There is another class of wealthy Catholic parents who contribute largely to the number of Catholic students at Protestant and secular universities, and who are more to be pitied than blamed. It is those whose boys, from defective home education, have proved unmanageable in Catholic colleges. For these there is nothing to fall back on but the Protestant college with all its academic freedom, or the house of correction. Their parents cannot leave them altogether without an education. So hither they will go, where they will have ample freedom to sow their wild oats. We are inclined to think that not a few of the Catholic students at Protestant universities are drawn from this unfortunate class, who do little honor to the Catholic cause, and to the institutions from which they had to be removed.

There is, however, another cause, probably the most potent, for the great concourse of Catholic young men at Protestant universities which we approach with some reluctance. It is the unreasonable and fulsome laudation of these institutions by so-called "distinguished" Catholics—lay and clerical. These well meaning men, are never done commending the liberal spirit of our great American centres of learning. A short-sighted or liberal Catholic press looks upon any notice from them as a tribute of honor to the Catholic religion. Articles are written on "Catholicism at Harvard," the "Catholic Sons of Harvard," and what not. And the country is made to believe that Harvard (we speak by way of illustration) is the place for our Catholic young men. There they have their Catholic club, or their own Greek-letter fraternity. They can have their own co-religionists, the most eloquent in the land, to address them within the very precincts of their college. All this is looked upon with favor by the university officials from the president down. Harvard, then, is the place for our young men, and to Harvard they shall go.

Of course, the university authorities look on all this with favor, while they laugh in their sleeves at the gullibility of Catholics. All this is drawing water on their own mill, and consequently, the officers of these universities give a courteous and a cordial reception to our Catholic prelates and other ecclesiastics, if invited by the Catholic fraternities of their respective institutions. In the clever administration of President Elliot of Harvard, we would venture to say that there has been no more diplomatic move than the invitations extended by him to Catholic speakers to deliver addresses at Harvard, and the great cour-

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tesy he has shown to such speakers. From his own standpoint he deserves great credit for it. He has decidedly gained his object. It is a well-known fact that since this policy has been inaugurated, the attendance of Catholics at Harvard has increased at least four or five hundred per cent.

* * *

Is it true, then, that our Catholic young men are safe at the Protestant universities? We shall say nothing of the young women (their number is small) who attend Protestant women's colleges, as most of these are as good as lost to the Church anyway. The answer to this query is plain. They cannot but suffer in many ways.

First, they suffer by defect. If religion is ignored altogether they are deprived of those elements in education and true culture which are most important, and without which no education can be complete. What is science without God? What is the knowledge of creation without the Creator? How can true intellectual culture and refinement exist without any knowledge of, or belief in, things spiritual, moral and supernatural, which form the highest element in human knowledge? How can true strength of character be obtained if the highest standard of morals is public opinion, or the sense of the majority?

But to say nothing of religion, the most important element in secular education is philosophy and history. Now, the fact is that there is hardly any serious attempt made to teach philosophy outside our Catholic colleges, and if there is, what is taught is not philosophy (which ought to be truth), but wild speculations and theories, based on atheism or agnosticism, and leading to materialism. Experience shows also that history has never been understood nor taught, and cannot be taught, by Protestants, as a class. A few individuals have risen above the prejudices of Protestantisms; but these individuals are few, indeed, and far between. Thus Catholic students in Protestant institutions, in the best case, are deprived of the best elements in education, whether religious or secular.

Moreover, if we consider the study of art and literature, what can it be without religion? Divest the poetry of Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, or even that of Homer and Virgil, of the religious element, what remains of it? Dry bones, and nothing more. The very essence of it is lost. The same is true of painting, sculpture and architecture, all of which are religious in their origin and development. For the Agnostic there can be no true art. Art has no meaning for him. Art has no soul, no substance to him, because, according to his principles, he cannot rise to the contemplation of what is unseen in it. Every piece of art must be to him an empty sound, a mere form, or a meaningless structure. And if this is not always the case with infidels, it is because their instincts are better than their principles. How much, then, is lost to the student of art and literature from the neglect of religion in his special department? What a gaping void exists in his education!

But this is only the negative view of the matter. Shall we suppose that the university professor will confine himself within the strict lines of secular instruction? Shall we imagine that he will never trench on religious topics? Will he ignore in history and literature the most powerful motives that have ever actuated the conduct of man? Can he abstract from religion in philosophy? If so, he must be a poor specimen of a teacher. The historian who does not enter into the causes of facts is no historian; the literary critic who does not search into the motives of characters and actions in literature is no critic; the philosopher who does not inquire into the last causes of things is no philosopher.

The fact will be, then, that the university professor cannot help discussing

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religious topics, whether he will or no, and that he will, consciously or unconsciously, impress his own peculiar errors and prejudices on his pupils, and ten to one they will return from the Protestant university with their minds full of errors which they can never correct, and doubts which they cannot solve. If a student has gathered any ideas of philosophy from his college course, they are sure to be wrong. He has been taught to venerate as sages those who, basing all philosophy on doubt or nescience, ignore the data of common experience and common sense. He has learned that creation is a myth, that man is the descendant of the ape. His ideas of Christ have been taken from Renan, Strauss and Schoppenhauer. He has heard that the Church has been the foe of enlightenment and the fosterer of slavery. He has listened to the recital of gruesome horrors of the "Dark Ages." He has been taught that Protestantism brought enlightenment and culture and progress into the world. He has heard the history of every Catholic country misrepresented. He would be more than humanly wise or brutally stupid, if all this made no impression on him. Add to this the entirely Protestant environment, pride and human respect, from which very few are altogether free, and the many other frailties to which university students are not strangers, and then say, what is the probability that your Catholic young man at twenty-two, after spending four years at a Protestant university will come forth unscathed? He would be an angel if he did.

But is it generally angels we send up to those institutions? Angels, indeed; but rather of the fallen kind. They are, as a rule, youngsters who never set foot in a Catholic school, who never had any religious instruction except what barely fitted them to make their First Communion, whose home education has been in many cases flagrantly neglected—the plastic stuff of which perverts are generally made.

* * *

With this condition of things before us, we may be permitted to submit two questions: First, can Catholic parents entrust their children to be educated at American Protestant universities? Secondly, can Catholic orators and writers, with a good conscience, continue to panegyrize those institutions as a safe and proper place for the education of our young men? We leave the answer to the wisdom of those whom it concerns.

Catholic parents, it seems to us, should be exhorted, in season and out of season, to send their children to those Catholic colleges, which are officially acknowledged to be at least on a par with the great universities of the country. There is no lack of such Catholic colleges, as we could easily point out, did we wish to discriminate, as we do not. These colleges, it is true, have not the same facilities as the great universities that have millions to back them; but with all their disadvantages they do the same work in secular education and do it just as well. Besides, they give a sound course of philosophy, which in a secular or Protestant university is simply an impossibility. This should be brought home to ignorant parents. Education, high as well as low, is a part of our Gospel; and woe betide us, if we fail to preach it! Catholics must be made to understand this, else Catholic education in America is a lost cause, financially and otherwise. Make our Catholic population understand the importance of Catholic education, and, as in days of old, we shall soon see amongst us noble institutions proudly rear their spires toward heaven, and their halls crowded by the youth and genius—the hope of our country and our Church.

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Movement for the Cononization of Blessed Margaret Mary.—Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, has lately gone to Rome to present to the Holy Father a petition signed by 270 Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops, begging him to hasten on the necessary procedures for the canonization of Blessed Margaret Mary.

Blessed Curé d'Ars.—All admirers of the saintly Jean-Baptiste Vianney will rejoice at the decree lately promulgated by the Holy Father, which declares that the venerable man practised virtue in an heroic degree. The decree was read before the Pope by the secretary of the Congregation of Rites, Mgr. Tripepi. His Holiness appeared much interested, and at the conclusion of the reading he spoke feelingly of the Venerable Curé d'Ars and expressed the hope that many blessings might be showered upon the French nation in consequence. The postulator of the cause of Beatification; Father Cazenave, of the Foreign Missions, Paris, then thanked the Holy Father for his approval of the decree.

Honors for University College, Dublin. — In our days when so many Catholics are inclined to speak disparagingly of Catholic colleges in comparison with the Protestant ones, it is wholesome to read the results of the recent examinations of the Royal University, Dublin. They have shown the superiority of the Catholic training, although the Protestant colleges are richly endowed and splendidly equipped. The Queen's College of Belfast and University College of Stephen's Green, Dublin, have long been rivals, but this year the Catholic College has obtained twenty more distinctions in the two examinations for matriculation and first and second arts than Queen's, besides holding in both examinations the first places in Latin, Greek, mathematics, and natural philosophy, thus proving the all-round excellence of the teaching in University College.

Disinterested Testimony to Catholic Mission Work. — The following accounts taken from the *Illustrated Catholic Missions* give interesting views of mission work in parts of Asia and Africa.

Mr. Foley, secretary of the Indian Protestant Mission, writes an answer to an inquiry as to the progress of the faith in China, India and Ceylon to say that the outlook for heresy was never so dark as at the present hour. "The Jesuits are advancing by leaps and bounds in the four provinces of Tonquin, 100,000 converts, 150 priests, and 170 schools under the Jesuits alone . . . in western, eastern and northern Cochin-China. The Romish advance is still greater . . . at the present time in China and Corea more than a million and a half converts, with 1,000 priests, 8,000 schools, irrespective of schools and convents . . . in India and Ceylon the strides of Romanism are startling and unprecedented." So far the wail from Asia.

Rev. J. P. Farler, of the Universities Mission to Central Africa, writes in a late number of *Central Africa* from Masasi as follows: "And now I have the same criticism to make about Masasi that I made about Newala—that is to say, I deplore the utter absence of any industrial work, or any plantations of gardens and orchards.

"I do not see how you can effectively raise man's spiritual life unless you raise his bodily life to correspond with it. The whole day, and every day, is entirely devoted to school work, religious instruction, and church services.

"How much wiser are the German Roman missionaries who have settled near Masasi. After building their houses they have set to work to make plantations for growing their food, gardens for their vegetables, and orchards for their fruit. Up to the present time they

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devote the whole day to industrial work, with the exception of one hour for religious and secular instruction. And yet their missions are generally successful missions.

"They have a much larger staff at their station than we have at any of ours, and *they have several lay brothers, trained agriculturists.* It is not easy for a priest in charge, or for his assistant priests, to do this work. Neither have they the training for it; but could not some of our young laymen, instead of being sent to a *Missionary College* to get a smattering of theology, be sent for two years to a *market gardener* to learn his business? Then they would really be useful.

"I should like to see gardening, blacksmithing, and carpentering, considered a *necessary* part of the equipment of any central African Mission station, and I think the lack of industrial training for our young converts a great mistake in the working of our Anglican Missions in Africa."

Of course our readers will see that this is not the only mistake in the working of the Anglican Missions in Africa and elsewhere. The ministers try to find reasons for the sterility of their work. They overlook the real reason, that heresy is not the truth, and consequently its teachers have not the converting power nor the humanizing influence that comes from the true faith. Besides, these representatives of Protestantism are simply salaried officials, for the most part married men, having their wives and children to look after, and are usually men neither of great intelligence nor education, for missionaries are generally drawn from the class of ministers, who for want of posts are unsuccessful at home, cannot get a call to a pulpit, and so volunteer for the missions where home societies guarantee very comfortable salaries; whereas the Catholic missionaries are men who work simply for the love of God, make sacrifices of every kind and are carefully selected for their intelligence and virtue.

Pope Day and Washington —"Pope" Day in America was an adaptation of a celebration held in England on Guy Fawkes' Day. Dr. Richard H. Clarke gives the following in the *American Catholic Quarterly:*

"The Puritans of New England brought with them many such English customs and observances; but how could they hold holidays in execration of Guy Fawkes for plotting against the life of King James I., when they themselves had actually been guilty of cutting off the head of his son, King Charles I.? What were they to do? Now, as they hated something worse than a king, and that was the Pope, the Pope was made to take the place of Guy Fawkes. So they turned Guy Fawkes' Day into Pope Day, and celebrated it on the same day, the fifth of November.

"The celebration was conducted by a disorderly procession, carrying in an open wagon an effigy of the Pope, accompanied usually by an effigy of the devil, or sometimes even of some additional well-known but obnoxious public personage of the day. . . . In classic Boston this unseemly custom was sacredly observed, and the procession, after parading through the streets, traversed the Common, and there distinguished guests were ignominiously burned on the Common or on Copp's Hill. . . .

On Pope Day, in 1775, Washington and the Continental Army, in which were a number of Catholics from Maryland and Pennsylvania, were occupying Boston. A rumor of the preparations that were being made in the army for the usual celebration reached the ears of Washington. He was indignant at such an insult to the Catholic soldiers of the patriot army, and at once issued from his headquarters, and had posted through the camp, the following military order:

"'November 5.

"'As the Commander-in-Chief has been apprised of a design formed for the observance of that ridiculous and childish custom of burning the effigy of the Pope, he cannot help expressing his surprise that there should be officers and soldiers in this army so void of common sense as not to see the impropriety of such a step at this juncture, at a time when we are soliciting and have really obtained the friendship and alliance of the people of Canada, whom we ought to consider as brethren embarked in the same cause—the defence of the liberty of America. At this juncture and under such circumstance, to be insulting their religion is so monstrous as not to be suffered or excused; indeed, instead of offering the most remote insult, it is our duty to address public thanks to these, our brethren, as to them we are indebted for our late happy success over the common enemy in Canada.'"

These patriotic words of Washington sounded the death-knell of Pope Day.

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SPECIAL WORK OF VINCENTIANS.—

The *St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly*, in the August number, has an excellent article on the above subject. It lays down clearly and forcibly that the aims of the conferences are not limited, as some members would seem to think, to weekly meetings, visits and almsgivings. These indeed are important and should not be omitted, but there are many other things to be done. "The society [of St. Vincent de Paul] has a broader scope. It is a missionary organization. Its field of action is not restricted to distributions of food and clothing, nor is it limited in its aims to a mechanical and inanimate method of blending the religious with the corporal." . . .

Of course every conference is not so situated that it can undertake any more than the routine work, but there are undoubtedly some in which special works could be easily and profitably entered on.

The Superior Council of New York, in consequence of the consideration given the subject at the late convention, has made a good beginning by adopting the work of looking after Catholic deaf mutes. As a means of keeping them together, it was found advisable to have club-rooms for them. Such a club, the Xavier Deaf Mute Union, had in fact been in existence for some years, having distinct branches for young men and women. But as the existence of this club was rather precarious on account of finances, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul generously assumed the responsibility. Suitable rooms have been secured and the outlook is very promising.

Some people may say, what is the need of such a club? Those who ask the question do not understand the matter. There must be some way of collecting the deaf mutes together, and of keeping them interested. As they live quite isolated from one another, it is necessary to have some place where they can meet. Naturally enough they are fond of meeting those bound to them by a common misfortune, and consequently sympathetic. Much has been done for them by Protestants, but little or nothing by Catholics. Hence many lost or were losing their faith, for many were trained in Protestant institutions, and so knew little about their religion.

Although a certain amount of good can be done by the weekly meeting on Sunday afternoon for religious instruction given in signs, still more frequent intercourse is desirable in order to keep a hold on them, and to have them associate with fellow-Catholics. For this reason the club-rooms are essential.

We hope that this move of the Superior Council of New York will be imitated by Councils all over the country, especially in the larger cities, where there must be a sufficient number of deaf mutes to warrant such a step being taken in their behalf.

The same Superior Council has lately given its powerful patronage to another special work, and one of paramount importance in New York. It is that of an association to provide free club-rooms for poor boys. The work hitherto has been entirely in the hands of Protestants, who have a network of free clubs encircling the city, and who thus gain influence over the coming men. Of course they claim to be non-sectarian, but every intelligent Catholic knows what that means. Under this specious guise of broad-mindedness and liberality they entrap the innocent and unwary. They provide for the physical and intellectual development of the lads by their gymnasiums, reading-rooms and classes, but the spiritual training is either neglected or else carried out on anti-Catholic lines. It has been a standing menace to the Church for some years.

At length steps have been taken to counteract it. Half a dozen young men, members of Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, put their heads together for the purpose of founding an association,

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which they fondly hope will spread over the city, and even the country. It was the grain of mustard seed which they were sowing, and some people might think them presumptuous in their expectations of its power of increase, but then they realized that this increase comes from a higher power, which, however, does not lend its aid unless "Paul plant and Apollo water." They are not prophets, but they have faith and confidence begotten of faith. Strong in this confidence, they laid a petition with a memorial before the Superior Council. They needed the moral support of the great Society of St. Vincent de Paul, as well as financial support. They did not doubt their ability to interest enough earnest people in the work, which appeals so strongly to all who know the privations of poor children, but they felt that if they had the patronage of the society that the cause was assured. Were it only a private enterprise of a few young men, the public might look askance at it, shake their heads, and say that there was no promise of its stability, and that money thus spent would be wasted. But when they could point to the adoption of their undertaking by such a representative and authoritative body of men confidence would be at once inspired.

Moreover, His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, has given his most hearty approbation. He hailed the movement with delight as the means of supplying a crying need. He immediately determined to issue a pastoral letter to recommend the work to the zeal of his clergy and promised to visit the club-rooms.

With encouragement from so high an authority in the Church, and with the support of the Superior Council of St. Vincent de Paul, the projectors of the "Catholic Boys' Association" secured a loft 90 x 20 feet on West Thirteenth Street, and on September 8 opened the doors for the entertainment of the boys. They have acted prudently in keeping down expenses, and in providing only necessary articles. A reading-room with books, magazines and papers is one of the features. Another is the gymnasium with the ordinary appliances. Before long drills will be instituted and a band formed.

Moreover, in order to train the boys to save some part of their earnings or spending money, there will be an Extra Cents' Fund established, commonly known as the Penny Provident Fund.

Such savings banks have been used to great advantage by those who frequent the various working boys' and girls' clubs, which exist in various parts of the city. The benefit of inculcating early habits of thrift cannot be overestimated. Owing to neglect in this matter hard-earned money is thrown away right and left on useless if not harmful objects.

Even before its opening, as soon as the news of the projected association was bruited, members of Conferences in three different parts of the city expressed their desire to have similar clubs for the boys of their neighborhoods. Thus is there promise of a great association having affiliated clubs in every section of the city. Animated by the spirit of St. Vincent de Paul, their patron, the young men propose to take entire charge of the running of the clubs. This requires much self-denial, as it will mean the devoting of their evenings to the work, but it is to be a labor of love and not of hirelings May it grow to the greater glory of God and the good of souls!

The following letter was sent spontaneously by the Archbishop to Mr. I. E. Rider, President of the Catholic Boys' Association:

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE,
452 Madison Ave.

NEW YORK, August 29, 1896.

MR. I. E. RIDER,

My dear Sir: As I expressed to you *viva voce*, I also repeat in writing, that I think your project of establishing "Catholic Boys' Clubs," will do great good to our young boys at the very period of their life in which assistance is most needed. Hitherto our Catholic boys, after leaving school and before attaining manhood, have been left to shift for themselves, and experience proves that a very large number of them drift into organizations in which their faith has been imperilled, and in consequence of which they themselves have become lukewarm, if not entirely neglectful, in the practice of their religion.

I hope, therefore, that God will bless your efforts, and that our clergy will see that the plan proposed is feasible and capable of being introduced into many parishes of the diocese. A little later I will send you a small contribution to encourage you in your efforts.

Meanwhile I remain, with kind regards, Very faithfully yours,

(Signed) M. A. CORRIGAN, Abp.

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NOTES FROM HEAD CENTRES

CANADA.—The League in Canada is in a most flourishing condition and shows great vitality. It is now spread through the entire Dominion and, as we have been credibly assured, comprises nearly 1,000,000 Associates. It consists of two separate Head Centres, one for the English and one for the French speaking congregations and communities—each Head Centre having its own Director, its own *Messenger* and other League prints in its own language. The Rev. Father Jones, S.J., is the Central Director and editor of the *Messenger* for the English-speaking branch, and the Rev. Father Nolin, S.J., for the French. The French Head Centres have large and flourishing Centres also in the United States, attached to the French churches, particularly in New England. The Canadian *Messengers*, English as well as French, are excellently edited, and have the great merits of being interesting, popular and cheap, and thus suited for the widest circulation. They are steadily gaining in circulation through the activity of zealous Promoters. The following items from the Dominion will be of general interest :

LONDON, ONT. -- The feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was most appropriately observed in this city. In the Cathedral, Masses were celebrated at 7 and 8 o'clock, at either of which the members of the League approached the Holy Table in large numbers. In the evening, at 7:30, Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament was given. His Lordship, Bishop O'Connor, occupied the throne, assisted by a number of the local clergy. Immediately before Benediction His Lordship addressed the congregation, thoroughly explaining the aims and objects of the League, which organization, he said, was a most efficacious means of promoting devotion to the Sacred Heart, being especially blessed by His Holiness, Leo XIII., for that purpose. He particularly impressed upon the members the desirability of a faithful performance of the pious practices of the League; thereby, he said, they would prove themselves worthy of the title of Associates of the Sacred Heart League.

TORONTO.—On the occasion of the feast of the Sacred Heart a series of interesting and solemn celebrations was held at St. Michael's Cathedral, this city. The services began on Sunday with a meeting of the cadets of the League of the Sacred Heart in St. John's Chapel at 7:30 P. M. The cadets are becoming famous, amongst other things, for their choral singing, and enliven their meetings with some stirring hymns. On Wednesday evening a solemn *triduum* in preparation for the Feast of the Sacred Heart was opened by Father Ryan, with beads, sermon and Benediction. This *triduum* was for all, but was especially intended for the men and boys, who were to make their quarterly communion on Sunday. On Friday, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, Mass was said at the beautiful altar of the Sacred Heart, and an unusually large number of women and children approached Holy Communion. All these devout communicants became fervent and zealous apostles, and the gratifying result was a splendid turn-out of the Men's League for their quarterly Communion, at the 9 o'clock Mass on Sunday. The week's services were brought to a close with solemn blessing and distribution of League Crosses and Badges on Sunday evening. The very large attendance at this closing exercise showed the deep and earnest interest the people of St Michael's take in this beautiful devotion. Rev. Dr. Treacy conducted the evening service, and Father Ryan, after a few words of explanation, blessed and distributed the Crosses and Badges. In the course of his remarks Father Ryan said, that as the Catholic Church is organized faith, organized doctrine, so her sodalities, confraternities and leagues may be said to be organized devotions. The League of the Sacred Heart is one of the largest and grandest of these organizations. Its total membership is now nearly

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30,000,000. According to statistics now being collected, it will soon count 1,000,000 members in Canada alone. In this splendid showing Toronto will have no reason to be ashamed. The names on the League register of the Cathedral parish alone now run up to much more than a thousand. But this organization is not distinguished by its number but by the apostolic zeal of its members, and especially of its Promoters. That this zeal might continue to increase with increase of membership, he exhorted all to be regular in attendance at monthly meetings and faithful to their League devotions. The service closed with benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Canadian *Messenger* gives the following statistics, proof of the prosperous state of the League:

In the ecclesiastical province of Halifax: Centres, 107: names inscribed, 51,431, of which 10,518 for the 3d Degree; Promoters, 1,646; subscribers to the *Messenger*, 2,612.

In the ecclesiastical province of Montreal: Centres 208; names inscribed, 207,613, of which 48,759 for the 3d Degree; Promoters, 3,631.

UNITED STATES (GERMAN CENTRE).—One of the very best of the thirty-five *Messengers* that come to this office from various parts of the world, is that of the German Centre of the United States under the direction of the Franciscan Fathers, Cincinnati, Ohio. It combines reliable information and instruction with solid piety. It speaks volumes for the sound Catholic taste of the readers as well as for the piety and tact of its editor and contributors. A glance at the Treasury of Good Works recorded in the August number might be a revelation to many. While the number of German Associates is much smaller than that of our English-speaking Centre, we find that the aggregate number of good works performed by them for the intentions of the League is much higher than ours. Under the heading "Angelus" alone there are nearly twenty-nine and a half millions, while under the same heading we have not quite half a million. This is characteristic of that German piety, which never and nowhere neglects the *Angelus* and *Grace* before and after meals. Our Associates should take a lesson from them in this matter.

COLOMBIA.—There are at present in Colombia 200,000 Associates. Every month 13,500 *Rosary Leaflets* are distributed. *The Messenger* has 2,600 subscribers.

ISLAND OF MAURITIUS.—There are on this island 49 Centres with 274 Promoters.

AUSTRALIA.—The Australian *Messenger* issues every month 23,000 copies.

IRELAND.—The Irish *Messenger* has 61,000 numbers in monthly circulation, and 11,500 *Decade Leaflets* are distributed.

PORTUGAL.—The Central Direction of Portugal has issued a little book, important on account of the official character of the documents contained in it. It is entitled *The Portuguese Episcopate and the Apostleship of Prayer.* It opens with an approbation from the Papal Nuncio, and then follow approving letters from nineteen Archbishops and Bishops addressed to Father Benedict Rodrigues, Central Director, on occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the League in the Kingdom of Portugal. All are unanimous about the great good effected by the Apostleship, and recommend a fitting celebration of its silver Jubilee.



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DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

A Badge Counterfeit. A counterfeit of the League Badge means something more serious than the injustice of infringing on our copyright of the same. Indeed, our only reason for having the design of the Badge copyrighted is to prevent cheap imitators from putting on the market a badge which, being wrong in design or material, cannot be the proper medium of the indulgences attached to the Badge when made properly. An enterprising Newark firm has attempted lately to turn the Badge into the all-absorbing button. Along with the samples they are sending about is a letter from the Ordinary of the diocese, approving not their counterfeit of the League Badge, but their object in spreading pious emblems. Of course, this general approbation is taken for an approbation of their counterfeit. Now, the Brief granting the Indulgence to Associates for wearing the proper Badge determines both design and material, and celluloid is not the material. To print *100 days' Indulgence* on improper material is to publish a spurious Indulgence. To issue such a button to all sorts of customers, whether League Associates or not, is also wrong, since the Indulgence it announces is for League Associates only. We trust our Directors will denounce this fraud. There is plenty of room for honest trade in pious emblems without resorting to illegitimate methods.

An Abuse of Charity. There is another abuse that our Local Directors may not know of, though our Associates know it very well. We refer to the constant appeals that are being made to individual Associates for building chapels and shrines to the Sacred Heart. A circular is drawn up, some sort of affiliation is promised with an association organized for the purpose, frequently without the consent of proper authorities, then a League Badge or other print is enclosed in the envelope, and all this is addressed with a plea in behalf of the Sacred Heart for money to aid in the enterprise. This is not fair. Many a Local Director finds it hard enough to meet the running expenses of the League and would never hope to have even a modest shrine of his own. Why not let charity begin at home in this as in every other case? These circulars would do a good work if they would suggest well disposed receivers to consider that a chapel, a shrine or something in honor of the Sacred Heart would be more desirable in their own Centres.

Providence *vs.* A Dilemma. But for some experience in recording the answers of Providence to the prayers of our Associates, we should be in a queer dilemma when we are asked one day to pray for one party and the next day for the other party interested in the present Presidential campaign. Both petitioners are, of course, sincere, and both are doing the very best thing in looking more to Providence for a solution of the question than to human ingenuity or eloquence. Meantime, we recommend both intentions, taking for granted that both applicants ask for prayers, not so much for their individual benefit as for the common good, and that both recognize how Providence can bring about prosperity even in spite of human measures and legislation which they deem wrong or inadequate to our present needs.

Our Colleges and Convents. College and convent catalogues usually tell what ought to be, or at least what is aimed at, if not what has actually been achieved. The course of studies may not always, for lack of means and teachers, be in accord with the prospectus, but the rules are generally kept as they are set down. In fact, most Catholic schools of every grade publish rules of conduct more as a matter of form than as a ground of appeal when pupils misbehave. The spirit is everything in our schools; the letter very little. As a general thing the devotions, pious societies, retreats and other means of preserving a good Christian spirit among our students are abundantly employed in our colleges.

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One catalogue publishes its Apostleship of Study régime and regulations. The League Director of the institution assures us that it created a new spirit among the boys. Similar testimony comes from other sources where less publicity is given to what happens during the scholastic year. The beginning of the year is the proper time for inaugurating the Apostleship of Study and the catalogue mention of its officers and of the members who merit decorations is a great incentive to study and good conduct.

Newspapers *vs.* Truth. Truth is not extensive enough for our large Sunday newspapers, and so they must resort to falsehood. To provide novelties the reporters must invent, and it were well if the reporters only were to blame. It would seem that those who purchase not only their talent, but their morality also, are still more to blame. The Sunday newspaper is becoming the greatest enemy of a Christian Sunday. One would think that, "Keep holy the Sabbath" means at least to avoid crime on that day above all others; but that seems to be the very day chosen by the large Sunday papers to break the eighth commandment. An instance in point is the publication of a letter to the editor-in-chief of one of these sheets, signed by the Director of the Apostleship of Prayer, who had never addressed or signed such a letter, and who had never even given the information contained in that letter to a reporter of the *Journal*, for this was the paper that resorted to such a means of filling up three or four of its 400 or more columns.

Promoters in Vacation. Promoters should be Promoters everywhere, even when they cut away, as in vacation time, from the regularity and routine of a well managed Local Council. The October *Pilgrim* will contain an account of what some League Promoters effected at the Summer School during the successful season just closed. No doubt much of their zeal was due to the example and energy of the devoted President of the School, who is also an excellent League Director, and who enters with his whole heart into everything he undertakes. It speaks well for the Summer School, though it does not need this recommendation of its true Catholic spirit, that from the very start its members have manifested this devotion to the Sacred Heart.

The Summer School. "A good programme," "good attendance," "more and more homelike," "more and more serious," "the lecturers more and more interested," are some of the comments a non-attendant hears of the last session. While none of these may fully indicate all that might be said in favor of the School, it is most gratifying to hear not one adverse comment on it. It is a very good sign that the lecturers seem to keep up their interest in the work and appear regularly from year to year. They are the best judges of the seriousness of their hearers, and they are not men to persist in offering instruction that is not well received. It would be interesting to have some statistics of the results of the Summer School during the other seasons, for such results are, to the writer's knowledge, very great, in acquaintanceships formed, in the Reading Circles and other societies started, in correspondence entered upon, and in the incentives given to individual study and research.

A Work of Prayer. The chief illustrated pieces in this number of the MESSENGER record an advance in the work of prayer that should rejoice the heart of every Associate. Father Jogues and René Goupil were martyrs to their spirit of prayer; Catharine Tegakwita lived in prayer, at least from her baptism until her death. What the early missionaries in Canada and our country taught, their Indian neophytes were quick to comprehend. In fact, they call our religion "the Prayer." Those who were fortunate enough to witness the vast numbers who assembled in pilgrimage at the Shrine of our Lady of Martyrs, will not easily forget the piety and devotion manifested. Auriesville has fortunately become a centre of prayer. This is one of the fruits of the blood of the martyrs on that sacred site. Their blood is the seed of perfection in Christian life as well as of conversions to the faith. The piety displayed at Auriesville is one of the many proofs that their blood was shed for religion.

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IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 168,957.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes. v, 18.)

Special Thanksgivings.—"An old lady, sick for six years, was said to be dying from the pain in her side. A Badge was applied to the painful spot; the pain left in five hours and her health was restored. It can be attributed to the Sacred Heart only, as medical skill failed to effect even a relief."

"I sprained my ankle and suffered intensely. The remedies applied had no effect. I pinned the League Badge to the bandage and my mother and I recited the rosary. Before we had finished the pain lessened and I soon fell asleep. I awoke in the morning perfectly cured except for a slight weakness in the ankle, which, however, disappeared as soon as I had asked a priest to say a Mass of thanksgiving."

"An Associate had been ill for two years, and from August a year ago until the first of May, she, her family, and friends waited almost from hour to hour for her death. In all her suffering she never lost confidence in the Sacred Heart. The Nine Fridays were promised for her, commencing in May, during which month special prayers were offered to our Lady. In less than a month's time she showed marked signs of improvement and on the feast of the Assumption attended Mass for the first time since a year last December."

Thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for a favor granted through the intercession of Father Isaac Jogues, S.J., when all human means had failed. Publication was promised.

Great relief was obtained in a case of supposed cancer by applying the Promoter's Cross and making a novena in honor of Father Isaac Jogues.

A religious returns thanks for her cure of appendicitis. The attending physicians thought a surgical operation necessary or death would result in a few days. A novena to the Sacred Heart was begun and on the second day, which was Corpus Christi, the patient felt herself cured.

A young man had been ill during several weeks with a complication of three diseases, each of which is usually fatal. He was growing rapidly worse and his death was feared. A novena was begun and publication promised. He began to recover on the very first day of the novena and is convalescent.

A woman had been suffering with acute rheumatism for the past eight months. It was so bad in her left knee that the pain of going up and down stairs was almost unbearable. She could not kneel at all. Remedies were tried in vain. Her daughters, members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, were making a public novena, so the mother joined. Towards the end she began to feel better and, on the last day, she determined to go to Mass, although it was very wet. She went, and when about to kneel in her usual and awkward way without bending the affected knee, she found that she was entirely cured, and is now as active as ever, although a cripple a few days before.

A little girl, ten years old, was lost for three nights and two days in woods infested with wolves and bears. One of the nights was very cold. The whole

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town turned out to look for her, about 300 men at one time being in the search. No one expected to find her alive. Her parents were in despair. They had recourse to the Sacred Heart and begged the intercession of St. Anthony and the Holy Souls. At length the child was found alive and well, having lived on wild berries. At her return the church bells rang, and on the following Sunday a thanksgiving service was held.

Spiritual Favors: — Dispelling of gloomy thoughts and doubts; the baptism of four children whose parents are infidels; unexpected removal of obstacles to a young man's religious vocation; grace to receive the last sacraments by one who had heart disease; grace of a religious vocation, and many others.

Return to religious duties:—Of a person in delicate health and in danger of death at any time, after an absence of many years; of a person after six years; of one long careless who was reconciled on her deathbed; of a man after three years of neglect; of a father after several years; of a brother after a number of years; of a man after an absence of nineteen years; of another after a great many years, and others not specified.

Favors through the Badge and Cross:— Cure of a severe case of neuralgia; instant cessation of spasms in a child; relief from a sprain; also from a toothache, from a pain in the side; cure of a scalp disease; speedy stopping of a severe pain; cessation of a swelling in the hand caused by the bite of a poisonous insect; relief in an hour from exterior poisoning; a cure of grippe; a cure of double pneumonia; a man, thought to be dying of pneumonia and prepared for death, rallied when the Cross was put on him; relief from neuralgic pains; cure of two sick children and a mother; a very successful surgical operation, the patient not having an abnormal temperature two hours afterward, much to the surprise of the physician, a novena was made and Holy Communion received; instant cure of a child delirious with fever and sore throat; immediate relief from severe earache; preservation of children from scarlet fever, though exposed to it; a little baby was wasting away from want of sleep, a Cross was placed on her and she at once fell asleep and is now steadily improving in health, and many other favors.

Various Favors: — Several successful examinations; the obtaining of teacher's certificates by several persons; news from a brother who not been heard of since he left the army thirty years ago, the intention had been recommended and publication promised; means for one out of health to take a much needed sea voyage; custody of an orphan child by its grandmother; satisfactory arrangement of a matter which threatened to entail a great loss; reconciliation between a husband and wife; and many other temporal favors.

Relief and Cures:—Cure of the eye of a religious who had been obliged for some years to wear spectacles on account of a strained nerve; another religious whose larynx was incurably diseased, according to the doctors, recovered her voice which had been inaudible; several successful surgical operations; recovery from an abscess without a threatened operation, it began immediately after promising publication and a Mass; restoration to health of one who was at the point of death and had received the last sacraments; an entire cure of heart failure after a novena through Blessed Margaret Mary, a Mass and promise of publication; cure of a person of a disease pronounced incurable by the physicians consulted; recovery of use of a crippled limb; cure of what seemed to be a cancer on the face by the use of water of Lourdes; safety of a mother and child; relief of a nurse from headache, deafness and failing memory; unexpected recovery of two very sick persons; restoration to health of a child in a decline; recovery of a person from an almost hopeless case of blood-poisoning; cure of a sister who had been ailing for three years and of whose recovery the doctors gave little hope; a religious threatened with consumption was cured; and many other cures.

Preservation:—Of a young man who fell forty feet and broke his leg in two places, but is doing nicely and will not be lame; from spread of a contagious disease; removal of an annoyance that threatened serious evil to a convent school; the saving of a mother from a dreadful affliction; preservation during several frightful storms; wonderful escape from injury in a serious accident.

Employment and Means:—Relief in pressing financial necessity; means to pay urgent debts; many situations obtained and other favors.

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BOOK·NOTICES·

THE TRUTH OF THOUGHT, or Material Logic. A Short Treatise on Initial Philosophy, the groundwork necessary for the consistent pursuit of knowledge. By William Poland, Professor of Rational Philosophy in St. Louis University. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co., 1896. 12mo. Pages 208.

This volume is the second of a series that opened last year with the "Laws of Thought," or Formal Logic. While the first volume treated of the laws by which we arrive at or establish truth, this treatise inquires into the existence and nature of truth and evidence. It answers the question, whether things or objects in the order of nature exist, corresponding to our thought or knowledge of them. After devoting two chapters to preliminary questions, the author gives a brief but comprehensive sketch of the various errors of the different schools of sensists, skeptics, idealists, transcendalists and positivists, as represented by Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, Berkely, Descartes, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel and Comte. Then proceeding from the universal fact of consciousness, he establishes the indubitable evidence of self and non-self as implied in the very act of self-consciousness. Scepticism, the nature of truth, certitude, the external senses, imagination, intellect, error, the criterion of evidence, and human testimony are treated in as many chapters.

In pursuing this method, the author deviates considerably from the beaten track, and, we think, much to the advantage of the student, inasmuch as he follows the natural order of cognition, first establishing the fact of truth, certainty and evidence, before entering upon a discussion of their nature. The book commends itself by soundness of principles, order, lucidity, brevity and comparative thoroughness. The author shows a full command of his subject and of the manifold resources needful to bring abstruse thought home to the student. His illustrations are numerous and apt, and we believe that he has been more successful than any of his predecessors in making pure English the vehicle of true philosophic thought. The work will be an invaluable aid, not only to the college student, but also to the many educated men and women who in our times are eager to acquire some knowledge of true philosophy. We shall look with interest for the continuation of this promising series of philosophic textbooks. We cordially recommend them to the attention of such of our readers as are eager for self-improvement.

THE SAINTS OF MOUNT CARMEL. The Proper Offices of the Saints granted to the Barefooted Carmelites. Translated from the Latin for the Carmelites of Boston.

This handsome volume will be of special interest to the many friends of the Order of Mount Carmel in Boston and elsewhere. It will be at the same time a sweet remembrance and a practical guide to devotion to the great saints of this great Order. The book has been revised by the Rev. Abbé Hogan, S.S., and bears the *imprimatur* of Most Rev. Archbishop Williams of Boston. We hope that it will find large circulation, and that it will do much to promote devotion to the saints. The book may be had on application to the Convent of Mount Carmel, Boston.

THE END OF CONTROVERSY. By Bishop Milner. A new edition by the Rev. Luke Rivington, M.A. London: Catholic Truth Society. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1896. 12mo. Pages 484. Price 1s.

Of this book it is said that for many years after its publication it made more converts than all other controversial literature taken together. It has lost nothing of its timeliness. Nay, it is written on the very same lines as the latest encyclical of Leo XIII. on the unity of the Church. It is the work of a learned and apostolic prelate and a vigorous writer, and though written nearly a century ago,

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deserves to remain one of our standard controversial works. The author's candor, directness and invincible logic are refreshing. Withal he never fails to be dignified and respectful. These are precisely the qualities which the controversialist needs, and which Protestants expect of the exponent of Catholic truth.

In this new edition the references have been carefully verified by the learned and painstaking editor. The book is beautifully printed in fine large type on excellent paper, and, like all the prints of the C. T. S., is remarkably cheap. It should be spread by the thousand.

THE SEE OF PETER. The Rock of the Church, the Source of Jurisdiction, and the Centre of Unity. By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. Fourth edition. London: Catholic Truth Society. 12mo. Pages 182. Price 1s.

This volume is an important addition to the literature of the reunion of Christendom. It is the author's valedictory to the Anglican Church fifty years ago, and is now republished at the request of Leo XIII., to whom it is also dedicated by the author. We wish it the wide circulation it deserves. It is just as timely as the day it was first issued.

"MEG." The story of an ignorant little girl. By Gilbert Guest. Omaha: Western Chronicle Co. 16mo. Pages 108.

This is a stirring little story which will be eagerly devoured by the little ones. It has a healthy moral tone which will not fail of its effect.

FIRST COMMUNION. Edited by Father Thurston, S.J. London: Burns and Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1896. 12mo. Pages 495.

This volume is the ninety-fourth of the *Quarterly Series* edited by the English Fathers of the Society of Jesus. It will prove of great service to the catechist, especially to him who has the delicate task of preparing children for First Communion. We have no doubt that the children themselves, with a little coaxing and coaching, will also read it with much interest and profit. It is attractive as it is instructive. It is copiously and tastefully illustrated, and elegantly gotten up.

LITTLE COMRADES. A First Communion story. By Mary T. Waggaman. Philadelphia: Kilner & Co. 16mo. Pages 208.

This is a real boys' story, written for boys by one who has a true estimate of boy nature—not only from a mother's instinct, but also from the intuition of a well trained literary mind. Several copies of it should be in every Sunday-school library. It should find its way into every family with growing up boys, who are pretty sure to take to it. The girls, of course, will devour it.

OUTLINES OF CHURCH HISTORY. For Schools, Colleges and Seminaries. By Rev. H. Vedewer, D.D. Translated and supplemented by Rev. John Klute. Cleveland, Ohio: Catholic Universe Publishing Company. 16mo. Pages 247.

This is an excellent little compendium of Church history. Its outlines are clear and definite; and the matter is well chosen and sorted. It is much to be regretted that the publishers have not given it a more attractive form. Paper, printing, cuts, and general make-up are of very inferior quality. For the credit of Catholic literature, we think, such book-making should not be tolerated. There is no excuse for it.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD. By Rev. James L. Meagher. New York: Christian Press Association. 1896.

OUR SEMINARIES. By Rev. John Talbot Smith. New York: W. H. Young and Company. 1896. 12mo. Pages 327. Price $1.00.

PRAYERS FOR THE PEOPLE. By Rev. Francis David Byrne. London: Burns and Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1896.

JEWELS OF THE IMITATION. A selection of passages with a little commentary. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. London: Burns and Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers.

THE CATHOLIC SICK ROOM. By James F. Splaine (price 2d.); THE CORONATION OATH, by Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R. (price 2d.); FOLK-LORE EX CATHEDRA, being an examination of Mr. Edward Clodd's presidential address to the Folk-lore Society, 1896 (price 1d.); THOUGHTS FOR THE SICK ROOM (price 1d.); ROBERT GROSSETESTE, BISHOP OF LINCOLN, by Mgr. W. Croke Robinson (price 2d.); ALL DAY LONG: Ejaculations and Prayers in Verse, by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

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PROMOTERS·RECEPTIONS·

Diplomas and Indulgenced Crosses for the solemn reception of Promoters who have fathfully served the required probation have been sent to the following Local Centres of the League of the Sacred Heart (July 20 to August 20, 1896)

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Diplomas and Crosses.
Albany	Schenectady, N. Y.	St. John's Church	1
Chicago	Chicago, Ill	St. Elizabeth's "	9
"	" "	St. Mary's "	1
"	" "	St. Vincent's, (C.M.) "	9
Cleveland	Cleveland, Ohio	St. John's Cathedral	12
Detroit	Monroe, Mich.	St Mary's Academy	1
Dubuque	Dubuque Co., Iowa	St. Joseph's Church	1
Erie	Kane, Pa.	St. Callistus' "	6
Fort Wayne	Lafayette, Ind.	St. Mary's "	1
Galveston	Austin	Immaculate Conception (C.S.C.) "	2
"	Houston, Tex.	St. Patrick's "	4
Grand Rapids	Grand Rapids, Mich.	St. Andrew's Cathedral	8
Green Bay	Sagole, Wis.	St. Nicholas' Church	11
"	Steven's Point, Wis.	St. Stephen's "	3
La Crosse	Mauston, Wis.	St. Patrick's "	13
Louisville	New Hope, Ky.	St. Vincent de Paul's "	3
Marquette	Saint Ignace, Mich.	St. Ignatius Loyola's "	5
"	Houghton, Mich.	" " "	20
Milwaukee	Shullsbury, Wis.	St. Mathew's "	4
New Orleans	New Orleans, La.	St. Vincent de Paul's "	1
New York	New York, N. Y.	St. Lawrence (S.J.) "	5
"	" "	St. Columba's "	2
"	Westchester, N. Y.	St. Joseph's Institute	4
"	New York, N. Y.	St. Ann's Church	1
"	Roudout N. Y.	St. Mary's "	2
Omaha	Gretna, Neb.	St. Patrick's "	2
"	Alliance, Neb	Holy Rosary "	4
Oregon City	St. Paul, Ore.	St. Paul's "	2
"	" "	St Paul's Academy	2
Philadelphia	Falls of Schuylkill, Pa	St. Brigid's Church	5
Providence	Elmhurst, R. I.	Sacred Heart Convent	4
St. Augustine	Fernandina, Fla.	St. Michael's Church	1
San Francisco	San Francisco, Cal.	Sacred Heart Presentation Convent	2
"	Alameda, Cal.	St. Joseph's Church	2
"	San Francisco, Cal.	St. Peter's "	3
Sioux Falls	Mitchell, So Dak.	Holy Family "	12
Syracuse	Binghamton, N. Y.	St Mary's Home	1
Trenton	East Camden N. J.	St Joseph's Church	1
Wheeling	Kingsville, W. Va.	St. Vincent's "	7

Total number of Receptions, 39. Total of Diplomas issued, 177.

Treasury of Good Works.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Angelus	496,951	11.	Masses heard	204,746
2.	Beads	371,882	12.	Mortifications	119,509
3.	Stations of the Cross	41,679	13.	Works of Mercy	59,350
4.	Holy Communions	107,928	14.	Works of Zeal	50,272
5.	Spiritual Communions	244,577	15.	Prayers	2,260,674
6.	Examens of Conscience	187,434	16.	Charitable Conversation	60,218
7.	Hours of Labor	681,463	17.	Sufferings or Afflictions	69,899
8.	Hours of Silence	185,351	18.	Self-conquest	161,830
9.	Pious Reading	82,524	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	267,871
10.	Masses Celebrated	5,413	20.	Various Good Works	149,522

Special Thanksgivings, 1,176; Total, 5,810,269.

For Recent Aggregations, see page 880.

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LETTERS WITH INTENTIONS

Letters received from July 20 to August 20, 1896, and not otherwise acknowledged. The number after the name of the place indicates the date of the letter.

ALABAMA.

Mobile, 27, GO.

ARIZONA.

Phoenix, 8.

ARKANSAS.

Brinkley, 18.
Helena, 12.
Little Rock, 29.
Pine Bluff, 17.
Pocahontas, 18.

CALIFORNIA.

Almeda, 20, 14.
Eastland, 12.
Eureka, 30, 10, 15.
Los Angeles, 30.
Marysville, 16.
Menlo Park, 24.
Oakland, 5.
Petaluma, 15.
Riverside, 28.
San Francisco, 20, 1 GO., 3, 11, 13, 14 15, 16 GO.
San Bernardino, 20.
San Jose, 13, GO. 15.
San Mateo, 29.
Shorb, 27.
Santa Barbara, 6.
Santa Clara, 21, 13.
Woodland, 6.

COLORADO.

Denver, 28, 17.
Durango, 24.
Los Animas, 31.
Pueblo, 17.

CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, 14.
Baltic, 22, GO. 19
Bethel, 23.
Bridgeport, 20, 7.
Derby, 19.
Hartford, 20, GO. 23, 29, 15. 18 GO.
Meriden, 21.
Middletown, 21.
New Haven, 31.
New London, 18.
Norwalk, 19.
Portland, 18.
Rainbow, 17.
Ridgefield, 19.
Thomaston 19.
Thompsonville, 7.
Waterbury, 31, 11.

DELAWARE.

Wilmington, 20, 29.

DIS. OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, 22, 24, 25, 26, 29, 31, 3, 6, 11, 17, 19.

FLORIDA.

Armstrong, 4.
Fernandina, 18.
Jacksonville, 20, 7.
Key West, 5, 15.
Palatka, 13.
Saint Augustine, 7.
Saint Leo, 3.
Tampa, 12.

GEORGIA.

Augusta, 11.
Fairmount, 4.
Macon, 29, GO. 6.
Savannah, 20, 19.

IDAHO.

Boise City, 22.

ILLINOIS.

Alton, 16.
Aurora, 17.
Beardstown, 28.
Belleville, 17.
Cairo. 17.
Carlyle, 27, 15.
Charleston, 18.
Chester, 18.
Chicago, 20, 21, 24, 28, 6, GO 8, 11, 17, 18.
Decatur, 17.
East Saint Louis, 22, 12.
Effingham, 7.
Farmersville, 30.
Feehanville, 29.
Freeport, 9.
Joliet, 7, 18.
Ladd, 22, 18.
Litchfield, 29.
Lostant, 29.
Mattoon, 1.
Mendota, 18.
Mount Sterling, 27, 31.
Ottawa, 31, 18.
Paua, 29.
Peoria, 20, 30. 19.
Prairie Du Chien, 17.
Sainte Mary's, 19.
Shelbyville, 17.
Springfield, 31, 13.
Streator, 28.
Taylorville, 16.
Wenona, 17.

INDIANA.

Anderson, 25.
Huntington, 4.
Indianapolis, 20, 21.
Lafayette, 13.
Logootee, 17.
Notre Dame, 28.
Saint Mary's, 22.
Seymour, 18.
Terre Haute. 5. 17.
Valparaiso, 20, GO. 15, GO. 1.
Vincennes, 16.
Whitfield, 28, 31.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Krebs, 23, 15.

IOWA.

Barnum, 4.
Burlington, 17.
Carroll, 13, GO.
Cedar Mines, 25.
Cedar Rapids, 25, 3.
Council Bluffs, 28.
Davenport, 13.
Des Moines 3.
Dubuque, 22, 30, 17, 18.
Iowa City, 28.
Keokuk, 18.
Lawler, 30, 18.
Lyons, 20, 19.
New Hampton, 12.
Storm Lake, 12.
Tama, 28.
Vinton, 29.
Waukon, 17.

KANSAS.

Abilene, 11.
Atchison, 5.
Burlington, 24.
Hayes, 19.
Kiowa, 16.
Leavenworth, 17.
Olathe, 16
Osawatomie, 31.
Paola, 8.
Saint Mary's, 17.

KENTUCKY.

Bowling Green, 16.
Calvary 17.
Covington, 11.
Fancy Farm, 13.
Frankfort, 10.
Knottsville, 17.
Lebanon, 14.
Lexington, 16.
Loretto, 28.
Louisville, 27, 28, 29, 13, 18.
Maysville, 15.
Morgantown. 16.
Mount Olivet 23.
Nazareth, 27.
Newport, 28, 18, 19.
Saint John, 20.
Springfield, 21, 18.

LOUISIANA.

Baton Rouge, 27.
Church Point, 27.
Cottonport, 12.
Grand Coteau, 15, 17.
Marksville, 19.
Monroe, 16.
New Orleans, 27, 31, 8, 13. 17, 18, GO.
Pineville, 30.
Shreveport, 17.

MAINE.

Calais, 13, GO.
Kennebunkport, 17.
Oldtown, 23.
Portland, 27.
South Brewer, 19.

MARYLAND.

Ammendale, 1.
Baltimore, 20, 24, 28, 30, 6, 14, GO. 15, 17, 18.
Buckeystown, 15.
Cecilton. 19.
Chesterfield, 18.
Cumberland, 18.
Forest Hill, 30.
Frederick, 28, 7, 17.
Hagerston, 25.
Ingleside, 17.
Leonardstown, 17.
Libertytown. 19.
Milestown, 29.
Mount Saint Mary's, 22, 16.
Oxen Hill, 17.
Pomfret, 25. 18.
Rutland, 25.
Valley Lee, 12.
Woodstock, 22, GO. 30, GO.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, 17, 18.
Beverly, 6.
Boston, 20, GO. 21, 29, 31, 3, 5 6, 7, 8, 9 10, 14, 17, 19, GO.
Brockton, 10.
Cheshire, 17.
Cohasset, 30.
Everett, 18.
Fall River, 18, 19.
Fitchburg, 20.
Holyoke, 28, 30, 18.
Hopkinton, 18.
Hudson, 31.
Hyannis 19.
Ipswich, 20.
Lawrence, 29.
Lowell, 7, 10.
Malden, 30.
Mansfield, 17.
Newburyport, 11.
North Adams, 10.
North Brookfield, 16, 19.
North Chelmsford, 20, 19.
Norwood, 19.
Ostenville, 28.
Quincy, 13.
Roxbury, 27.
Salem. 14, 19.
Southbridge, 24.
Springfield, 23, 8.
Waltham, 17.
Westfield, 20, 21.
Winchester 16.
Worcester, 25, 4, 8.

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MICHIGAN.

Battle Creek, 18.
Beacon, 23.
Detroit, 20, 16.
Dollar Bay, 27.
Grand Rapids, 8.
Grosse Ponte, 15.
Ishpeming, 7.
L'Anse, 22 18.
Lexington, 25.
Ludington, 30, 17.
Manistique, 22, 1.
Marquette, 18.
Mount Pleasant, 10.
Newport, 18.
Parnell, 25.
Petoskey, 17.
Pontiac, 20.
Provemont, 8.
Wyandotte, 25.

MINNESOTA.

Carrollsville, 20, 15, 19.
Collegeville, 20, GO. 25.
Duluth, 31, 7, 18.
Faribault, 24.
Graceville, 18.
Kilkenny, 28.
Minneapolis, 27, 16, GO. 17.
Pine Island, 20.
Red Wing, 17.
Rochester, 25.
St. Paul, 25, 27, 29, 31, 3, 4.
Springfield, 18.
West Duluth, 5.
White Bear Lake, 18.
Winona, 15.

MISSISSIPPI.

Holly Springs, 4.
Muldon, 16.
Sulphur Springs, 11.
Water Valley, 6.
Yazoo City, 7.

MISSOURI.

Arcadia, 18.
Farmington, 17.
Florisant, 25, 18.
Harlem, 21.
Hannibal, 11.
Independence, 17.
Joplin, 22.
Kansas City, 23, 25.
Moberly, 27, 19.
Norborne. 25. 10.
Normandy, 20, 23.
Saint Charles, 18.
Saint Joseph, 24, 28.
St. Louis, 21, 22, GO. 25, 9 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 1-.
Saint Paul, 18.
Springfield, 14.
Ste. Genevieve, 21.

MONTANA.

Fort Benton, 27.
Jocko, 20, GO.
Kipp, 21.
Saint Peters, 22.

NEBRASKA.

Alliance, 26, 16.
Hastings, 23.
Linco'n, 18.
Minden, 29.
Ogallala, 27.
Omaha. 21, 17.
Rulo, 16.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Franklin Falls, 10.
Greenville, 21.
Keene. 17.
Manchester, 12, 18.
Salmon Falls, 28.

NEW JERSEY.

Asbury Park. 20.
Atlantic City, 20, 27, 28. GO 18, 19, GO.
Atlantic Highlands, 20, 18.
Beverley, 20.
Bordentown, 18.
Burlington, 30
Convent Station, 19.
East Orange, 29.
Echo Lake, 20.
Hoboken, 20, 8.
Jersey City, 23, 24, 31, 19.
Millburn, 11.
Morristown, 25.
Newark, 20, 21, 22, GO. 27, 30 31, GO.
New Brunswick, 6.
Paterson, 20, 19.
Pleasantvillle, 31.
Raritan, 27.
Red Bank, 5.
Rutherford 14.
Somerville, 18.
Summit, 18.
Trenton, 20, 6.
Union Hill, 19.
Woodbury, 17, GO.

NEW MEXICO.

East Las Vegas, 20.
San Miguel, 9.
Santa Fé, 20

NEW YORK.

Albany, 24 31, 16, 18.
Amsterdam, 30.
Andover, 18.
Auriesville, 19.
Averill Park, 1.
Binghamton, 29, 18.
Brewster, 8.
Brooklyn, 20, 22, GO. 29. 30, 3, 5, 7, 12, 14, 15. GO. 16, GO. 17, 18, GO. 19, GO.
Buffalo 19.
Camden, 20. GO.
Canadaniqua, 18.
Cape Vincent, 28.
Cazenovia, 20, 17.
Clayton, 14.
Cohoes, 30, 17.
Cold Spring, 25.
Dunkirk, 30 19
East Java, 22.
East Quogue, 13.
Elmira, 25, GO. 17.
Fairport, 23
Far Rockaway, 22, 19.
Flushing, 5.
Galway, 16.
Granville, 27.
Greenport, 21.
Haverstraw, 29.
Horse Heads, 18, GO.
Hudson, 16.
Huntington, 20, 17.
Ilion 31.
Jamaica, 20.
Jamestown, 6.
Johnstown, 10.
Keeseville, 18.
Kingston, 20, 22.
Little Falls, 18.
Lockport. 15.
Long Eddy, 24
Long Island City, 30.
Mamaroneck, 21.
Monticello, 17.
Mount Kisco, 30.
Nanuet. 24.
Newburgh, 21, 22, 19.
New Rochelle, 30.
New York, 20, GO. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, GO. 28, GO. 29, 30, 17, GO. 18, GO.. 19 GO.
Niagara Falls, 10.
Nyack 30.

NEW YORK (con'd.)

Ogdensburg, 22.
Oswego. 20, 27, 31, 18, 19.
Oyster Bay, 22.
Patchogue, 19.
Peekskill, 22, 18.
Philmont, 31.
Plattsburg, 18.
Port Chester, 15.
Poughkeepsie, 21, 7.
Rheims, 28.
Rhinebeck, 28.
Rochester, 28, 10, 15, 17, 18, 19.
Rosebank, 19.
Sag Harbor, 21.
Seacliff 16.
Syracuse, 16.
Thomaston, 19.
Troy, 20, 21, 30, 19.
Utica, 30. 17.
Waddington. 20.
Wappinger's Falls, 21.
Watertown, 28.
Waverly, 22, 17.
West Troy, 21.
Whitehall, 27.
Yonkers, 18.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Asheville, 28.
Charlotte, 17.
Raleigh, 19.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Bismark, 30, 9.
Elbow Woods, 24.
Fargo. 23.
Jamestown, 20.
Wheatland, 19.

OKLAHOMA TER.

Guthrie, 11.

OHIO.

Alliance, 20.
Bellefountaine, 13.
Canton, 28, 31, 16.
Carey, 12.
Carthage, 24, 7, 17.
Chillicothe, 30.
Cincinnati, 27, 28, 9, 17.
Circ eville, 18.
Cleveland, 22, 29, 30, 1, 6, 8, 11, 13, 18.
Columbus. 5.
Dayton, 28, 29, 18.
Dennison 22.
Dungannon, 27.
East Liverpool, 27.
Edgerton, 9.
Elyria, 17.1
Fairport Harbor, 17.
Fremont, 11.
Gallipolis 8.
Gibsonburg, 28.
Greenville 10
Kensington, 18.
Kenton, 10.
Lebanon, 27, GO.
Leetonia, 14.
Lima, 3.
Louisville, 31, 17.
Marietta, 18.
Mount Vernon, 27, 18.
Nelsonville, 11.
New Albany, 17.
Newport. 22.
Nottingham, 7.
Portsmouth, 18.
Reading, 19.
Salineville, 25, 15.
Shawnee, 18.
Shepard, 28.
Tiffin 17.
Toledo, 2-, GO. 17, 19.
Troy, 18.
Youngstown, 28, GO. 18.
Zanesville, 17.

OREGON.

Baker City, 15.
Gervais. 27.
Mount Angel, 22, 25, GO.
Portland, 18.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Altoona, 18.
Ashland, 20.
Bayfield, 1.
Beatty, 29.
Bedford, 1.
Bristol, 5.
Brookville, 18, 19.
Butler, 23.
Chester Springs, 12.
Clarion, 21, 31, 17.
Clearfield, 19.
Coylesville, 17.
Derry Station, 17.
Doylestown, 17.
Dravosburg, 13.
Dudley, 3.
Easton, 19.
Ebensburg, 21, GO. 28, 7, 17.
Erie, 27, 6, 13.
Freeland, 18.
Freeport, 18.
Gallitzin. 31.
Glenfield, 22, 29.
Great Belt, 31.
Greenburg, 30.
Harrisburg, 15.
Hazleton. 24.
Hollidaysburg, 21, 1.
Homestead, 31.
Houtzdale, 18.
Jenkintown, 20.
Johnstown, 20, 3.
Kane, 10.
Latrobe, 23.
Littlestown, 3.
Loretto, 21, 19.
McKeesport, 21, 7, 17.
McSherrytown, 19.
Mauch Chunk, 21.
Maud, 10.
Meadville. 27.
Moosic, 16.
Mount Carmel, 7.
Nesquehoning. 15.
New England, 8.
Norristown, 31.
Parker's Landing, 30.
Parsons 21 19.
Philadelphia, 20, GO. 21, 24, 25, GO. 26, 27, 29, 30, 31, 1, 4 7, 8, 11, 13, 19
Pittsburg, 24, 30, 31, 5, 7, 18, GO. 19.
Pittston, 10.
Pottsville, 30, 17.
Reading, 20, 24, 30, 31, GO
Renovo, 29, 19.
Ridgeway, 10.
Saint Clair, 30.
Saint Mary's, 26.
Scranton, 21, 27, 30, GO. 18, 19.
Shamokin. 20, 29.
Silver Creek, 22, 19.
Turtle Creek, 25.
Tyrone, 17.
West Chester, 25.
Wilkesbarre, 20, 27.
York, 21.

RHODE ISLAND.

Central Falls, 13.
East Providence, 14.
Newport, 30, 10.
Providence, 30, 1, 10, 12, 18.
Quonochontaug, 28.
Rumford, 18.
Valley Falls, 3.

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SOUTH CAROLINA.
Livingston, 15.

SOUTH DAKOTA.
Alberdeen, 1.
Lead, 16.
Mitchell, 29.
Sioux Falls, 17.
Sturgis, 15. GO.
Yankton, 23.

TENNESSEE.
Franklin, 13.
Jackson, 5.
McEwen, 12.
Memphis, 29, 14, 17.
Nashville, 21, 12.

TEXAS.
Austin, 17.
Castorville, 20.
Culero, 10.
Dallas, 20.
El Paso, 17. GO.
Fort Worth, 13, GO.
Galveston, 4, 5, 14.
Houston, 9, 10.
San Antonio, 25, 7.

TEXAS (con'd.)
Texarkana, 20. 13.
Tuling, 17.
Victoria, 12.
Waco, 15.
Wylie, 8.

UTAH.
Ogden, 31.
Park City, 23, GO.
Salt Lake City, 27, 15.

VERMONT.
Burlington, 29.
Middleburg, 4.
Pittsford, 18.
Richmond, 30.
Rutland, 27.
Underhill Center, 20, 17.

VIRGINIA.
Alexandria, 3, 18.
Cape Charles, 4.
Fortress Monroe, 28.
Lexington, 18.
Lynchburg, 14.
Norfolk, 17, GO.

VIRGINIA (con'd.)
Portsmouth, 26.
Richmond, 27, GO. 13.
Roanoke, 22.
Staunton, 18.
West End, 8.

WASHINGTON.
Evanston, 16.
Everett, 28.
North Yakima, 22.
Spokane, 20, 9.
Tacoma, 25.

WEST VIRGINIA.
Grafton, 19.
Harpers Ferry, 21, GO.
Wheeling, 22, GO. 14.

WISCONSIN.
Bayfield, 29.
Chippewa Falls, 17.
Columbus, 18.
Fort Howard, 28.
Green Bay, 17.
Hollandale, 19.
Janesville, 13.

WISCONSIN (con'd.)
Kaukana, 21, GO. 12.
Kenosha, 20.
Kilbourn, 30.
Mauston, 15, GO.
Milwaukee, 24, 29, 5. 7, 18, 19.
Northport, 17.
Oconto, 1.
Oshkosh, 22.
Portage, 25.
Prairie Du Chien, 29, 2.
Racine, 5.
Shullsburg, 16.
Tomahawk, 23.
Washburn, 15.
Watertown, 10.
Wausau, 20.

CANADA.
Halifax 17.
Montreal, 6.
Victoria, 18.

FOREIGN.
Dublin, Ireland 23.
Havana, Cuba, 20.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation from the Central Direction from July 20 to August 20, 1896.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.		Date of Diploma.
Albany	Castleton, N. Y.	Sacred Heart	Church	Aug. 12
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Home for the Aged (Little Sisters of the Poor)		Aug. 12
Cleveland	Cleveland, Ohio	St. Joseph's	Asylum	Aug. 12
Columbus	Portsmouth, Ohio	Annunciation	Church	Aug. 12
Davenport	Parnell, Iowa	St. Joseph's	"	Aug. 12
Detroit	Owosso, Mich.	St. Paul's	"	Aug. 12
Marquette	Rockland, Mich.	St. Mary's	"	July 24
Nesqually	Ferndale, Wash.	St. Joseph's	"	July 24
"	Sumas City, Wash.	St. Ann's	"	July 24
New York	Congers, N. Y.	St. Paul's	"	Aug. 12
Ogdensburg	Plattsburg, N. Y.	Catholic Summer School of America		Aug. 7
Omaha	Alliance, Neb.	Holy Rosary	Church	Aug. 12
Syracuse	Binghamton, N. Y.	St. Mary's	Home	Aug. 12
Wheeling	Elm Grove, W. Va	St. Vincent de Paul's	Church	Aug. 12
"	Wytheville, Va.	St. Mary's	"	Aug. 12

Aggregations, 15; churches, 11; institutions, 2; school, 1.

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THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART

NOVEMBER 1896



ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
$2.00 YEARLY

APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER
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CENTENARY OF THE CONSECRATION OF THE TYROL TO THE SACRED HEART.

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THE MESSENGER
OF THE
SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXI. NOVEMBER, 1896. No. 11.

O BLESSED QUEEN.

(*Rondeau.*)

By F. J. McNiff, S.J.

O BLESSED Queen, thy praises crowd
Upon me, and my head is bowed
In grief; for that I cannot sing
Some little hymn for thee, nor bring
My lips to speak my love aloud.

Is it my thoughts, o'erweening proud,
That so my vision overcloud
And make me such a poor, dumb thing,
O blessed Queen?

Lady, with fullest grace endowed,
Whom pity and sweet love enshroud,
Teach me to hymn thee, fair Day-spring
Of song; my cold, slow lips sacring—
Thou clothed in beauty, O star-browed,
O blessed Queen!

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BUDDHISM AND LAMAISM.

(*Concluded.*)

By Rev. C. Bouckhorst, S.J.

III.

IT may be supposed that devotions take up a considerable portion of the Lama's time. Still there are the services in the temple at regular intervals during the day consisting in offerings to the gods, recital of hymns, and noisy music of cymbals, drums and flutes. Home devotions comprise meditation, practice of eccentric austerities, and magic rites that are supposed to give miraculous powers and a short cut to Nirvana, chanting of mantras, preparation of sacred food, of incense, wine oblations, etc.

Besides this, a Lama is often called upon by the laity to watch omens, to practise diverse modes of divinations, to distribute talismans, to assist at the ceremony of the planting of luck-flags, to exorcise disease-producing demons and, finally, on the occasion of deaths to "extract" the soul in the proper manner and to give it directions to find its way to the Western Paradise and take precautions to secure it a good rebirth.

The next important feature of a Buddhist village, in these parts, is the temple in which the Lama so often executes his pious pranks. As we can here, more than anywhere else, learn the true character of his religion, we shall dwell at some length on the description of both the exterior and interior. We have had several opportunities of visiting Sikkim temples. All are built, decorated and furnished in the same way. The temple called Lha-Khang, or god's house, occupies an isolated spot surrounded by prayer-flags. It is a heavy, ungainly building, with a square base, tapering structure of whitewashed stone walls, with a huge projecting, almost flat roof, thatched with bamboo.

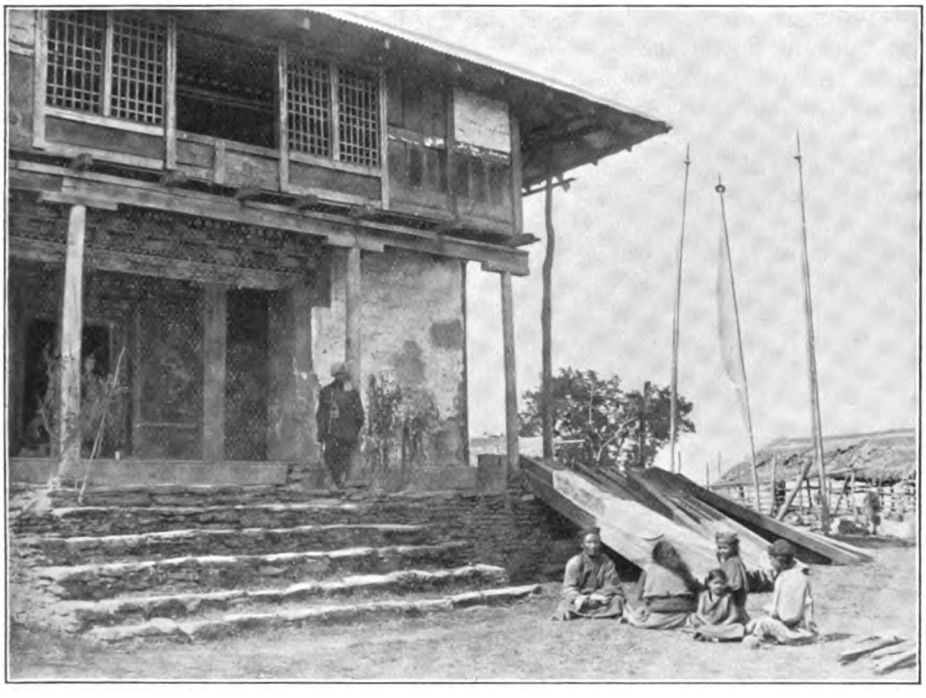
Civilization has of late introduced corrugated iron roofs at the expense of the scanty element of beauty of the temple, namely unity. The roof is surrounded by a small bell-shaped dome of gilt copper, emblematic of victory and good luck. There are usually two stories: the lower being the temple proper; the upper being a meeting room, or academy, or even a dwelling place as far as we could make out. Two square openings in each side wall provided with wooden bars serve the purpose of windows to light the lower flat. The upper flat has three balconies, the framework of which is rudely carved and painted in many colors after Oriental fashion. In niches along the base of the front are inserted rows of prayer-barrels which are turned by the devotees sweeping their hand over them as they proceed.

These barrels remind me of an incident that roused the vindictiveness of two Lamas. Both were about to enter the temple, when the one in front stretching out his hand set six cylinders spinning. His companion who had likely some grudge against him, took a start and with a violent movement of the hand caused the prayer machines to go off in the opposite direction. He obviously intended to destroy the merits of his fellow Lama. The latter, on noticing the deed, gnashed his teeth with rage and fell on his enemy. Had not a European gentleman been on the scene of action who knows what might have been the issue? As it was, a flood of vile abuse put an end to the incident.

The main entrance, reached by a short flight of steps, introduces the visitor into the vestibule. All around some rather quaint objects strike his view. The ceil-

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ing is decorated with a painted canvas made to represent a gigantic twisting yellow dragon with blue fruits in its claws. This reminds one of the Chinese coat-of-arms, and the other paintings and frescoes have something in common with the pigtail style. The gateway is guarded by several fiendish figures of local demons. Confronting the visitor in the vestibule are four colossal pictures (frescoes) of the "Kings of the Quarters," who guard the universe against the demons. They are clad in full armor, of defiant mien and seated on foaming chargers. Here also one meets the picture of kind and peaceful Buddha sitting under the famous Bodhi-tree; next hilly landscapes, snowy peaks, orchards, deer, birds, and Lamas in contemplation.



A BHUTIYA TEMPLE.

What attracts most the attention is a pictorial reproduction of Buddha's Wheel of Life. An outer circle shows under symbolic forms the twelve stages through which man passes in the course of his life; they are ignorance, first impressions, adequate knowledge, individuality, use of the five senses and of will, contact, perception of joy and sorrow, desire, indulgence, conception (of an heir), birth (of an heir), decay and death.

The inner circle represents the six regions of rebirth or the six ways in which a being can be reborn. The three first are open to those in whom virtue is preponderant over vice. They are: the human world for a lower degree of virtue, the titanic world for a higher degree, and the heavens of the gods for the highest degree of virtue. Strange to say, these gods remain subject to the miseries, vices and death of man, and are consequently apt to be reborn in one of three remaining forms of existence, namely, that of the beasts; for those in whom vice is only slightly preponderant over virtue, that of the tantalized ghosts, and ultimately that of the inhabitants of hell for the worse sinners.

The central disc represents a cock, a serpent and a pig, holding one another by

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the tail. They are respectively the symbols of the three original sins and causes of rebirths, namely lust, anger, stupidity. The wheel is held in the clutches of a monster typifying the passionate clinging of the people to existence.

Two huge main prayer-barrels are set up at either end of the vestibule. They are covered with the hide of a donkey and wrapped in cloth on which the "Ora mani" formula is printed. Lay devotees in fancy dress revolve them mechanically, each revolution being announced by an affixed lever striking a bell. As the bells are of different tones and are struck alternately, they form at times a not unpleasant chime.

So far the vestibule. The door that leads into the temple is of massive proportions ornamented with brazen bosses. As our cicerone opens it a dark, dirty passage, hardly eight feet high, with two rows of pillars stretches before us. When our eyes have got accustomed to the darkness we are able to descry at the remote end, some thirty feet distant, three big statues. Let us approach an altar that occupies the whole breadth of the nave and our gaze is met by many images both big and small and made of gilt clay. "The three rarest ones," or trinity of the Lamas, occupy the middle in a sitting attitude.

Buddha, in the centre, bears a sceptre surmounted by nine to twelve jingling rings wherewith to warn people of his approach and a begging-bowl. Garu Rimbockhe (Mahaguru, the great teacher), founder of the first Lama community, to the left, wears a mitre-like hat shaped in the fashion of a lotus flower and holds in his right hand a *dorje* (the thunderbolt of Indra) as the Hindu Jove and a human skull and cup of blood in his left. To the right of Buddha, Cheresi, the god of Lamaism and of Tibet, incarnate in the Dalai-lama, is represented with four hands joined in devotion and holding a set of beads and a lotus flower. The wives of the deities have likewise their images.

Peacock-feathers, conch-shell trumpets, a pair of fifes, a pair of human thigh-bones called khanglings, flower vases, incense holders, mirrors and various other implements, but, above all, dust and dirt, make a fitting ornamentation for this den of idolatry and demon-worship. In front of the altar there is a long row of brass vessels filled with offerings of water and rice, plates with cakes and flowers; small and large lamps, in which wax, oil and butter are consumed. Above the middle lamp is fixed an umbrella (the Oriental symbol of royalty) that slightly revolves under the action of the warm current of air from the lamps.

Next to the altar on both sides one notices six or seven shelves filled with books each occupying a pigeon-hole. A book consists of several hundred leaves of tough unglazed country paper about two feet long and half a foot broad. It is wrapped in a napkin, pressed between two heavy blocks, as covers, bearing in front the title of the book. The whole parcel is firmly bound by a broad tape. The library is supposed to contain the two Lamaic encyclopaedias called "the commandments" and "the commentaries." Both are the fiftieth or hundredth faulty copy in Tibetan or Bhutanese of the primitive translation of the Sankrit works of the early Indian Buddhists. The consequence of this copying and recopying by persons deficient in erudition is that the Lamas are able to spell the words, but the meaning of the contents is altogether beyond their grasp. None the less, they are very proud of their library. Besides giving an appearance to the temple, the books are put to no other use but to provide mystic formulas. Unintelligible though these be, they are deemed potent charms.

In the corner at either end of the sidewalls two more idols are worshipped, namely, Siba and Kali, two Hindu Olympians.

On looking round now we observe that

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the beams and the wooden pillars are carved and painted with lotus rosettes of which traces are here and there visible through a coating of soot. On each pillar is hung a silk banner with five flaps. The sidewalls are covered with highly colored frescoes, displaying the disciples of Buddha and a rather creditably executed oil painting of Cheresi, "the seer with keen eyes," with eleven heads and a thousand arms, each with an eye in the palm. In this way is graphically represented his vigilance to discover distress and to succor the troubled. In the nave at some distance from the altar is the choir.

The seat occupied by the spiritual head of the monastery consists of a cushion on which is spread a tiger or leopard-skin rug. Before it is a little table about two feet from the ground displaying the following objects: a cone of rice, a saucer with loose rice for sacrificing, a small *damaru* drum consisting of two human skull-caps stuck together and having the hollow parts spanned with skins, a bell, a *dorje*. This is mentioned already as being a thunderbolt, emblem of the unlimited power of both gods and Lamas over the evil spirits. In their incantations the Lamas make frantic passes with this little toy in all directions whilst muttering their spells. The other Lamas are made to face each other in two rows. Music seems to form an important part of their services, for there are large and small drums, cymbals, flutes, and other instruments scattered about. The two aisles are left open for the use of the laity.

Whilst I am certain that nothing remains to be mentioned in connection with the temple, I remember that there are other sacred buildings scattered here and there over this hilly country in the vicinity of temples, along the public roads, in forests and in the villages. These are the lichen-clad *Chhortens* or cenotaphs in memory of Buddha and other saints. They are supposed to contain a tooth or lock of hair of the respective saint. Some of them, called "receptacles of offerings," have some architectural style about them, and are adorned with gilt pinnacles, inscriptions, plastered mouldings, and surrounded with



PRAYER BARREL IN TEMPLE VESTIBULE.

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an enclosure. These at least are kept clean.

Such then are the exterior elements of Lamaism. What concerns the inwardness, *viz.*: the principles and beliefs on which the whole fabric rests, we shall try to sum up under a few headings, in order to bring out more clearly their points of contact with, and divergence from, Buddhism. These points will regard, Buddha and his law, the hierarchy of Lamas, the intrinsic value of books, the necessity of contemplation to reach *Nirvana*, metempsychosis, the wanderings of souls after death and previous to rebirth, the tyranny of the demons, and the mastery of the Lamas over the spirit world.

Moreover, the monastic discipline supposes the monk to live in poverty, in celibacy, in strict subordination. He may not kill any living creature, nor steal, nor tell falsehoods. He is bound to abstain from intoxicating drinks and from all impurity. These are the five famous negative precepts of which Buddhists are so proud. The Bonzes, if we remember rightly, used to quote them in the time of St. Francis Xavier.

But let us pass on to two important questions. The reader, on going through the description of Lamaism, must have been surprised to find so many exotic elements, mixed up with the Buddhism he has been made acquainted with in the first part, and he may well ask himself: whence these radical changes that make Lamaism so unlike theoretic Buddhism? In Buddhism we hear of self-culture, virtue, perfection, earnestness; there we find only outward practices that betray vile superstitions, rudeness and triviality. In Buddhism we hear of benevolence, voluntary poverty—there we meet only covetousness. On the one hand Buddha maintains that man is to kneel or stoop to nobody, nor to fear a superior being; there, on the contrary, we behold a scene of idolatry, spirit-worship, divination and exorcism.

Along with this first question arises a second, no less vital, inasmuch as it concerns the morals of this Lamaistic people. For morality and religion stand in the same relation to each other as fruit and tree. We shall try to satisfy the reader by a brief answer to each of these two questions.

There reigned in the beginning, in Tibet, as well as in the neighboring hill tracts, a weird spirit-worship, a sort of Shamanism, that exists to this day in its primitive form among the hill tribes of Burmah, Siam and South China. It was characterized not only by coarse superstition, but also by human sacrifices, and even cannibalism. This was the so-called Bön religion. When Buddhism penetrated into Tibet about the sixth century of our Christian era, it set to work very cunningly. It did not reject the existing local worship, but, on the contrary, adopted it, became its interpreter and, as it were, humanized it.

As an illustration of this last statement, I would quote the modern ceremony of sacrificing a little manikin made of dough, which seems to be a substitute for the original sanguinary human sacrifice. As a part of the programme of a religious feast, a little human figure, made of dough, about two feet high, is brought forth. A Lama puts it down on the ground, face upwards, in the midst of a crowd of eager spectators. Dagger and hatchet in hands, the Lama now proceeds to pierce and cut up the little figure whilst the excited multitude set up a terrific vociferation and jostling with one another, grab the morsels, which they are anxious to secure as talismans.

The success of Buddhism was so much the more ensured, as it came from India already strangely tainted with Thivaism, a system of belief in *mantras* or magical spells, that possess intrinsic power to master spirits—in fact just the thing our mountaineers thought they were most in need of.

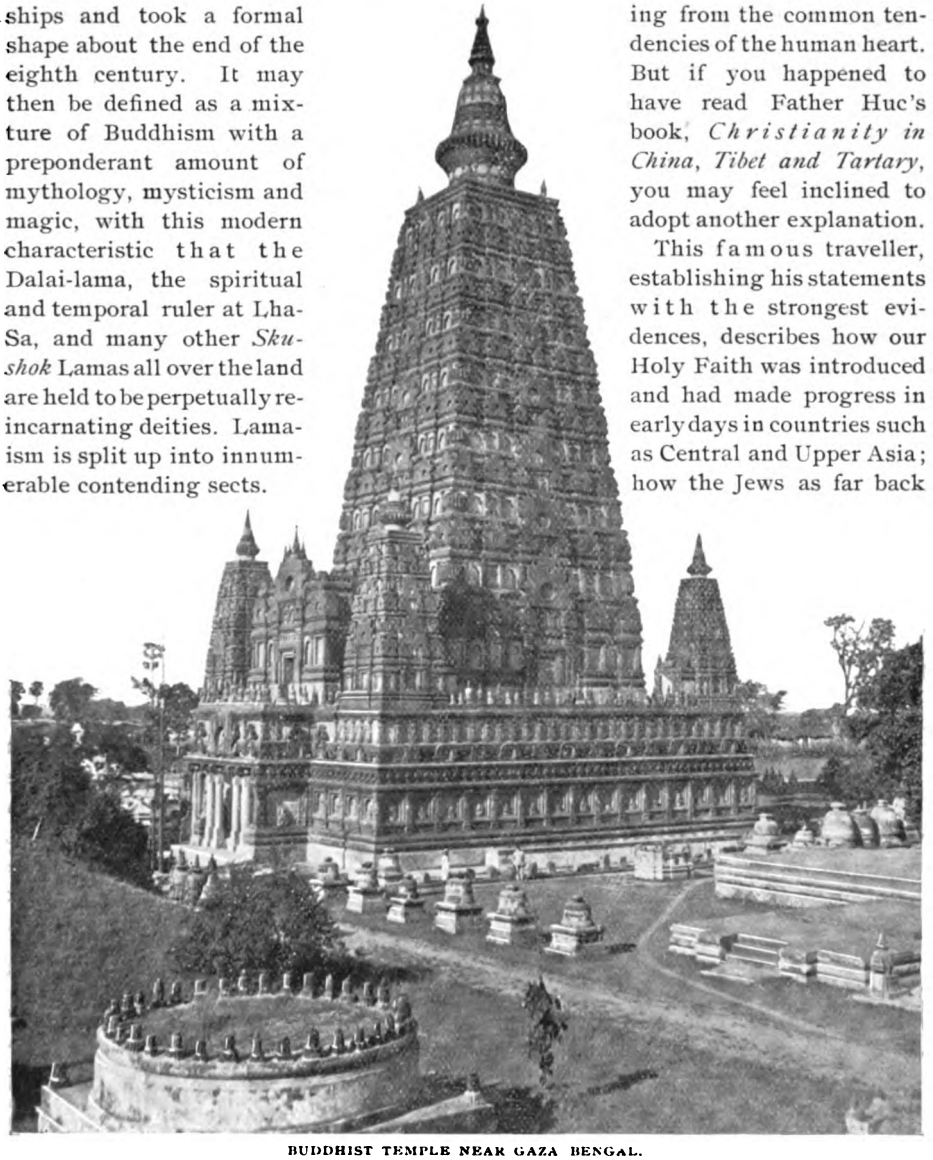
Lamaism grew out of both these wor-

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ships and took a formal shape about the end of the eighth century. It may then be defined as a mixture of Buddhism with a preponderant amount of mythology, mysticism and magic, with this modern characteristic that the Dalai-lama, the spiritual and temporal ruler at Lha-Sa, and many other *Skushok* Lamas all over the land are held to be perpetually reincarnating deities. Lamaism is split up into innumerable contending sects.

ing from the common tendencies of the human heart. But if you happened to have read Father Huc's book, *Christianity in China, Tibet and Tartary*, you may feel inclined to adopt another explanation.

This famous traveller, establishing his statements with the strongest evidences, describes how our Holy Faith was introduced and had made progress in early days in countries such as Central and Upper Asia; how the Jews as far back



BUDDHIST TEMPLE NEAR GAZA BENGAL.

But how account for what must have struck many a reader, as it has struck many a traveller and missionary, namely, those similarities with the Catholic worship? Whence these communities? These convent choirs? These processions? Whence the use of holy-water and baptism? These censers, church lamps, worship of departed saints, relics, and so forth? Possibly they may be explained by a mere coincidence arising as the seventh century of our era were to be met in Central and East Asia; the travels of, and conversions by, St. Thomas and his successors; the full freedom of communication between China and the rest of Asia before the advent of the Manchu dynasty; the influence of the Nestorians throughout the East; how they brought along with them their teachings, liturgy and ceremonies. We read of established hierarchies and exten-

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sive Christian communities, of synods and councils held in the eighth and ninth centuries; of metropolitan sees in Persia, Central Asia, India and China; of the works of the Franciscans and Dominicans in those parts. Mention is made of transactions and embassies between the Asiatic and the Papal courts under at least ten different popes. Blessed Odoric of Friuly is said to have found missionaries established in Lha-Sa, A. D. 1319. They had converted many natives to the faith. The first to penetrate into Lha-Sa seems to have been the Fleming Ruysbroeck (the Rubuk of Huc, A.D. 1253-1256).

Moreover, we read that some Capuchins succeeded in building a monastery in the Ha-Shia quarter of the capital of Tibet, which monastery the inhabitants acknowledge to this day to have been erected by Europeans. All this goes far to prove that Christianity exercised at one time a considerable influence on the mind of the Tartars, Mongols, and Chinese. Add to this the invasion of the Mongols and their inclination to adopt the religion of the vanquished; the relations between Gengis Khan and the Christian world in the West, with the pope and the kings of France and of Spain. It was after the Mongolian conquest of Tibet and China that we find the Dalai-Lamaship established at Lha-Sa, A.D. 1400.

The derivation of the word Dalai-Lama may be of interest and throw some light on this fact. Dalai-Lama is the Tibetan for the Mongolian *Talai-Lama*. Talai means in English, sea—in Chinese, yang; in Tibetan, gyamtso. As an adjective it means from beyond the sea, foreign European. So v.g. *Yang-Jen* = seaman = a European; *Yang Kiridze* = European devil. *Yang-Lama*, *Talai-Lama*, *Dalai Lama* = European devil with the modern acceptation of *one that practises celibacy*.

Hence we are left to suppose that the Lamas borrowed much of our external ritual at a comparatively recent period and adapted it to their own purpose of impressing their superstitions and idolatrous belief deeply on their adherents, and one cannot help thinking that the devil, the great mimic of God, assisted them in this task.

In answer to the second question, namely, to what degree the morals of Lamas and Lamaistic tribes harmonize with their religion, a few hints will suffice. First, with regard to the Lama monks, St. Paul in his letter to the Romans gives us a faithful portraiture of their hideous vices. Their vow of celibacy is only *pro formâ*, so much so, that nowadays only one monastery, that of *Pemionchi*, has the reputation of exacting its observance, by condemning the trangressors to defray the cost of a banquet for its 108 members. Their vow of poverty only means that they rely on the laity for a magnificent support. Their vow of obedience only implies that the instinct of self-preservation prompts the monks to cling closely together and to form a mighty hierarchical body. The impudent Lamas who preach total abstinence do not see the flagrant inconsistency of having around their monasteries fertile fields of murwa, from which the country beer is made, and breweries on their premises, and Bacchanalian orgies on festive occasions. Lust, pride, hypocrisy, sloth, rapacity and ignorance, these are the fruits of their religious system. The few scattered prescriptions of Buddha worthy of mankind are the whitewash that gives the grave of their corruption a neat appearance from a distance. They were never meant to be followed out, and serve only the purpose of idle boasting and self-sufficiency.

We shall close this part of our subject with two quotations. Mr. Waddell, M.B., who has spent years in the vicinity of, and in communication with, Lamas, says:

"The Lamas are the prescribers of most of the demon-worship, and derive their chief means of livelihood from their conduct of this demon-worship, rendered on account of, and at the expense of, the laity, who offer it on the especial re-

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commendation of the Lamas themselves.

"A few of the most intelligent Lamas become astrologers, and all the laity have been led to understand that it is absolutely necessary for each individual to have recourse to the Lama astrologer at each of the three great epochs of life, *viz.*: birth, marriage and death; and also at the beginning of each year to have a forecast of the year's ill-fortune and its remedies drawn out for them. The astrologer-lamas, therefore, have a constant stream of persons flocking to them for prescriptions as to what deities and demons require appeasing and the remedies necessary to neutralize these portending evils."

This much for their rapacity. As to their hypocrisy, Mgr. Hanlon, Vicar-Apostolic of Uganda, formerly missioner at Leh Ladak says: "And now Satan, the serpent of old, who has imposed on these poor people such impressive and infamous superstitions under the appearance of good, must needs play his own true part before sending home his dupes. At the end of all these religious solemnities a disgusting scene of malice takes place. The Lamas with grinning masks on and the unmasked novices sport wantonly in the courtyard of the monastery, in base mockery going through the ceremonies over again. They stretch themselves and welter about in an obscene way, prostrating themselves at the feet of Buddha and mimicking an adoration. All the stairs, roofs, windows, balconies and galleries are crowded with Lamas and laity looking on in roars of laughter, openly approving this terrible blasphemy and indecency on what they profess to be sacred ground."

IV.

The total number of Buddhists in the world, as given in many manuals of geography, looks alarming. But all is not gold that glitters, as the saying goes,



A COMMUNITY OF LAMA MONKS.

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and it might be the case with their numerical strength. Some twenty-five years ago it was universally admitted that there were 350,000,000 of Buddhists in the world. Balfour, in his Cyclopædia of India, says that the population of our globe may be estimated at 1,500,000,000, among which 486,000,000, are Buddhists, and 456,000,000 Christians. A Scotch professor, in 1890, brought this number of Buddhists up to 560,000,000. But Monier Williams, Sanskrit professor, and Dr. Legge, Chinese professor, both at the University of Oxford, have come out against them. Buddhism is professed in Ceylon, Tibet, Sikkim, Bhutan, Ladak, Burmah, Indo-Chinese Peninsula, Japan and China. The census of 1891 mentions 7,131,057 Buddhists in India, Burmah, British Sikkim, Bhutan and Ladak. Ceylon contributes 1,500,000. In Siam all the hill tribes are Shamanists. Confucianists and Buddhists quarrel for supremacy in Annam. Tibet, the paradise of Buddhism, has a scanty population of 4,000,000; Mongolia counts, it seems, 9,000,000 Lamaists; Manchuria, 3,000,000 Buddhists; Independent Bhutan, 145,200; Independent Sikkim, 10,000. One-half of the 40,000,000 in Japan are Shintoists; the other half is divided between Confucianists and Buddhists. There remains but China, and forsooth this mighty empire will turn the scales in favor of Buddhism? China, with its teeming millions! Its 360,000,000 or 380,000,000 or 400,000,000 are all put down as Buddhists, whereas the truth is that the vast majority are Confucianists. The minority is Taoist or Buddhist, or a hybrid of the two. Liu, Chinese Ambassador in London (1889), scorned the idea of calling all his countrymen Buddhists. Moreover, monasteries are very rare in China.

So, then, if we grant Christendom the first place in the statistical order with its 485,000,000, among whom 240,000,000 are Catholics, 147,000,000 Protestants of all denominations, 98,000,000 Greeks, we may put down the others as follows: Confucianists, 270,000,000; Brahminists, 200,000,000; Mahommedans, 160,000,000; Buddhists perhaps 100,000,000.

If the principle on which Buddhists are made to form one religious body were applied to other religions, we are of opinion that Christians, Jews and Mahommedans, all of them children of Abraham, should come under one and the same head, for their points of agreement are greater and more numerous than those of the old and new, North and South Buddhism.

Man at times is cruelly logical and consistent. Let him, on the recommendation of a few fragmentary truths, adopt a system based on one false principle, and there is no knowing what wild conclusions it may in time lead him to. Buddhism illustrates this in spite of the pompous panegyrics of European and American atheists. Its adherents, under different climes and at different epochs, have sought in the precepts of Buddha a sanction for the worst forms of immorality. When we take this into consideration, and when we, furthermore, behold so vast a number—for great the number is, even when divested of its exaggerated proportions—almost hopelessly lost in ignorance, superstition and immorality, we cannot but feel our hearts melt with compassion at their unfortunate lot, and we feel impelled to pray God to lead them to the paths of truth and justice, in the words of the great Apostle of the Indies, St. Francis Xavier:

"O eternal God, Creator of all things, remember that Thou alone didst create the souls of the infidels, framing them to Thine own image and likeness. Remember Thy only Son, Jesus Christ, shed His most precious blood for them . . . forgetting their idolatry and infidelity, cause them also to know Him whom Thou didst send, Jesus Christ, our Lord."

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A DAUGHTER'S HOLOCAUST.

By J. M. Cave.

(*Concluded.*)

IT was evening. The immense railway station was ablaze with light. Police officials lined the platform within the building, while without, a guard of honor was drawn up, and all was life and animation, subdued respectfully, in honor of some guest or guests. By certain military formalities the Count judged that a grand duke, at least, was on the train. As he knew many of the staff-officers well, even intimately, he thought it better to defer his own exit till they had taken their departure, lest he should be questioned as to his sudden flight from Warsaw, and his business in the great Capital. How could he account for either? At this moment his precipitate action looked unreasonable, but the cloud upon his spirit was not lightened. He was a changed man to himself; in his own eyes, the greatest criminal that walked the earth. Had he not murdered his name and fame, wasted his goodly heritage, and brought to vile dependence, in the land of his country's foe, the only child of his house? He might well draw the beaver collar of his great fur travelling cloak about him, and hide his head, as he followed in the wake of the throng. But he was handsome still, and too striking, in air and appearance, to pass unrecognized even there.

"Look over your left shoulder, Sasha," said one officer to another, as they stood waiting for their sledges to draw up to the steps of the platform.

"*Echort* (the devil)", exclaimed the other; "that lucky dog here; is he running after his wife, think you? Away from her, most likely."

"Shall we hail him and ask him to supper? And the ball?"

They shrugged their shoulders, entered their elegant sleigh and drove away.

"Take notice of the gentleman in the beaver collar," said the elder of the officers, as he entered his sledge, to the policeman who officiously busied himself in arranging the bearskin robe; "bring me his address to-morrow; he may be up to mischief; Poles always are."

The police-officer touched his cap, and stepped backwards, out of the way of the runners, as the fiery horses dashed off. The gentleman in the beaver collar was just descending the steps, and he followed him.

The Count had resolved, as it was yet early, to seek Philomena at once. He could not rest till he had assured himself that all was well with her. His travelling bag he decided to leave with a guard, and send a messenger for it later. Until he saw Philomena he would not decide upon a hotel. She would wish him to be near her. He gave his valise to the guard, quite forgetting to take out his passport, and hurried out now. The throng had departed. The delay, slight as it was, was unfortunate for him; every sledge had disappeared. Either the crowd had been great, or the unemployed *isvostchicks* had departed, thinking all the passengers had gone. He had to walk the whole length of the station, even to cross the bridge, and enter the Ismailoffsky Prospect, before he could find one. This splended thoroughfare was also brilliantly lighted, and numbers of gendarmes were disappearing in the distance.

Near the Ismailoffsky Regimental Barracks he found an *isvostchick*, lazily looking after the soldiers.

"To the Court Quay," was his order,

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as he took his seat in the low light sledge. The *isvostchick* in high glee at having a "fare," that asked no questions and made no bargain, drove briskly off.

"What number, Barin (sir or master)?"

"Palace of the Prince Verkamoff."

"Good," was the cheery answer.

Still he did not take the most direct road, and the traveller remarking it, was told that it was ball night, and the approaches to the winter palace were closed to public conveyances. The house he sought was not far from the palace. Driving along the splendid quay, past the summer garden, absorbed though he was, the Count could not but remark the glorious spectacle before him. The spire of the fortress was like a shaft of fire, or shining gold, pointing to the cloudless sky. The twelve great lamps before the palace threw long lines of brilliance out on the shining course of the Neva, which was white as a shroud as far as the eye could reach. The ice cutters had been at work, and the huge blocks of transparent ice, standing upright at intervals, looked like gleaming white tombstones. This impression was increased by the fir trees which marked the foot and carriage paths across the frozen river. The line of lights on the farther shore shone dimly, and the wavering shadows thrown upon the white blocks, the drifts of vapory snow from time to time swept around them by the North wind, gave a weird and ghastly impression. It looked like an enchanted city of the dead. And there, standing on its verge, was the grim fortress within whose walls were housed the dead of the line of Romanoff. Beneath, in its dungeons, under the river bed, how many of his nation, nay, of his race and blood, had suffered and died.

"Were these their monuments suddenly rising white and shining on the frozen river's breast?"

He was at the palace door before he had turned his gaze from the dazzling and wondrously beautiful sight of the gleaming river. There were no lights at the great doors, nor in the windows, but a glorious moon made the whole landscape light as day.

"They are at the ball," he said to himself, "and in some quiet room Philomena is seated alone, writing to me, perhaps; surely thinking of me, never dreaming me so near." He was settling with the driver while thus thinking.

"Is Barin going farther?"

"Not yet; not soon."

The *isvostchick* drove away and the Count was alone.

* * *

He mounted the granite steps and would have rung the bell, but he could not find it. While seeking it, he observed that the outer door was a temporary one, such as put up when the house is abandoned for any length of time. "Had he mistaken the house?" No, it was the one she had described to him. He descended the steps. No human being near to give him answer. In the distance a regular tread told him that a sentinel was at his post, and he followed the sound, and saw a soldier, musket on shoulder, pacing up and down. He questioned him, but the sentinel passed on without a word of reply, and, as if sprung from the earth, a policeman was at his elbow. One who had "shadowed him" though he never suspected it.

The same question, and after a short pause the brief answer, "gone abroad suddenly; house closed on account of illness and death." The policeman knew no more.

The Count became sensible of the intense still cold; without the least presentiment that this information could touch him, in spite of all that had passed: his dream, his wild fears, his hasty journey; he began to reason as if nothing of it had interest for him. It was too late to make further inquiries. He would easily learn all in the morning. No doubt Philomena had written to him, and he had just missed the letter through his hasty departure. He would see Mlle.

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de Joncourt in the morning She would know all. Perhaps Philomena was with her. He had eaten nothing for nearly two days, borne up by the intense inward struggle and his harrowing memories. Now he felt faint and very cold, and he knew the danger of cold in that region. The still, beautiful, sparkling cold that lulls to sleep and death. It was a pity that he had dismissed the sledge. He had to walk a long distance to find another. He had to make the detour on foot this time to avoid the winter palace, the approaches to which were guarded by mounted police. He saw the floods of light from the windows, heard the roll of the equipages, and the music in the distance. But he was too tired and too cold to think much of these things.

At the Moshkoft Pereoulok he found a sledge, and gave the order, "to the Hotel de l'Europe." In ten minutes he was there.

"Will Monsieur kindly give his passport?"

"The passport was in his valise at the Warsaw Station."

"Very unfortunate! No guest could be received without a passport. It was the law."

"It would take nearly two hours to obtain it, and the Count was tired, cold, ill. The landlord was kind, polite; but there in the office sat the detective police officer, waiting to verify all passports, to make two copies of them, before a guest could be received, were he or she at the point of death.

It was hard to suffer this rebuff. The Count walked out, and inwardly blaming himself in no measured terms for his negligence, made his way to another hotel. The same answer awaited him there. Almost rendered desperate by these annoyances, he took another sledge and drove to the station himself, fearing the guard would not give his valise to a messenger. When he got there the guard had been relieved, and his valise was locked up and he could not obtain it until the next morning.

It was nearly midnight; light, brilliant, but bitterly cold. His pride had prevented him from ordering a meal at either of the hotels from whence he had been turned away. Now he hesitated to enter any of the restaurants, lest he should meet friends or acquaintances; he was in no mood to be questioned. He began to be less sensible of hunger and cold, but fatigue was overcoming him. An idea suddenly came to him. Why not go to the convent? One of the priests, Philomena had told him, remembered him very well. Perhaps the reverend father could even give him news of her. He drove once more down the Nevsky Prospect, past the hotels that dared not receive him without his passport, and stopped at the church gate. It was closed and locked, but through the iron bars the watchman on duty asked him what he wanted.

"Father Basil."

"Father Basil was in Finland on a sick call; he would be back early in the morning."

Was he to perish? To be found dead in the morning in the inhospitable streets of that bright city, whose lights mocked him cruelly? He told the watchman that he must see one of the priests.

"Was it for a sick call?"

"No."

"Then," said the man, "it would be as much as my place is worth to ring the bell on any other plea."

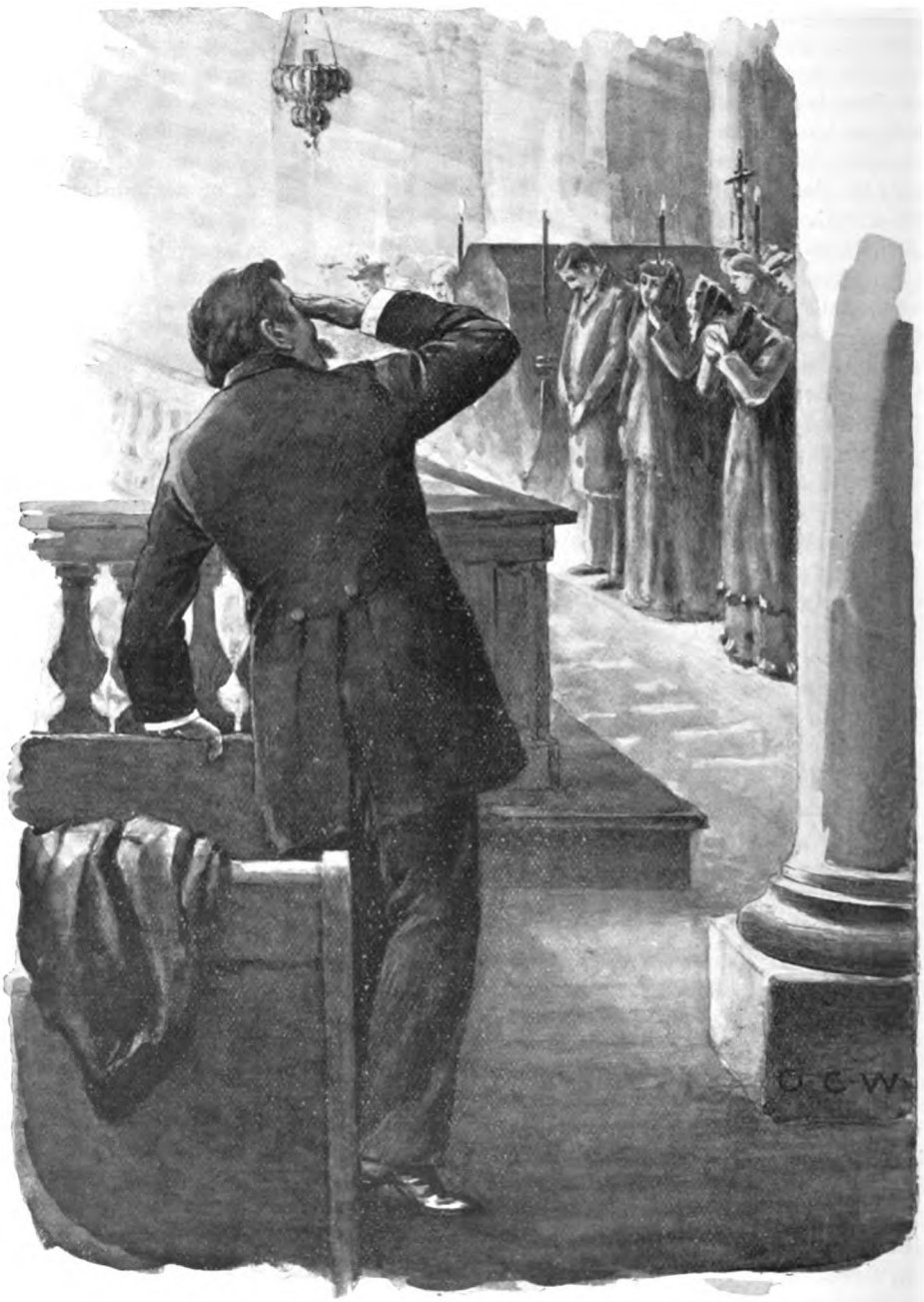
"I am a stranger," said the Count. "cold, fatigued."

"There are hotels and police stations," suggested the watchman. "The church would be closed to-morrow did the Fathers open their doors, on such a plea, to any one."

The Count turned away, feeling the truth of the man's words.

As he passed slowly back towards the street, he all at once remembered that it was here, in the house of this very church, that Philomena had first found a home. His blood mounted to his

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LIKE A KNIFE THRUST THROUGH HIS HEART, HE UNDERSTOOD ALL.

temples, with the sudden glad thought that she might be there now; if the family had gone abroad, as the policeman had told him, would not Philomena have returned here, to the kind sisters of whom she had so frequently spoken in her letters?

He retraced his steps to ask the watchman, whose voice was rudely sympathetic, for the address of the ladies with

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whom Philomena had been so happy. Ah, if he should find her there, after all!

"He had only to turn to the left, pass quite around the square, till he came to the place opposite to the very spot on which they then stood," said the watchman. "Were it only daylight he would have taken him across the courtyard, but after dark it was forbidden."

The Count made the best of his way to the place indicated. The porter had retired to his den, and came out grumbling at being disturbed so late. A silver coin restored his good humor at once.

When they reached the door, and the bell rang loudly under the porter's eager hand, the Count was exceedingly agitated. He remembered that one of the ladies was an invalid, and to disturb her at that late hour, and under such conditions, shocked his fine instincts. Better almost have perished in the street.

It was too late now. Steps were approaching; the lock turning in an inner door.

"Who is there?"

The Count gave his name.

There was a long silence. The maid had retired to announce the nocturnal visitor to her mistress.

She came back to ask if the gentleman was any relation to Philomena.

"Her father."

Almost immediately the door opened, and the Count was ushered in. Not a moment too soon. Before he could offer explanation, or make apology, he had fainted.

* * *

Fortunately Mlle. Thierry, the strong elder sister, had not retired for the night when the bell rang. On hearing the name of the nocturnal visitor, she bade the servant to show him into the little room once occupied by Philomena. There the Count had sunk upon a sofa, and lost consciousness almost immediately. The reaction from cold to heat had been too strong for him. This Mlle. Thierry divined at once, and with the aid of her excellent attendant, the usual restoratives were at once administered. Before long he was able to sit up, and, though still very weak, explained the cause of his coming so unceremoniously, and the hope that he might either find his daughter once more installed in her old quarters, or that they could give him some positive news of her.

But the ladies Thierry had not seen Philomena for some weeks, neither were they aware that she had made any change in her situation. The Count was fain to wait till morning. He was made very welcome by the kindly sisters, and urged to remain with them as long as it suited his convenience.

Though his fatigue was excessive, even in that simple room, exquisitely luxurious, in comparison with the bitterly cold, inhospitable streets, the Count could not sleep. The room was pleasantly warm, perfectly neat, the bed comfortable, his hostess very gracious, yet a strange unrest kept him waking, in spite of the warm cordial, that the maid, Vassillisa, brought him the last thing before going to bed, with her mistress's recommendation "to drink it while it was hot." He obeyed through politeness, not because he cared particularly for "malina tea," and did his best to forget the world, and his own unhappy familiarity with it, in a sound sleep. Not succeeding, he tried to fancy Philomena there with him. At which of the two windows was her accustomed seat? Was that the little writing table on which she had written her many loving letters to himself? Still no sleep.

The Angelus bell sounded. Seven o'clock. The morning was intensely dark as usual at that hour and at that season. He arose, dressed himself, and sat down by the window to wait.

To wait for what?

He began to think that he had acted very foolishly and very imprudently. Philomena was no doubt perfectly well, and his unexpected coming would only interfere with her occupations.

In the heat of his emotion he had said

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that they would live together, and never again be separated. Did that mean that they would live in that room, or one like it? Would she go out about her lessons, and leave him; give him only her unoccupied hours?

Ah no! he could not suffer that. He must have her with him. He felt that he could not now live without her. They had been apart too long. Yet how were they to live together? What means had he to keep her? He had left the gaming table without taking either the sum that he had staked, which was large, or the amount that he had won. No matter; they could live for sometime, and he would seek employment seriously now, for her sake. He would take her away somewhere, where they would begin life afresh, and she be shielded from the storms of the world. Promising himself this, he fell asleep in his chair. A soft knock on the door aroused him. He opened his eyes, and beheld the morning sun shining full into the little room, gilding everything with its beams. The porter entered with his valise, received his "drink money," and departed with respectful bow. The Count dozed again.

Before long Vassillisa opened the door softly, and without entering, asked in a low voice if Monsieur was awake? He bade her enter. She only came to know if Monsieur would have breakfast in bed; after the cold and fatigue of his journey her mistress thought it would be the best thing. Seeing him up and fully dressed, she went away to bring it. The aroma of the hot coffee was delicious, and feeling the want of food, for he had only taken a cup of bouillon and a biscuit the night before, he did justice to the delicious beverage and hot rolls. It was nearly ten o'clock when he looked at his watch, and the bells were ringing for Mass. He stood a little while looking into the courtyard, from the window where she had so often stood, wishing she were there now to accompany him to Mass.

Just then Mlle. Thierry begged permission to enter. She was happy to see him able to be up, and dressed. She had feared an illness for him from the effects of the cold. He spoke of going out, of going to Mass, while waiting for the hour when he could see Mlle. de Joncourt to obtain his daughter's address. Mlle. Thierry advised him to remain indoors, at least until the day should be farther advanced. He frankly declared that he was too restless and impatient to see his daughter to remain quiet. Soon after he descended the long flight of stairs, traversed the courtyard, and reached the vestry door. He would enter that way and learn if Father Basil had yet returned. The first person he saw on entering the sacristy was that venerable priest, about to vest himself for Mass. The vestments were black.

He approached the priest, who seemed to look at him first with an air of surprise, then of affright. Perhaps he did not recognize him after all, though Philomena had assured him that he remembered him. He advanced with a smile of recognition and genuine pleasure at beholding the good priest whom he had not seen for twenty years, saying in a cordial tone: "You do not know me, Father Basil?"

"You take me by surprise," said the priest; "I did not know you were in Russia."

"I came on a sudden impulse," acknowledged the Count.

Had they been alone, he would have told him of his dream, and his fear; but the server was holding the sacred vestment ready to robe Father Basil and that Mass must be said by him.

"Wait till I say my Mass, I beg you, Count," said the Father, "then you will go with me to the Convent; I wish to speak with you." His manner was very solemn; the look he wore exceedingly troubled.

"I fear I have not time to wait this morning" was the answer, "for I must

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go immediately to seek my daughter, who does not yet know of my arrival."

The priest had to turn his head away for a moment.

"Wait for me, I beg you," he said; "you will have time. Come, follow me, you will hear this Mass." He called one of the altar boys. "Conduct this gentleman to a seat near the sanctuary. Count, follow him, and do not leave the church until I have spoken with you. I have your promise?" The tone and manner were too solemn to be resisted. The Count bowed his acquiescence, and followed his guide into the church where he took a seat near the altar, on the gospel side. With a heavy sigh the priest followed, mounted the steps of the altar and proceeded to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the soul of Philomena.

* * *

The Count was near enough to hear the priest's words, as he read the solemn, beautiful prayers. Was it his fancy that he heard the name of Philomena, the name of his long-neglected child? No, it could not be. She was so much in his thoughts that every sound bore her name. Involuntarily he looked towards the catafalque, reared in the middle of the church. It bore an empty coffin, he knew, because it was wholly covered with a pall. There were four tall candles burning at the corners, and the crucifix at the head; no wreaths or garlands, as there would surely have been, did a corpse lie there. He glanced at the mourners; they were not numerous. A handsome young man kneeling beside a woman, whose face was buried in her hands, and half hidden by her veil of crape. The figure had something familiar about it, in spite of the bowed head and bent shoulders, half hidden by the sweeping folds of crape. That she was convulsed with grief was evident. There was a group of young girls, who, though they did not follow the service, looked deeply grieved; more than one was weeping. They were evidently strangers in that church. One of them a very beautiful girl of fifteen or sixteen, more than once sobbed aloud. Her emotion was contagious, and during the chanting by the choir of the solemn *Dies irae*, many wept audibly, and every head was bowed. Even the eyes of strangers were wet with sympathetic tears, on beholding the touching grief of those young girls. The Count felt himself affected, too. He bowed his head and thought, perhaps, of his own dead. At the last gospel he rose with the rest, and glancing once more towards the mourners, beheld the face of Mlle. de Joncourt; it was cruelly disfigured by tears and grief. She was supported on one side by the handsome young man and on the other by the beautiful young girl, whose tears were falling freely.

For an instant he did not realize the truth, but could not withdraw his fixed gaze from the face of his daughter's governess. He looked from her to the young girls weeping near, and slowly at first, then, like a knife thrust through his heart, he understood all. The whole church swam before his eyes, he supported himself an instant against the front of the pew, then all was dark.

* * *

When he recovered consciousness, he lay on one of the sofas in a room of the convent. Mlle. de Joncourt was there, and Father Basil was holding one of his hands. He recognized them after a while, and remembered all. There was no denial on their faces, no word of hope from their lips.

With infinite pity they tended him, but he knew there could be no more hope for him in this world. His renunciation of his evil passion had come too late. Never could he atone for the past. Henceforth he should walk this earth, as long as he should live, a doomed criminal. What was it to him that she had been dearly loved by others? that the young she had taught wept for her, that the old idolized her, that the scion of a

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house as good as his own grieved for her, as he himself might have grieved had the bride of his youth been thus snatched from him. Nothing could rouse him from this state of hopeless grief until they told him of her grave in that lonely cemetery, and after a time he begged to be conducted there. What the influence of Mlle. de Joncourt and Edouard had not been able to accomplish, the Count succeeded in doing.

At first the authorities steadily refused to permit the disinterment of Philomena's remains for fear of contagion, but the certificate of death bore no reference to diphtheria, neither did the entry on the hospital book. There could be no danger, therefore, and through influence, without which even simple justice is not to be obtained, permission was given at last.

* * *

By moonlight there stood a group beside Philomena's grave, in the lonely churchyard of the poor. An open empty coffin was by the open grave. Soon another coffin was laid by the empty one.

"Leave me for a few moments, good friends," said the Count. They withdrew respectfully, as he knelt beside the yellow coffin, taken from the frozen earth, to take his last farewell.

By and by they heard convulsive sobbing, and approaching found the distracted father clasping the corpse of his daughter wildly in his arms. Father Basil and Edouard had to take him away by main force. Philomena's body lay like a recumbent statue of marble. There can be no doubt, that the intense cold, penetrating many feet into the earth, had so frozen the beautiful corpse that decay had no power over it. One after another they knelt to take a last look at the beloved dead. Edouard bent over the beautiful form, and kissed for the first and last time the long dark tresses and the marble hands, while his tears fell in torrents. Then Mlle. de Joncourt knelt beside the child of her love, and with bitter weeping embraced her. "Not for long, my darling," she sobbed, "not for long shall we be parted." She severed then a long lock of the beautiful hair, as a last token for the father and lover. Once more they all knelt together beside the corpse while Father Basil blessed and prayed over it Then, at his command, the yellow coffin was lifted into the casket and placed upon the funeral car, while silently and sorrowfully, the little group followed it to the vault of the Catholic church.

That morning, a little note and a garland of white roses had been brought to the Count with the request that he would place them himself upon his daughter's grave, "for one who had loved her dearly." The white roses lay upon her coffin, its only ornament. They were from Olga Verkamoff. Had he known from whence they came the Count would not, perhaps, have suffered them to remain. As yet he did not know fully the circumstances of Philomena's death. That she was dead, lost to him, was enough, and more than enough.

The Count would not leave Philomena's dust in Russian ground. Ah, what would he not give now, could he lay her beside her mother. He cursed the folly that had robbed him of the right to do so; the folly that had sent her to an early grave. He sought permission of a relative of his own to place her coffin in their family vault in a monastery at Wilna. It was readily granted, and the Count, accompanied by Mlle. de Joncourt and Edouard who had begged permission to accompany him, set out for Wilna. There they laid her in an ancient tomb that bore the name of her own family.

That same day was to witness their separation. Edouard was to take Mlle. de Joncourt to his own home. They had vainly urged the Count to accompany them; he could not be prevailed upon to leave his daughter's grave.

"She was faithful to me in life," he said, "I will be near her till death."

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"Where will you live?" urged Mlle. de Joncourt.

"Anywhere," was the answer. "The poorest peasant's hut is too good for me. I will try to be useful to my country in some humble way, living as hermits have lived, in times past."

"She would not wish you to suffer," said Mademoiselle, weeping.

"The suffering would be to live one hour, henceforth, for the world or for myself," was the answer.

They took a tender, mournful adieu and parted.

* * *

After their departure the Count found in his room a large package, containing such souvenirs of Philomena as had been saved. With it was a letter from her pupil, Olga Verkamoff, to Mlle. de Joncourt.

"Dear Mlle. de Joncourt," wrote the young girl. "When I overheard my mother telling a friend of the death of my beloved teacher, I thought my heart would break. When I learned later how she had been sent from our house that cold night to that distant hospital, I wished to die myself. I vowed to be revenged for her sake, though I knew she would not wish it. She was all goodness. How often have I watched her unseen, kneeling by her bedside in prayer. How often at night, prompted, I am ashamed to confess, by a spirit of curiosity, have I passed on tip-toe to her room, which adjoined my own and was separated from it only by curtains, and seen her kneeling, all in white, in the moonlight, with uplifted hands, absorbed in prayer. She was as an angel of light in my eyes, and if there ever will be any good in me, I shall owe it to her example and teaching. My revenge shall be to be like her. I will make no peace with this wicked, false, cold-hearted world. I will try to be like your Philomena, that I may meet her in heaven, and ask her pardon for my mother's act.

"Do not blame Mamma too severely, dear Mademoiselle; she is kind at heart, but she fears illness so much for my sake, and I feared it, too, before. Now I fear it no longer, and if I ever can do anything for the sick, I will do it for the sake of your beloved Philomena. I wish you would let me write to you sometimes, will you, Mademoiselle?

"The box and other things I sent you were in an armoire set apart for Mlle. de Pavlewski's use, that stood in our class room. It was happily overlooked in the general destruction."

* * *

The box contained, among other things, her mother's letters, the objects recommended to her care by her father, with the exception of the sacred relic which they had seen clasped in her cold hand, as the nurse had stated, and Philomena's savings together with her diary. The last entry there was dated January 24, the day preceding her death. The Count read it; with what feelings can be imagined: "Resolution: to offer my life for my dear father's conversion and salvation."

The holocaust was accepted.

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"THE HISTORICAL JESUS AND THE CHRISTS OF FAITH."

By Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J.

THE world is always very much concerned about Jesus Christ. Though it dislikes Him it is always considering Him. Pilate is always coming to the fore and exclaiming "Behold the Man." Thus, for example, in the very worldly and unreligious *Contemporary Review* of September, 1896, there is a curious article entitled "The Historical Jesus and the Christs of Faith." It is curious, not because it contains anything quaint or rare, but because so much literary effort is expended in a fancy which the writer calls history, and in a delusion which he thinks is faith. The abbreviated patronymic of the writer, and the character of his essay we fear must compel the conclusion that both his nationality and his faith have been thrown aside.

"We have rediscovered Christ," says he. "The stiff features of the ecclesiastical Christ relax and now take on a human guise. The critical clouds trail off edged with departing glory as Jesus once more comes forward to the gaze of men. From Rome, from Tübingen, from Geneva, the far-famed seats of labored and abstract thought, men bend their steps to Nazareth. Thence to the little hill of Calvary, the sacred history renews its youth. The Galilean hills are astir with busy life. The Judean fields are white unto harvest—and the towers of the Holy City are flashing beneath the eastern sky. The study of environment has been a main factor in the restoration of Jesus. Instead of the maimed and arbitrary conceptions brought to the evangelical narrative, we have now a wealth of local color which freshens up the well worn tale and sets it in its primitive light. We understand the conditions under which the prophet of Nazareth had to work the force of the currents. He tried to strike across the malignity of hate which was sure to rise in sceptic and conservative alike against the enthusiasm of fresh inspiration."

"Thus," he continues, "the present has rediscovered Christianity which the the scholasticism of Rome and Geneva had overlaid. The actual lineaments of Christ were never before so thoroughly laid bare as they have been in our time." One would think that there was question here of an Egyptian Rameses; for the writer tells us that "fold after fold had been wrapped round the figure," and that under his treatment, "the ancient wrappings fall off." "Historical criticism," he continues, "is a *charisma* peculiar to our age and the ninteeenth century alone of all the centuries that have rolled between us and the Christian dawn, has large points of contact with the first, for it alone knows Jesus as He lived and thought—note, not *taught* but *thought*. It alone has learned to construe the faith by ideas that run back to its source."

It is hard to say whether this is insulting or only annoying to right reason, especially as this illogical degenerate, who has rediscovered Christianity, immediately announces that, "as a matter of fact, Christianity has moved among men and effected its victories for the most part without the aid of this historical conception of Jesus. For," he continues, and happily this time with a little gleam of truth, "Jesus Christ is not merely an impressive figure of the past, but a gracious living presence that is with men all days. Christ is truly in the centuries. His influence and revelation have long since quitted the narrow Galilean stage to go flashing and fading in the free life of humanity. Slowly the biography

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of the Christ is written. The microcosm of his life is only interpreted by the macrocosm of his influence, and the result is that Christianity is now psychologically as well as historically mediated." Which means, in English, that we now, for the first time, know Christ as He was in His exterior and interior life.

"It is precisely here" our oracle continues "that the danger lurks. The writers of the psychological order have only injected themselves into the narrative and have given us a picture of their own personalities. Thus in the *De Imitation Christi* we have no wise and gracious rabbi (he means Christ) striking out brilliant aphorisms which touch to admiration even the literary dilettante, but a lonely sufferer (à Kempis) fills up the picture from which every other concrete feature has been blanched away. Of course he could not do otherwise, for his age had little time for imaginative delight in the broad-eyed teaching of the Galilean hills." What is broad-eyed teaching we do not know, but as we are now only stating compendiously, as far as we can, the "fantastic fancies" of this kaleidoscopic article we must pass on.

From Thomas à Kempis, on whom George Eliot is made to give her pontifical decision, the writer makes a historical psychological leap to the atrocious Renan. The *Vie de Jésus* he says "helps us to understand the author much more than to apprehend the Holy One of God. All its literary power and grace will not disguise the fact that the Christ he would have us admire is smitten with a moral leprosy. In the same way the Jesus whom Matthew Arnold lightly sketched for us is merely a reflex of himself. He has a 'method' and a 'secret'; talks of 'mildness', 'sweet reasonableness' and is a veritable child of 'sweetness and light.' The Jesus of Dr. Edward Caird (whoever he is) is a kind of lay figure whose life and teaching reproduced the ethical dialectics of Hegelanism." But the principal offender, according to this Apostle of the rediscovered Christianity, is St. Paul. "St. Paul" he says, "did not on his conversion go up to Jerusalem to those who had been Apostles before him and con with reverent eyes the records of the earthly ministry." St. Paul was a thaumaturge indeed, but it would have been beyond his power to read records that had not yet been written. "Paul" continues this Quixote of theology, "took another starting point for his thinking [his thinking, forsooth]. He left the track of history and went on to trace the Christ. In the depths of the human soul almost all the traits of human personality are blotted out. The varied local coloring is merged in one monotonous hue. It was he who lifted Christianity above the limits of Judaism and impelled it in its world's career. To Auguste Comte, he [St. Paul] is the true founder of Christianity, throwing round the face of Jesus the gleam of the revelation that is really struck out by his own great soul." Striking out something is a favorite occupation of our writer, and as Christ, the gracious rabbi, was striking out brilliant aphorisms we have St. Paul "striking out" revelations.

In all this there is a deplorable lack of literary as well as historical proportion, or perspective, as the writer would put it. Still St. Paul and Thomas à Kempis cannot complain of such company as Comte and Renan, when Christ Himself is regarded in this instance as little else than a good subject for a gaudy essay or a well dressed actor "coming forward to the gaze of men, in the drama played upon a provincial stage" or as a long-buried mummy, let us say it with all-adoring reverence, from whom the wrappings are slowly unwound by this new discoverer of Christianity.

What he reproaches his friends with doing, *viz.*: writing themselves into their lives of Christ, is repeated in his own case. He is seeking a Christ who will be æsthetically acceptable to the literary world he belongs to. Thus he is consoled because "literature hushes

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its scorn when the Christ once more walks abroad and draws the hearts of men." Further on he assures us that "the brilliant aphorisms of the gracious rabbi touch to admiration even the literary dilettante," while, on the other hand, he warns us that we lose all historical perspective, and benumb all literary tact in studying the Pauline gospel, whereas the teaching of Jesus glides forth in pellucid sentences that are never made rugged by strenuous haste."

It will be remarked that it seems impossible for the writer to say anything without trope or metaphor. Perhaps he means to be only taken figuratively after all.

We have nothing to say about the excessive coloring of the style in which all this is said, the extremely illogical character of his thoughts, and the wonderful calmness with which he decides *ex cathedra* upon everything known and knowable. He has all the audacity of thinkers of his class, as they style themselves, and we are not surprised when he avers that the centuries between the first and the nineteenth knew nothing about the historical Christ. He has, in fact, the hardihood to assert that during all that time "the figure of Jesus was so sicklied and featureless that, to the mass of men to hear of an actual Galilee where the Son of Man had lived and thought, gave a kind of shock to faith."

It is difficult to remain decorously composed under such provocation. In the writer's mind the "mass of men" are the few sciolists from Tübingen and elsewhere, whose books he has been dipping into. The rest do not count. Peradventure so many books were never before written on the topography of Palestine, with the gorgeous color that seems to attract these men so much, but it goes far to prove that the nineteenth century was in greater ignorance than other ages on that particular point; for people do not publish books to impart information already possessed. But he is rather daring to assert that the world had never known anything about the land where Christ lived and died till he and his associates came on the scene. Did he never hear that the entire country was inhabited after the death of Christ by a Christian and a Catholic population? Palestine had its complete and splendid hierarchy of Bishops; some of the greatest doctors of the Church died there. St. Cyril was Bishop of Jerusalem; St. Jerome translated the Scriptures in Bethlehem; thousands of monks and anchorets dwelt in its deserts and mountains; pilgrims wended their way thither from every nation under the sun; kingdoms and races and sects built gorgeous temples over the hallowed places, and for centuries it was the native country of millions of pious Christians, who held undisputed sway till the Turks came in as masters. Assuredly they knew something of Palestine. Did those hundreds of thousands of valiant soldiers of the crusades, who rushed forward in successive hosts for centuries to rescue the sacred places from desecration, and who at the first vision of Jerusalem fell upon their faces to kiss the soil that Christ's blessed feet had trod, know nothing about Palestine? Did they, who but too gladly would have poured out their blood where His had been shed, "feel a shock to their faith when they heard of the place where the Son of Man had lived and died?" This country in which we ourselves are living is a protest against such a silly contention. It was the hope of finding gold to buy back the Holy Land to Christianity that guided the Santa Maria and Pinta over the billows of the Atlantic and gave America to the world; and so too it was the first and cherished thought of Ignatius of Loyola in founding the Society of Jesus that his followers would win that sacred place for Jesus Christ.

Does the ceaseless round of the Church's ritual, whose elaborate ceremonial re-enacts the scenes of the crib and the crucifixion and the Supper-room, leave the Christian people in ignorance

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of Bethlehem and Nazareth and Calvary? Is it possible that the Gospel narratives, which have been explained upon every altar in Christendom from the beginning, have so dulled men's minds that the very repetition has made them forget these things? The man who runs in breathlessly to tell us he has discovered all these things is like a boy who informs his father that he has found out the wondrous fact that two and two make four. The father has heard that great truth before. "Grandfather," exclaimed a wild-eyed child, "I saw a railroad on the ground." The boy had lived in front of the hideous elevated road, and it was his only idea of a steam locomotion. "That lad," said the old man, quite confused at first, "has begun life at the wrong end." So, dear Contemporary, we have seen our railroad on the ground long before you did. We have dwelt in Palestine, in thought at least. To us it has ever been a reality, and a blessed one, and will be for countless millions in the future as it has been in the past. We are familiar with Bethlehem from infancy; we shall see Calvary before us when our dying eyes rest on the crucifix in our hands; and we shall die in the assured hope that the tomb will relax its hold upon us as His did upon the blessed Easter morn.

The second error of this writer, and the one which constitutes the other half of his essay, is, that as men did not know Christ's earthly history, neither have they yet understood that life of His which was to pervade the world after He left it, and to animate the Church He was to found. "Christianity, as we see it to-day, is nothing else," says he, "than Paulinism, and was based on Paul's false conception of Christ. In the words of Tennyson, this age is to 'ring in the Christ that is to be'"; and of course "ring out the old" while it "rings in the new."

Napoleon Bonaparte was asked once by a flatterer why he did not found a new religion. "Do you want to crucify me?" he retorted. And the retort was just. St. Paul had used it before him. "Did Paul die for you? Are you baptized in his name? Know that Apollo has planted, Paul has watered, but it is God who gives the increase." To say that Paul founded Christianity, is merely to repeat the old error which Paul himself condemned. Like most modern bits of wisdom it is merely a plagiarism. It is, besides, a blasphemous error in preferring Paul before Christ. If Paul founded the present Christianity he did more than Christ was able to effect; for it is admitted by this writer and those of his class that Christ has not only had no personal influence in shaping the world, but has actually been unknown or forgotten by it.

The root of all this error is in the writer's misapprehension of the real nature of revelation. Revelation does not consist in a man fancying Christ to be this or that. No matter how eloquent or elegant his language, he will be only revealing himself and not Christ. This our author himself admits, but admiration of his own set leads him into another error in hoping that although men have failed hitherto in discovering the true Christ, they will do better later on. On the contrary, they will do worse. Man is not commissioned to remove the veil from Christ's face, but Christ Himself does it. He showed Himself or revealed Himself to His apostles while He was with them as far as their capacity would then admit, and later sent the Holy Ghost to complete the work, to teach them all truth. The body of truth thus delivered, which is nothing but the unveiling, or revealing, of Jesus Christ is fixed, unalterable, unchangeable. The apostles were commanded to impart those truths to the world, and the Church, which is the pillar and ground of truth, was established to maintain them unimpaired. They cannot be diminished, cannot be increased. "Even if an angel teach you anything different from what I have delivered to you, let

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him be anathema," says St. Paul. We individually may see more of his beauty in proportion as the purity of our soul increases the keenness of our vision, but there is no change in the Christ; there is not one Christ for me, another for you: Christ is not divided. There are not, as our author thinks, "many and various Christs, changing their features with the changing fortunes of men." Therein precisely consists the difference between the meditations of an à Kempis and the fantastic reveries of a Renan, or others. À Kempis will meditate upon Christ as the Church shows Him to the world, and will dread nothing more than to find himself outside of the lines of that picture; the others choose for themselves, and make Christ according to the promptings of their own corrupt hearts.

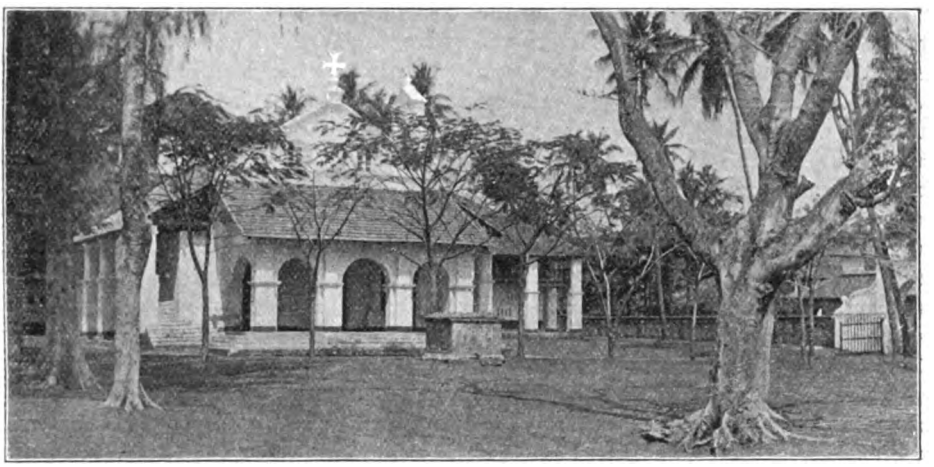
One clings to the one true Christ and is saved; the others have false Christs of their own making, and are in danger of eternal damnation. But no matter what the vagaries of the enemies of Christ may invent or imagine, Catholics do not fear that the world will "ring in a Christ that is to be," for they know that "Christ is the same yesterday, to-day and forever." They know Him, in the words of the writer, but much better than he has any conception of, "historically and psychologically." "*In lumine tuo videbimus lumen.*" We have a gift of God imparted to the mind, an illumination which we call faith, by which and in which the luminous face of Jesus is before us. "We know Him in whom we believe." Our delight is to dwell upon His beauty, and our certain hope is that we shall see Him one day, not through the medium of revelation or imparted knowledge, but face to face, as He is in heaven.

GOD EVERYWHERE.

By Rev. O. A. Hill, S.J.

They idle toil who still unravel Fancy's skein,
To weave a creed from tangled Reason's thread.
Confusion crowns the proud and empty head
That strives to evolve a God from withered brain.
The air is breath of Him whom men disdain,
More vital than the accident of bread;
Yon field with traces of His passing's spread:
A flower for every footprint, and a grain
Of wheaten plenty, where He passed awhile.
Yea, God is everywhere; above, below,
Without, within. He sadly shapes the smile
That scoffers grin incredulous. But woe,
And woe again to suicidal guile;
They'll taste His wrath, His gifts who would not know

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THE CHURCH AT CANNANORE.

THE MISSION OF CANNANORE, WEST INDIA.

By Rev. A. Goveas.

THE MESSENGER and its readers have taken so much interest in our mission work, that I take the liberty of jotting down some items on the work that is being done in this distant corner of my native country. Cannanore is situated in the southwestern extremity of India, bordering on the Arabian Sea. It is within the diocese of Mangalore (a description of which place appeared in your issue of March, '94), about a hundred miles south of that city. Though it is a part of the above diocese, the people, their customs and habits, and their language, are quite different.

Cannanore, in former times, was an historic place, for Vasco di Gama, the first Portuguese commander who landed at Calicut, a place fifty-six miles southwards, had, before his return to Europe, deposited much of his artillery here for safekeeping, building a wall and palisade, and leaving 200 men as a garrison.

Another commander, Don Francisco d'Albuquerque, in 1505, built the present fort. Several successive commanders and Portuguese viceroys visited the place and left garrisons. Here, too, several battles were fought on land and water between the Portuguese and the natives. One of the viceroys, Henry Menezes, who succeeded Vasco di Gama in 1524, died here in 1526 and was buried in the chapel. *Logan's Gazette* (Mr. Logan was one of the late district officers, collector of this place) says that the said chapel must be now submerged in the sea; but it is more than probable that the building now used as the quarters for the native Infantry Guard within the fort, must have been the chapel. Later on, the Portuguese power was on the wane; in 1663, Cochin was captured by the Dutch, and with it, apparently, all the Portuguese forts in Malabar fell into their hands; the new masters sold the fort to the Rajah (petty sovereign), from whom it was taken by the English, returned, and then finally, in 1790, was recaptured by the English. At present nearly 3,000 could be accommodated

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within this little fort, which is well supplied with ammunition.

But Cannanore is also noted as the place where St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, landed and wrought some conversions. It was here that he once stripped off his garments and scourged himself to blood, and thus touched the heart of a hardened Portuguese. This man, however, fell away again, notwithstanding the entreaties of the saint; but the blood of the saint was not spilt in vain, for before leaving the shore, this sinner made his peace with God. On another occasion he converted a youth and imbued him with such religious fervor that he eventually became a Franciscan and gave his blood for his Saviour, in the island of Ceylon.

The Christianity of this place dates as far back as the time of the Portuguese settlement here. The present Catholic congregation is composed of the mixed Portuguese descendants, and others of various nationalities and languages, so that a broken form of Portuguese, Malayalan (which is the language of the country), Tamil, Konkam and English are spoken here. The missionary who wishes to labor successfully must become conversant with all the last four languages. But the knowledge of English and Malayalan is quite indispensable. The multiplicity of tongues is a very serious drawback. The total Catholic population may be roughly estimated at 2,000 souls.

From the time this place was wrested from the Portuguese and the Dutch, until less than a decade ago, Cannanore was a very important military station; it was the headquarters of a second-class district under a Brigadier-General with a battery, one British and two native infantry regiments, with two very large parade grounds. The Christian inhabitants prospered very well, and they found plenty of work. But later on, adversity succeeded; everything gradually came under the hammer, the artillery was removed, then one of the native infantry regiments, followed in a few years by the withdrawal of the European forces. Only a detachment of 100 men is left, as it were, to guard the fine barracks.

Little by little trade declined; Christians, who were generally of the artisan classes, lost their means of living, poverty crept in slowly; many of them were obliged to seek their fortunes elsewhere. The misery from year to year has increased so enormously and the emigration of the young and the strong has gone on so rapidly, that out of a Catholic population of 3,500, there are hardly 2,000 left. Those who remain, the old and the infirm, are half-starved for want of means of living; it is not seldom that there are families who do not get a solid meal for one, two and even three days. We see them gradually emaciated and move about like skeletons. But at the same time it is a great wonder that there are not more deaths from starvation. No less pitiable is their state of half-nakedness. The pastors try hard to give help to these poor people, but it is hardly possible to provide help for every individual. Out of all our Catholic families, there are scarcely fifteen who can really support themselves. This is a source of great concern and affliction to the priests, who live also in great poverty.

Some years ago we used to have a monthly subscription, which at the beginning used to fetch £1 every month, but later on it gradually dwindled down so much that it was difficult to collect even five shillings. Occasionally efforts are made to obtain aid, but with the same result. How are we then to support our poor congregation, or what means are we to devise? What a field would the Sisters of Charity or the Little Sisters of the Poor find were they here! How they would put all their childlike confidence in their father, St. Joseph, and tax his patience until they obtained relief for those poor people!

The present church was built more than a hundred years ago, but the two

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aisles were added later on by a Carmelite missionary in the days of plenty. It gives very good accommodation, not only on the floor of the church, but also in the galleries over the aisles, from which the people can assist at the services. The present altar, which is a superb one, is of wood, carved and gilded here before Cannanore lost its splendor. It adds greatly to the beauty and solemnity of the church, which in itself is rather plain. On solemn occasions there is not such need of additional decoration. Yet the cost of supporting the edifice is quite expensive.



The present parochial residence owes its existence to the generosity of many charitable donors in Europe, chiefly in England. The former presbytery, though a rather large one, did not contain sufficient room. Now, Cannanore being a very healthy place, we have had of late several invalid priests coming here to recruit their failing health; some were even at death's door when they came, but scarcely had they set foot on these shores when their condition changed for the better; and for this reason it is quite sure that many others thus enfeebled by constant labors in this tropical climate will seek a refuge here. So it was considered advisable to have a new house. But it is not to be supposed that a palatial building has been raised; for our means are too slender. It is indeed a small building, but it is commodious. It is still unfinished for want of funds.

The school for boys was built in 1869. It is a pretty large building. It was conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. In many regards it stood first among educational institutions; but later on the Brothers had to abandon the place with the universal regret of the inhabitants. Thenceforth the school has been conducted by secular teachers



CONVENT SCHOOLS.

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under the management of the parish priest.

The other institution worthy of note here is the convent school. This was also built simultaneously with the boys' school by the same Carmelite missionary. It consists of a day school, boarding school and an orphanage, under the charge of Carmelite Tertiary Nuns. Formerly there was no female school except this. Even now, notwithstanding the poverty of the place, for discipline and the general tone, no other school stands on the same level. The school, together with the convent, have new Gothic chapel, though much smaller than the old one, has been erected. This change has brought much comfort to the inmates.

In both the schools great efforts are being made to keep up the good standing they had held in former days. The poverty of the children is very great. In order to attract them, very often books, clothes and even meals have to be provided for many of them. In order to have some permanent support, a poor-school fund was started a few years ago. At first subscriptions came in slowly but steadily, but latterly even that has come



PARISH HOUSE.

spacious grounds bought some twenty years ago.

There are eleven nuns in charge. The orphanage mainly depends on the parish priest and the mission for support; at present there are about twenty orphans. Formerly there were also military orphans, supported largely by the Government, but on the removal of the troops, this too fell off.

While speaking of the convent, I may mention that lately some alterations were made in the building. The former chapel has been partly pulled down and turned into a dormitory, and a finer, to an end. Notwithstanding these difficulties, great sacrifices are still being made, and we had no cause to regret it, for the results of the annual examinations proved that our exertions were not in vain.

Despite these and many hardships and privations, there are many causes for spiritual consolation in this mission. The different classes of the congregation here have different confraternities to keep them together. There are two Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin, under the title of the Immaculate Conception, for the youth of both sexes, affiliated to

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the Prima Primaria in Rome. The boys have also the Sodality of St. John Berchmans for Altar Boys, established on August 13, 1890. At the time that the school was managed by the Christian Brothers, the boys were always trained to serve Mass with the greatest exactness; and they had introduced the French mode of dressing them for the sacred ceremonies, which manner is still preserved. On solemn occasions they are dressed differently, their attire varying in elegance according to the different offices assigned them.

Moreover, the great devotion of the present day, that of the Sacred Heart, flourishes here. The Apostleship of Prayer was established here in June, 1888, with a preparatory retreat to the people, on the solemn feast of the Sacred Heart of our Lord. From that day the number of Associates has steadily increased. The 2d and 3d Degrees have been established, the former counting fifteen circles and the latter six weekly and two monthly Bands of communicants. The Associates possess a very fine and delicately wrought banner of the Sacred Heart. It was worked by the Tertiary Nuns of the local convent. It has cost a good deal of money; but the courage of some Promoters was not daunted at the poverty of the place. They began collecting the widows' mite, which in the end paid much of the expenses. It is not yet complete. One side contains an oil painting of the Sacred Heart of Jesus pleading, and the



SOME POOR CONVERTS OF CANNANORE.

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other the coat-of-arms of the Holy League, worked in gold and silver cloth on rich damask surface. The borders are skilfully embroidered with vine-creepers in silk.

Our Lord who loves the poor has not been slow in rewarding the simple faith exhibited by them towards His Heart. Many petitions have been answered. Even persons from distant places send their intentions to be published here, many of which have been granted as we see from the lists of Graces Obtained.

Of course, it is not to be supposed that everything is as perfect as can be, for there are still many things here to be put in shape.

The work of conversion of the heathen, which is a very important part of our sacred ministry, is not neglected. Too much stress cannot be laid upon it. I remember what Mgr. Agliardi, late Delegate Apostolic to the East Indies, and now Nuncio in Vienna, said in 1885, when he came to Mangalore. His Excellency insisted that every priest, when he went over to pay his respects, should report at least twelve converts a year. In former years many converts were made of the Tamil-speaking class, but now a fresh field is being opened, for the people of the country are beginning to embrace the Christian religion. Several conversions have been made. It is poverty and want of work that are the cause of many of these poor people embracing Christianity. They go roaming about, not knowing where to settle, and thus some are led into the true fold of Christ.

Still it must be remembered that race prejudices are very strong. They have been educated without knowledge of God, and a great many of them have only material interests at heart. Family ties are also strong; fear of being disinherited is a reason that keeps them back.

Another difficulty, and a very serious one, is (as in many other places) the presence of the Protestants. We do not speak of the Anglicans, who do not do much here, but the Basle Evangelical Lutherans, who do their utmost to get converts by payment. In this district, as in several other places, they have established shops and a printing office, tile manufactories and weaving mills, orphanages, widows' homes, and so forth. Every convert of theirs at the outset gets eight shillings a month (which is much in India), besides clothes and lodging, until he or she is taught a trade, and has been in the meantime instructed. What temptation for our converts, and even for our poorer Catholics, when they see these Protestants dressed gorgeously and living stylishly. How many machinations have they not used and still use to turn our converts from our holy faith?

Therefore, unless in these parts some material support is given, it is very difficult to make converts. These people, being generally cultivators of the soil, will be turned out from their livings by their relatives and landlords Some material help should be rendered to them until they are sufficiently instructed in the holy faith and receive the sacraments. How many we are now obliged to turn away only for want of means. Besides, if there were means, we could teach them a trade in order that they might earn their living, and in this way good Christian centres might be formed a little distance from the town as well as from the Protestant propaganda.

But these good artisans would have to be employed and materials would have to be provided; all of which cannot be done without means.

We are handicapped in every way. We have to deprive ourselves of many necessaries in order to help the poor and the converts. Besides, another drawback is, that we have no lodgings for our converts; some are put in wretched hovels no better than the cells of the old recluses, for which rent has to be paid; a few others are placed here and there in families. At present the harvest is ripe, but the laborers and all other means are scarce.

Cannanore in its present state of

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abandonment would be a fit place for orphanages and other institutions. Land could be got cheaper than elsewhere, and much cheaper than in former days. Being a healthy place, it would be a capital centre for a sanitarium.

I spoke above of the need of an orphanage. What a heart-rending sight it is to see the poor waifs wandering about the streets and the barracks seeking a morsel to stay their hunger! How many tears of compassion are we obliged to shed when these same waifs in the course of time are rendered indifferent and inaccessible to instructions and other consolations of religion! When we see older people so indifferent we cannot but expect that the children too will follow in the same path.

It is a sad story that I have been obliged to relate, but it is, none the less, true. It is a scene of woes and misery that we have to witness daily. The resources of our mission are very limited, and when distributed for the various purposes, they are quite insufficient. But in all these trials our hope and confidence is in Him who was born in a stable, who had not where to lay His head, and died on a Cross. St. Joseph, too, who has on several occasions come to our help, will be also, in our present distress, our mainstay and refuge.

HOW PIERRE CHAUTARD CARRIED THE CROSS UNTO DEATH.

By Eugene Larmont.

NOT far from the venerable sanctuary of Vals, the birthplace of the Apostleship of Prayer, on a gray, rugged and moss-covered rock, rises the ancient castle of Polignac, the renowned manor of the princes of that name, who, for many a century, lorded it over the surrounding country. It is now but a pile of noble ruins: its shattered walls and crumbling towers, tenanted by birds of prey, loudly proclaim that nothing is immortal which is raised by mortal hands.

Around these time-worn relics of former splendor cluster the low, red-tiled and stone-walled dwellings of a sturdy race of deeply Catholic farmers. Seen from a distance, the village of Polignac presents to the tourist a most picturesque scene. Perched on every few square yards of projecting rock, the houses rise up the shagged sides of the noble castle like children climbing up the rugged legs of a mighty giant.

Polignac is the centre of a large parish, which numbers not less than twelve villages, scattered over the rocky and woody mountains which bound the horizon on every side. The church is an old stone structure, renovated and enlarged of late years, with three lofty naves and a red-tiled spire. Three priests are hardly sufficient to attend to the spiritual wants of a community so widely scattered.

It was on Tuesday of Holy Week, some twenty years ago, that what we are about to narrate took place. The day was cold, very cold, at Polignac. Over the black hillside and through leafless trees, a biting north wind whistled songs of suffering and misery, while it moaned dolefully in the ruined halls and dismantled towers of the castle above. A sullen canopy of grayish clouds overspread the sky. Birds had not yet returned from their more genial southern homes, and wolves still held sovereign sway over the desolate and frozen mountain-sides. The cattle were snug in the stalls, the harvest garnered in the barns, and the farmer sat by his cosy fire, smoking his pipe and listlessly looking through wreaths of blue smoke

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at the desolation which reigned supreme without.

On the northern side of the volcanic pillar upon which stood the castle was the hut of Pierre Chautard. It was a low, thatched and weather-beaten structure. It consisted of only one room, which served as parlor, bedroom and kitchen. In a word, poverty throughout her vast kingdom could not have made choice of a more suitable abode. But under this very roof there breathed a soul which possessed a nobility wanting to many who boast of a line of glorious ancestry. By dint of hard labor Pierre managed to keep the wolf from the door and to give bread to two puny boys and a sickly wife. And even then, had it not been for the Christian charity of neighbors, the dreary and bitter winter of these mountains would have long ago sent the inmates of this poor dwelling to a colder and drearier home. Yet never was a word of complaint heard to escape the poor man's lips. Winter days and summer days did not alter his sentiments and Providence was ever to him a kind mother.

Pierre Chautard was a stonecutter by profession, but he was always willing to do any odd job which might bring bread and wood to his home. He divided moreover the duties of grave-digger and bell-ringer of the parish with two other men of the place. At the time of our narrative he was about fifty years of age, but he was still hale and strong. Inured from childhood to the hard labors consequent on poverty, he was reckoned the strongest man of the village. Reckless where duty called him, fearless when others would have trembled, ever ready to do a good turn to a neighbor, loudly proclaiming as his only political tenets that he cared not who ruled, provided freedom and protection were granted to religion. Such was Pierre Chautard as he sat that Holy Tuesday's wintry afternoon before a cheerless fire, with his two boys on his knees and his wife hid in the chimney corner, mending one of the two pairs of stockings wherewith Pierre kept his feet from being bitten by the frost.

It was about six o'clock in the evening when Pierre rose from his seat, placed one of the boys at the edge of the hearthstone, the other on the chair where he had been sitting and put on his boots.

"Where are you going now?" inquired his wife.

"I am going to see M. le Curé," replied Pierre.

"It is too cold, dear, to go out."

"No, no, I have to see him to-night, Louise. Holy Thursday is at hand and I have to find out what I will have to do in the procession. Last year I carried the cross and I mean to do the same this year."

"A snowstorm is coming, Pierre, and, if I am not mistaken," said Louise looking out, "it is on the mountains now. Thursday, from present appearances, will be a very cold day. You imagine that because you are strong you can trifle with your health."

"The one who first carried the Cross," solemnly answered our hero, "did not reason in this way, Louise. So, goodbye: I will be back in less than an hour. Anyhow, I would have to go out at half-past seven to ring the Angelus and I may as well kill two birds with one stone."

So saying, Pierre strode out into the northern blizzard as it riotously charged down the deserted streets. The air was dense with eddying wreaths of snowflakes which the storm-spirits flung by handfuls over withered grass-plots, leafless trees, bleak roofs and frozen sidewalks. The cold was biting and the way uncertain, for the wind which played and whirled in nooks and corners seemed ever on the watch to fling a snowy spray at the face of the poor benumbed wayfarer. But Pierre kept on, his gait somewhat slower and more irregular than became his age, yet not dismayed at the fury of the elements. He knew the road by heart, and his

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mind was just then far too deeply engaged in arranging the arguments which were to further his cause with M. le Curé to heed the mischievous feathery beings that danced about him.

As Pierre with his head bent low was thus proceeding on his way, his name was carried to his ear on the wings of the howling storm. He looked about and behind him but saw nothing; so thick was the falling snow. Again he heard some one calling him, and this time he discovered dimly on the threshold of a house on the right the tall figure of Jean Balais the tailor, his cousin, and with him the bell-ringer and grave digger of the parish. He stopped his hurried walk and shouted back: "Hello! Jean!"

"Where are you bound, Pierre, in such freezing weather?" inquired his friend.

"To see M. le Curé," came the answer.

"Come in and take supper with us. My wife says that when there is enough for three there is enough for four."

"I haven't time, Jean. Louise would be uneasy at home if I were gone too long."

"It's not a banquet I invite you to, Pierre, and it won't keep you till midnight."

"Well" said Pierre at last, "I'll just step in for a few minutes."

After having shaken the snow from his boots, he entered and was welcomed by the whole family. A warm supper was already laid on the table and our poor quarryman felt his appetite to be of the best.

"Sit down, Pierre," said Jean. "Is some one sick at home that you have to call on M. le Curé at such an hour?"

"No, Jean, but Thursday is coming. Last year I carried the cross in the procession, and I want to do the same this year."

"Oh, I see. Well I have been assigned to carry the chalice: M. le Curé told me so this morning. As for the cross I think some one has secured it."

"Who?" asked Pierre in a tone of surprise and disappointment.

"Thomas Platte," replied Jean.

"The idea! Well, I'll not get angry with him, but I won't give up my visit. I'll see M. le Curé and so many and so powerful are the reasons I have to give him that he will have to yield to my demands, or I won't ring a bell for him, and the dead will have to go unburied, as far as I am concerned."

"Don't lose your temper, Pierre; what I told you was only a rumor."

Our hero dispatched the hot supper which had been placed before him with the hurry of a man who has pressing business on hand.

"Excuse me, Jean, if I leave you so abruptly," he said, hastening to the door, "there is nothing like besieging a city when the storm is raging. Your supper was most welcome, and my poor wife and children would have looked upon it in the light of a Christmas dinner. Good-bye. The way I ring the Angelus to-night will tell you whether I gained my point or not."

And Pierre ventured again into the cold, stormy, winter night. A few moments after he was knocking at the presbytery-door. It was immediately opened by a venerable priest with a crown of white flowing hair and a face where kindness had stamped itself.

"Good evening, M. le Curé," said Pierre as he stepped into the dimly lighted hall.

"Oh, it is you, Pierre" said the good priest, "what brings you here so late and in such a storm?"

"I came here to see your Reverence on important business," said Pierre.

They were now in a small parlor, where simplicity joined hands with neatness and tidiness.

"Take a seat," said the priest as he placed a chair for Pierre before the fireplace. "Well, what is your important business?"

"Well—well, M. le Curé, I'll out with it without more ado."

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"What is it?"

"I have to carry the cross next Thursday."

"You must carry your cross daily, my friend," put in the priest with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Your Reverence is jesting; you know the cross I mean."

"Well, but did you not have that privilege last year?"

"I did, M. le Curé, but——"

"But other people may like to have a chance at it."

"Excuse me, your Reverence, but I have to express my views on the matter. I have my likings as well as other people, and on this subject I have made up my mind."

"But look here, Pierre, you have to ring the bells during the procession."

"Your Reverence," said Pierre with a mischievous smile playing over his honest face. "Your Reverence forgets that our bells go to Rome as far as their ringing is concerned on Thursday morning, and do not come back until you sing out the *Gloria* on Saturday."

"I intended to give the cross to Thomas Platte to carry."

"Did he ask for it?"

"No."

"Well, then, look here, M. le Curé, I am stronger and healthier than Thomas. He would faint under the load, I am sure. As for myself, I know how to go about it, and last year, after the procession, I felt strong enough to begin again."

"But, Pierre, if you get sick Thursday, then you will blame me and so will everybody else."

"If I get sick, I know who sends sickness. If they blame you, M. le Curé, send them to me, and I'll give them a few clear ideas about the ways of Providence in this world."

"Your reasons are pretty good."

"So good that your Reverence has no objection and says yes."

"Not so fast, Pierre. I have still one objection."

"Let us hear it."

"The other day I saw you doing something which I did not like, and I have a mind to punish you for it."

"You may punish me after the procession, M. le Curé; but what was it?"

"I saw you when you knocked down poor Richard Brisson in front of the church near the Mission Cross."

"Yes, and I'll do it again if he ever dares to repeat in my presence what he said then."

"And what did he say?"

"He asserted that processions and such religious things are mere nonsense and ought to be done away with."

"And what did you reply?"

"Your Reverence saw how I argued with the villain. He belongs to that society you mentioned in one of your sermons."

"Well, it is not so bad as I thought."

"It is not bad at all, and I deserve to carry the cross for that."

"Very well, Pierre. And how is everything at home?"

"Pretty cold and hungry, M. le Curé. But the good God knows what He is about. He will straighten everything in the other world and not forget I carried His cross."

"You are right, Pierre; courage and confidence. Life is short and heaven awaits you."

"And excuse me, M. le Curé," said Pierre looking at the clock on the mantelpiece, "but I have to go and ring the Angelus. A thousand thanks to your Reverence for the favor granted. Good night."

And Pierre, with joy thrilling every part of his sturdy frame, dashed out, and, it is said that the Angelus bell never gave forth such joyous notes as it did that night, Jean Balais mentioning the fact to Pierre next day, remarked that it seemed as though angels were in the steeple.

"The only angel there was myself," said Pierre, "and a very poor one at that; but thanks for the compliment."

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As soon as the Angelus was rung, Pierre hastened home to announce the glad tiding. But his fatherly heart was still more rejoiced when he saw his wife and two children in the very act of helping themselves to a warm and plentiful supper sent by his cousin Jean.

Next day the storm had abated. Towards noon a southerly wind having sprung up, the clouds which canopied the sky, were torn asunder and the shreds flung to the four quarters of heaven. Then the winter sun revealed itself to the eye in all its dazzling splendor. Its hot rays soon began to play havoc amid the gems and radiant pearls with which King Frost had decked the snowy mantle which the storm had thrown over the naked shoulders of poor mother earth. The snow vanished beneath the burning darts of the mighty warrior of heaven, and towards night the battle-field was but a dark scene of muddy roads and treacherous water-pools. When the moon rose she saw nothing to gladden her eyes but a few heroes in white who had withstood the fray and were ambushed in nooks and corners waiting for a renewal of the struggle.

Holy Thursday began as summer days do, with brightness and gladness. The sun pursued his relentless conquests and when he disappeared behind the hills he had in part repaired the sad consequences of his victories and dried up the tears of his conquered foes. But he left still behind him the cold and damp atmosphere of death.

In the morning, the whole parish turned out to assist at the imposing ceremonies which were held in the church and then returned to their homes, their minds engaged with the still sadder memories to be recalled by the procession at nightfall.

The procession which takes place every year in the parish of Polignac at sunset of Holy Thursday is one of the most touching and realistic scenes imaginable. But its grandeur and dramatic effect are chiefly derived from the simple faith and fervent piety which animate both actors and spectators.

Towards four o'clock in the afternoon three or four boys were called by M. le Curé, given loud sounding clappers and told to go around the village and summon the people to the procession. The little fellows, followed by an ever increasing crowd of their playmates, went their round and fulfilled the duty laid upon them with all the solemnity and zest of men intrusted with an important office.

Just as the sun was sinking in the West and its dying rays were gilding the barren summits of the neighboring mountains, a mighty throng of children, men and women with rustic lanterns in their hands might have been seen entering the parish church. Within all was silence and prayer. The bare altars, the veiled statues, the gloom of the twilight pervading the aisles, everything, in a word, voiced sentiments of religious sadness. Each one felt as if he were about to assist at a scene of death, the death of a dear and cherished friend.

Suddenly the solemn notes of the *Vexilla Regis* burst forth through the silent naves; the sad pageant is on the march. Soon through the wide open portals issues with majestic tread the verger of the church, dressed in a bright uniform, with a broad crape tastefully knotted around his arm and one hanging from his long silver-headed halberd. He is followed by three acolytes in black soutanes and lace surplices: the middle one carrying the cross and the other two bearing flaming torches. Behind them walk with measured steps and in the most religious spirit two long lines of boys, girls, women and men holding in their hands lighted lanterns of all sizes and descriptions.

Now between two lines of red-robed acolytes holding high in the air brightly colored flambeaux advances the most dramatic and at the same time the most religious part of the procession. We mean the White Penitents, who consti-

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tute one of the most important of the sodalities of the parish of Polignac, and which is mainly composed of married men. The costumes in which they appear in the drama of the night consists of a long hooded white robe and of a long veil of the same color hanging over the face so as to hide the identity of the actors.

In the lead of this mysterious band a man walks barefoot holding in his hand a chalice, which is meant to recall the one our divine Saviour begged so earnestly His Father to remove from His lips, but which He drank so deeply for our salvation. On either side of Jean Balais, for it is he, as our readers already know, walk two penitents whose duty is somewhat akin to that of the angel in the grotto of Gethsemani: namely, to sustain him in the arduous duty of holding the sacred symbol high in the air.

Behind them come other members of the confraternity each in charge of one of the many emblems of the Saviour's dolorous passion. There you may see the ladder of the Crucifixion, the column of the flagellation, the nails, the hammers, the crown of thorns, in a word a facsimile of all the instruments which figured in the awful tragedy enacted nearly twenty centuries ago. You may even remark a cock, to recall the one which crowed and thus called Peter, the renegade, to the thought of a deeply wronged Master and caused him to shed tears of bitter repentance.

But here comes a tall man carrying on his broad shoulders a heavy cross. He is barefooted and his veiled face would hide his name from all but our readers. To-night our friend Pierre Chautard's individuality seems to the eye of the beholder to have totally merged itself into that of the divine Being he had begged so earnestly to impersonate. The cross which weighs heavily on his shoulders deserves here a word of description. In length it measures from ten to twelve feet, with arms in proportion. It is made of long planks of about a foot in width. In itself it is a heavy load, but this is nothing when you think of the amount of energy needed in the cross-bearer, being required by custom to genuflect at every step he takes. The length of the cross might also be a difficulty, but this is partly obviated by the fact that another barefooted penitent holds up the base of the cross and prevents it from dragging along the ground.

On either side of Pierre are two other men carrying also on their shoulders small crosses; they are the two historical thieves. Their load is such that, compared to that on Pierre's shoulders, the disproportion is so great that it does not fail to bring to the Christian mind the fact that the Saviour was far more cruelly treated than the criminals who died with Him.

The procession closes with the choir and the clergy. M. le Curé holds in his hands a reliquary containing a particle of the wood of the true Cross.

Let us watch this long serpent of lights as it winds through the narrow and unpaved streets of the village, now ascending a rocky steep, now descending through a muddy lane. It is a grand spectacle, and one which never loses its novelty. The stars above twinkle and seem to whisper to one another words of admiration for the faith of these simple people. Now and then the voices of the choir break upon the stillness of night with the mournful notes of a song, which tells of the sufferings of a God-man.

But what has happened down at the crossing of the road? Nothing to alarm, but much to edify you. There have gathered the men who are too old to take part in the procession, the women whom maternal duties have kept at home, the children whose age and weakness prevented from exposing themselves to the fatigues of a long march. They are waiting their turn to kiss, and pass under, the cross which Pierre Chautard holds up for the purpose.

We read in the annals of ancient Rome that when they wanted to dishonor a

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soldier publicly they forced him in presence of his assembled comrades to bend low and pass under the yoke. But the inhabitants of Polignac see no shame in the performance of a similar act, they rather see in it an act of faith; the meaning of which they themselves do not fully realize. All they know is that, in this holy kiss and in this act of bending low under the shadow of the cross, they find untold consolations and increased strength for the trials of life.

Now the procession resumes again its slow and solemn march to stop again and allow a repetition of the touching scene above described. Finally, after two long hours thus spent in the cold air of a wintry night, the procession enters the church, where in glowing words, which fall on well-prepared hearts, the priest tells his flock the old but ever new story of the sufferings and death of our Saviour on Calvary.

When the sermon was over the immense crowd which had filled the church to overflowing and had so religiously attended all the services of the evening, was at last free to return home and seek in sleep a much needed rest.

The White Penitents repaired in a body to the presbytery, where, under the direction of M. le Curé, something had been prepared to restore to them the heat and strength lost by them during the long and chilly march of the evening. When all apparently were assembled, the kind priest remarked that Pierre Chautard was absent, and he asked Jean Balais whether Pierre was present at the sermon or not.

"He was there at the beginning," Jean answered, "but soon he whispered in my ear that he felt unwell, and he went out."

"I hope it was but a passing spell of dizziness," said the priest, "and he may be here soon."

"I don't know," put in one of the Penitents, "for he looked to me to be very tired. Did not your Reverence observe during the Way of the Cross how painfully he raised himself after each genuflection?"

"Why didn't he tell me after the procession that he was tired?" said the priest, somewhat displeased.

"Oh, Pierre would never have done that," said Jean. "I know him. When he undertakes to do a thing he will do it were he even to die in the attempt."

The absence of Pierre somewhat dampened the happy feelings of the company, and, contrary to custom, the meeting was a short one. As the men were going away, M. le Curé took Jean aside and said:

"Jean, what do you say to our going to Pierre's house and seeing what is the matter with him?"

"Let us go," said Jean.

They went, and soon reached the poor hut Pierre called his home. They knocked at the door: it was opened by the poor wife in tears.

"Where is Pierre?" inquired the priest.

"In bed, your Reverence, with high fever. He is delirious and I don't know what to do. I have nothing to give him. Come in."

Jean Balais hearing how matters stood took the priest aside and in a whisper said to him:

"I'll go home to tell my wife to come here and help; then I'll take my horse and hurry to the city for a doctor."

"Go, Jean," said the priest, "may God reward you for your charity."

While Jean was away on his errand, the priest approached the low, miserable pallet upon which Pierre tossed about restlessly: his powerful frame struggled with the fiery foe which had gained admittance within, his eyes sparkled with the wild lustre which bespeaks a mind no longer master of its operations, his lips were parched by a feverish thirst, and his burning hands vainly sought a cool spot over the bed. In a word, Pierre Chautard was seriously sick with a fever of the most malignant kind, which threatened to carry him away

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before long, unless heaven and earth should come and stay the fearful progress of an enemy, who became fiercer as he met with greater resistance in his antagonist.

At the foot of the bed were his two little boys, with eyes wide opened, scarcely realizing the danger they were in of losing their father. The wife, on the other hand, with big tears rolling down her pallid cheek, was bathing the forehead of her dear husband with the utter despair of an affectionate heart.

When Pierre saw the priest approaching, he sat bolt upright on the bed, and, with eyes flashing fire and clenched fists, cried out: "Ah, it is you? What did you say? Say it again and I'll teach you to respect religion and the priests when you speak to me."

"Be quiet, Pierre," said Louise, gently replacing the sick man's head on the pillow. "Be quiet, it is only M. le Curé who has come to see you."

"Don't you know me, Pierre?" said the priest, taking hold of one of his hands.

The sick man looked at him for a while then replied:

"Yes—I carried the cross—I felt very tired, but I wanted to carry it to the last."

"Yes," said the priest, "and God will bless you for it. But, my friend, you are very sick; would you like to make your confession?"

"Will I not carry the blessed cross again?"

"Oh, yes," replied the priest, "but it is prudent to settle our affairs with God in case of danger."

"I went to confession last night, for was I not to carry the Lord's cross?" said Pierre, while a heavenly smile spread over his face.

Just then the wife of Jean Balais came in loaded with all that she had been able to procure in the way of medicines. The priest, seeing that Pierre was delirious, and that for the present it was impossible to have him make his confession, having ascertained that what he had said was true, withdrew and left the poor man to the affectionate care of the two women with the promise of a visit early next day.

Towards three o'clock in the morning Jean Balais, followed by the doctor, rushed into the sick-room. After a long and careful examination of the patient's condition, the physician called Jean aside, and in whispered words informed him that the state of his friend was such that no human art could stay the ravages of the malady, and that if the delirium lasted till noon all hope of recovery was to be given up. Having written a few directions, the doctor went away followed by Jean.

Early in the morning of Good Friday M. le Curé made his promised visit. He found Pierre in a very low state. The fever was raging as fiercely as ever, but the sick man, having just gone through a fearful fit of delirium, was now luckily in his right senses. He therefore made his confession with all the signs of the sincerest sorrow and repentance. When it was over, the priest began to tell him of the seriousness of his case, but Pierre stopped him, saying:

"M. le Curé, I know it all. When I went to bed after the services, I knew I would not rise again; but God's will be done. I have ever tried to do what I thought right. And during the procession I had a presentiment that it was the last time I was to carry the cross."

"Yes," said the priest, sadly, "Jean told me that the doctor had given you up. Don't wonder if I speak to you plainly; you are a Christian and for you death has no terrors."

"I care not for myself, M. le Curé, but my poor heart breaks at the thought of parting from my wife and my two little boys. What will become of them with no one to give them bread to eat?" And tears began to roll down his flushed cheeks.

"Don't be uneasy, my dear friend," replied the priest. "God is a kind Father and they will be taken care of."

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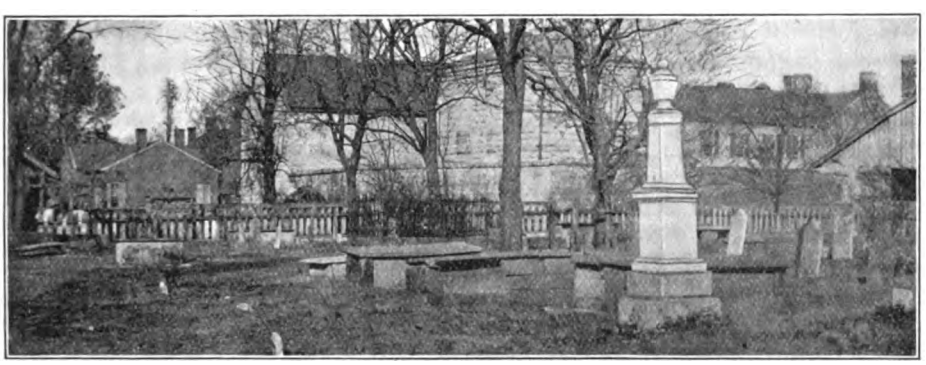
Pierre began to make an appropriate answer, but soon his incoherent words and wild gestures told but too plainly that he was delirious again. He was to remain in this same state till his death; but even in his delirium words were spoken which clearly showed how he valued the privilege of carrying our Lord's cross.

When the bells rang out their blithe alleluias on Holy Saturday, the soul of Pierre Chautard had winged its flight to a better world, to the feet of Him whose cross he had so generously carried and in whom he had so lovingly trusted all his life.

The news of his death spread consternation and sorrow among the people of the parish, and his sudden departure was a terrible blow to his many friends.

Though Pierre lived and died a poor man, his funeral surpassed in magnificence and attendance those of many more favored sons of fortune. But the sympathy of the people did not confine itself to a mere outward show of appreciation and esteem. Pierre had left behind him a poor sickly wife and two very young boys.

The day after the funeral, the White Penitents held a special meeting, in which it was unanimously resolved that the family of their deceased member should be supported at the expense of the confraternity, and that a Mass should be founded for the repose of the soul of him who carried the cross unto death.



THE OLD GRAVEYARD, BARDSTOWN.

THE OLD CATHEDRAL AT BARDSTOWN.

By Henry S. Shepherd.

ON a Christmas eve, at the close of the first quarter of this century, a traveller from Charlestown, S. C., found himself in the solitary aisles of a great cathedral 1,000 miles west of the Atlantic. On every side of him rose massive columns with variated flutings and leafy capitals, great arches stretched overhead, and on the snowy ceiling were wrought every form of magic tracery and fantastic arabesque; yet this temple was not the handiwork of man—its columns were of stately trees and its arches of snow-laden branches. Like the fanes of ancient heathendom it offered no solace to the traveller's heart; so he passed on from its chilly naves to another temple where dwelt the living God, whom he had come to serve. As he emerged from the forest in Central Kentucky, that Christmas

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eve, there loomed up before him the place towards which he journeyed. Only part of it was visible, the slender spire and the cross which crowned it standing out indistinctly against the darkening horizon.

It soon disappeared from sight, for the traveller was again entangled in the winding paths of another forest. In fact, he was in a wilderness of forests. To the south, and west, and north they stretched out unbroken and interminable, while to the east as far as the rugged range of the Alleghany mountains, more than 500 miles away, though many a giant tree had fallen before the axe of the frontiersman, still the clearing and sparse settlements scattered here and there had little more than scarred the vast timbered regions. During his many months of journeying from the Atlantic the traveller had seen but few buildings larger than the block-house or the frontier cabin of rough-hewn logs; great was his surprise, then, when he found himself before a spacious cathedral, at that time the most imposing structure west of the Alleghanies. Had the little town, where it was built, stood on the shores of the Great Lakes or on a navigable river, communicating with the cities of the East or with the Gulf of Mexico, the surprise would have been less; for then one would have regarded the spot as a fortunate Damascus, through whose gates traffic had come and gone, and which had in consequence waxed rich in bartering. No such advantages, however, were enjoyed by Bardstown at whose western extremity stood St. Joseph's new cathedral.

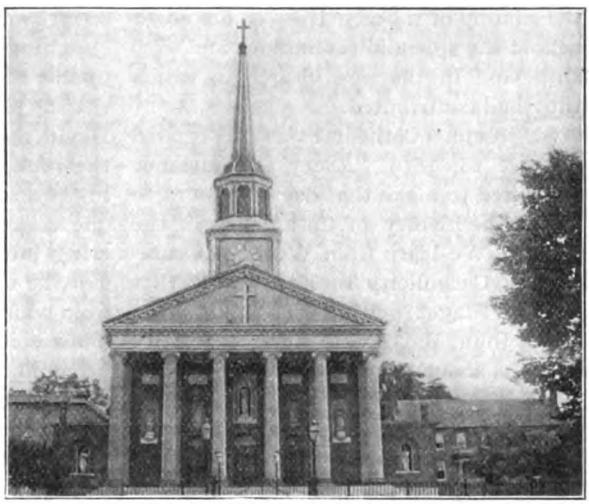
It was an isolated town. Just why such a spot should have been chosen for a settlement is to-day an enigma. Perhaps Mr. David Baird, its founder, while pushing westward was awed by the high bluff before him, and fearing to descend and finding it impossible to go around unloaded his wagon and took possession of the future town which was to bear his name. Perhaps, too, the cool, crystal spring, which gushes out from the solid limestone cliff, and a large cave not twenty yards away offered another inducement to the first settlers. Even to-day one of the principal streets of the little town runs sheer over the impending bluff; from which we can infer that it was once but a narrow path leading to the spring below. Then there were other springs in the vicinity—springs in abundance, which fed a small stream, and it, in turn, supplied the water power for one of the first grist-mills in that section of the state. Bardstown soon became an industrial centre with tanneries and woolen mills and factories. Later on in its history, it merited the title of the "Athens of the West"; it boasted a college and three academies; there were published the *Minerva* and the *Catholic Advocate*, one of the four Catholic papers in the United States; the ablest lawyers pleaded at its bar; while Fitch, the forerunner of Fulton in the invention of the steamboat, was one of its most distinguished citizens.

Such was Bardstown, which, despite its isolated position, thrived and prospered for half a century. It became the nucleus around which centred the Catholic settlements of the West. To it Bishop Carroll looked when, in 1808, he proposed to erect a see for the vast stretch of country beyond the Alleghanies. New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Bardstown—each was chosen as a site for a future bishopric. What an honor for the little town! How changed since the day of its exaltation! Many a building in either of the cities mentioned above would offer more than ample room for all of the residents of Bardstown. Still it was great in its day, and held under its episcopal sway the extensive territory from the Alleghanies in the East, to the far-rolling prairies beyond the Mississippi river. Its glory has long since departed, but the old cathedral which it erected in its prime and its pride, stands as firm as it did nearly eighty years ago. The story of

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this old cathedral must forever prove an interesting chapter in the history of the Catholic Church of America.

When Bishop Flaget reached his episcopal see, June 9, 1811, he had neither church nor residence. For years he dwelt in a simple log cabin, and a log cabin served as a chapel. His diocese could scarcely support the few priests who passed from station to station, administering to the scattered flock. Under these circumstances the wise prelate was unwilling to burden the people with the heavy expenses which the erection of a cathedral would require. He waited in patience for the time when God would provide the necessary means. His desires were fulfilled and his patience rewarded sooner than he expected, and in a way far superior to his most sanguine hopes. Mr. John Rogers, an architect of considerable ability, on removing from Baltimore to Bardstown, not only offered his services to Bishop Flaget, but persuaded him that the construction of a cathedral was not only possible, but opportune.



THE CATHEDRAL.

Work was begun at once. The stone for the foundation was obtained from a neighboring quarry, while brick of a very superior quality were made in steel moulds near the town. The corner-stone was laid July 16, 1816. The little town subscribed $500 while the missionaries, in visiting the various families and stations throughout the diocese, solicited subscriptions until $26,000 were secured. Much of this success must be attributed to the intense earnestness of those pioneer priests and their zeal for the house of God. We have an instance of this spirit manifested in the action of Father Nerinckx, when in Belgium collecting for his missions. There he secured the richest copes and chasubles, golden chalices and ciboriums for his infant churches in the West. When asked by a friend whether old vestments or those of cheaper material would not suffice for his poor missions, he replied that the same God was worshipped in Europe and America; that if the Church gloried in the magnificent temples which she had strewn over the face of Catholic countries, there was no reason why she should not undertake to do the same in other lands. Filled with this apostolic spirit, and remembering the reply of our divine Lord to Judas when a Magdalene poured the rich ointments over her Saviour's feet, Father Nerinckx aroused in his countrymen a similar desire to have God honored with suitable ceremonies, and obtained from them many costly donations. This, too, was the spirit of all the early missionaries of Kentucky. Knowing that it was impossible to erect many costly churches, they strove to have at least one worthy of the service of the Most High. This spirit they communicated to their flocks wherever they went, so that the Catholics throughout the State and diocese became enthusiastically interested in the new cathedral. They looked forward to the time when they and their children, who had assisted at holy Mass in the dingy room of some settler's cabin or beneath

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the canopy of a beech tree, could go to behold the splendid ceremonies and worship God in the new church to which they had contributed.

St. Joseph's Cathedral was consecrated August 18, 1819. Every circumstance conspired to make that day a memorable one in the history of Catholicity in the West. We learn from Webb's "Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky," that Bishop Flaget and his assistant, the Rev. John B. David, were especially anxious about the sermon for the occasion, deliberating long and seriously as to the choice of the speaker. It was finally agreed that Rev. Robert A. Abell should preach the dedication sermon. Although not a man of deep learning, he had every requisite for a public speaker. In early life he had listened to a speech by Henry Clay, and ever after was fired with the ambition to become an orator. The young priest, on learning that he was to preach at the consecration of St. Joseph's Cathedral, was at first pleased with the favor bestowed upon him; but, when later he weighed the responsibility attached to the honor, he rather shrank from the task. This task was made all the more arduous by his ministerial duties, which left him little time to prepare his sermon.

When the hour came for him to mount his horse and start for Bardstown, he had not a line written. This the young orator was forced to admit, upon Father David's asking to read the sermon; he stated, however, that he had thought the matter over, and felt that he would be ready for the occasion. Father David was not satisfied; he feared to trust Father Abell's inexperience, and therefore ordered him to go at once and write the sermon. Father Abell spent the afternoon in classifying and jotting down the principal points of his subject; but he had not yet completed his work when Father David demanded the papers, that he and Bishop Flaget might examine them at their leisure. Father Abell refused under the plea that his manuscript was illegible, for he had been clutching the bridle so long that he was unable to write. It was finally agreed that he should read the sermon to Father David and the Bishop. That evening the young priest entered the room where his two critics awaited him. Retiring to one corner, and placing a smoky, flickering tallow-candle on the table by his side, he unfolded his meagre manuscript, from which he pretended to read; first in a low voice, then louder and louder until he could be distinctly heard from without. The little room seemed gradually to vanish, and the immense audience to rise up before the speaker as he progressed in his sermon. He spoke right on without a falter, for "he had something to say and knew how to say it." As he sketched the trials and sufferings of that infant church in the West, he was relating trials and sufferings which he himself had witnessed. He felt the truth of every word he uttered—it was a friend speaking to friends of their common suffering. Here Father Abell paused, as if suddenly conscious of the fact that his audience consisted of but two persons; glancing at the Bishop and his assistant, he saw that they were weeping like children. He no longer doubted of the success of his sermon.

Never before had proud little Bardstown seen such crowds within its streets as gathered there on that eighteenth day of August, 1819. The church itself must have appeared truly colossal to those pioneer visitants, many of whom had never seen a structure larger than a log-cabin. The loud voiced bell, the solemn notes of the new organ, the large pictures, the gifts of the king of Sicily, which adorned the walls of the church; the rich vestments, which enabled the bishop and his assistants to appear in the sanctuary in a way truly befitting their sacred offices; the white habits of the Dominicans, in contrast with the black cassocks of the clergy and seminarians; the powerful, yet pathetic ser-

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mon of Rev. Robert Abell; the novel and impressive character of the services —all must have impressed them with a feeling akin to wonderment. It would be difficult to calculate the good done for Catholicity in the West on that day. Old prejudices of Protestants were disarmed, while Catholics were brought to admire and appreciate the beautiful ceremonies they had witnessed for the first time. Those Catholics who assembled in St. Joseph's Cathedral on that day were descendants of the voluntary exiles who had crossed the Atlantic in the "Ark" and the "Dove" 200 years before. From Maryland they had come to Kentucky, and now for the first time in the land of their adoption, they had built a temple worthy of God, in whose name and for whose glory their forefathers in England had long before erected so many majestic abbeys and magnificent Gothic churches.



BISHOP FLAGET.

"The cathedral is a neat and beautiful specimen of architecture of the Corinthian order, and its dimensions are 120 feet in length, including the beautiful semicircular sanctuary, by 74 feet in breadth. The ceiling of the centre aisle is arched and flanked on each side with a row of four beautiful columns, besides the pilasters of the sanctuary. The ceiling of the side aisles is groined. . . . The steeple is a well-proportioned and beautifully tapering spire, nearly 150 feet in height, to the top of the cross with which it is surmounted."

Mention has already been made of the rich church furniture which Father Nerinckx brought from Belgium to Kentucky. St. Joseph's cathedral received by far the most valuable of these gifts—two of them, especially, are worthy of mention: the bell, and the large picture of the crucifixion, which still hangs over the main altar.

It was one of those bells that hung for three quarters of a century in the old cathedral tower. Made at Alost, in Belgium, for the monastery of Ninove, for years it called to prayer pious monks and devoted pilgrims until at last, when revolutionary hands had scattered the servants of God and despoiled their houses, the bell was bought by Father Nerinckx and brought to America. To the town folks that bell became a veritable friend; Christmas and Easter without its sweet notes would have been shorn of half their joys.

> 'O Belgium! classic land of bells,
> The music of thy carillons
> Ringing in clear and silvery tones,
> To memory dear, in my heart dwells."

Some years ago the bell dropped from the steeple, crushed through three floors,

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THE CAVE.

and striking a heavy beam, was slightly fractured. Later on, when ringing for high Mass, the crack suddenly widened, and its voice was forever hushed. Many of the older members of the congregation were seen to weep as if a tried and devoted friend had been taken from among them. The bell was recast and again placed in the tower. Anxious hearts gathered around the church on the day when it was to ring for the first time. Would it be like the bell they had listened to so long? Would its voice be as silvery? Sweeter, perhaps; for since science had made such progress, had not the casting of bells also been improved? Alas! they were doomed to disappointment, and turned away in sorrow, for the mellow notes of the old bell had departed forever.

A visiting priest from Europe wrote the following lines in regard to the services which he witnessed in the cathedral. "If ever I was penetrated with deep feeling it was while assisting at the holy sacrifice in the cathedral on Sunday. A torrent of tears flowed from my eyes. The ceremonies all performed with the greatest exactness according to the Roman rite; the chant at once grave and touching; the attending clergy pious and modest — every thing impressed me so strongly that I almost believed myself in the midst of one of the finest churches of Rome. . . . From the bottom of my heart I poured forth prayers to God for this worthy Bishop, for France, and for those who, by their generosity, had contributed to have the good God so well worshipped in the midst of waving forests."

On the same subject we have the following lines from the pen of Bishop Flaget himself. "Nothing could be more astonishing and edifying at the same time, than to see the Bishop officiating pontifically in the cathedral with deacon and sub-deacon, both students of the seminary, surrounded by more than fifteen seminarians, tonsured or in minor orders, clad in cassock and surplice, and singing as well as if they had been trained in Paris itself." We know that Bishop Flaget was not a man to exaggerate; we know, too, that when in Europe he had many opportunities of witnessing the most solemn ceremonies. When, therefore, he speaks with such praise of the services as conducted in his cathedral, we must conclude that they merited such commendation.

But it was on Christmas especially that the church wore its most beautiful aspect and attracted the largest crowds. In the *South Carolina Miscellany* published at Charlestown, 1824, there is contained a full account of these Christmas services by a visitor to Bardstown. It was the traveller referred to in the beginning of this article. He had intended to return East before the festival, but his friends pressed him to stay and witness the beautiful illuminations and solemn services of Christmas, assuring him that he would be more than repaid for his trouble. He wrote as follows to the editor of the *Miscellany*:

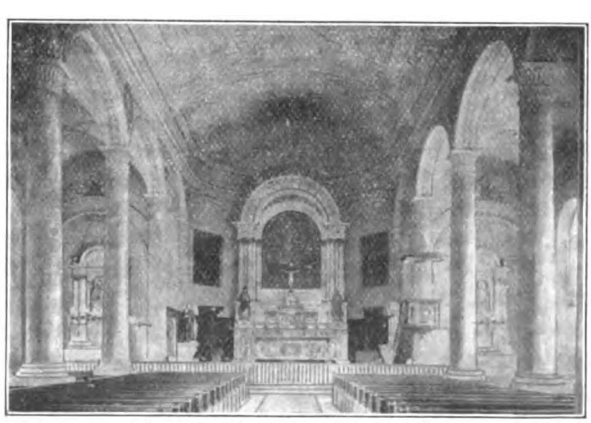
"The crowds I found around the church at one o'clock at night gave me an anticipated idea of the greatness of the solemnity. Scarcely had the door been opened at half-past two, when every pew and seat and place was occupied. The singing of the church office delighted me, and the view of the clergy in choir dress, together with the brilliancy of the illuminations, perfectly made present to my mind the night when the angels, surrounded with heavenly splendor, sung the joyous

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hymns of peace to men and glory to God of mercies. You will certainly imagine that I exaggerate, but I can pledge you my honor that never was I transported out of myself as on that occasion. The three lustres that hung from the ceiling, the two placed at the extremities of the high altar, the four rows of candles in the form of a semicircle burning in the space between the crucifix and the wall, the two triangular rows of light on each side altar, the triple semicircular row on each window, with the candles around the pillars and in other parts of the church, diffused throughout the entire building, the greatest splendor.

"The Bishop's chair assumed a new appearance conformable to the general magnificence of the festival. A purple canopy with some other ornaments served to render it worthy of the august personage that filled it, and on the opposite side sat his coadjutor who officiated, dressed in sacred robes that, I think, could scarcely be equalled by any on this side of the Atlantic. The solemn rites of the holy sacrifice performed with an air of the most unfeigned piety; the accompaniment of a large organ to the numerous choir that sang the divine praises; the zealous discourse of the college president, and, above all, the vast number of communicants, perhaps not less than 200 at the first Mass, together with the illuminations, concourse, and other particulars already mentioned, produced in me the most extraordinary sensations. I have heard several foreigners, particularly Spaniards and Italians, describing the splendor of their churches and ceremonies, but I cannot persuade myself that any European display, however magnificent, could have excited such strong and, I may say, divine feelings, as the ceremonies of Christmas morning in that *back wood* cathedral."

Bardstown could not long continue to be a thriving settlement. As has already been stated, its isolated position proved an insuperable barrier to its progress. People began to wonder why they had ever chosen such a place as a centre of trade and industry. Why build their factories forty miles from the Ohio river, the only means of communicating with the West, the East, and the South? Why haul their cotton and wool forty miles over a rough, hilly country, manufacture it into cloth and haul it back again to the identical spot where it had been unloaded from the flat-boats? Why not build at Louisville or some other little settlement along the river? So the factories went and with them much of the trade which formerly came to Bardstown; for the farmers turned their waggons towards Louisville where they found a ready sale for pork, wool and hemp, and received in return hats and shoes, powder and bullets from the East, and the cotton goods and other products of the South. Then the tanneries were abandoned and left to rot and fall away. The mouldering skeleton of one of them was standing some twenty years ago, with a large sign near by warning the small boys not to play "hide and seek" within the premises, for the deep reeky vats rendered the place dangerous to life. Along the creeks flowing into the Beech Fork near the town can still be seen several water



INTERIOR OF ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

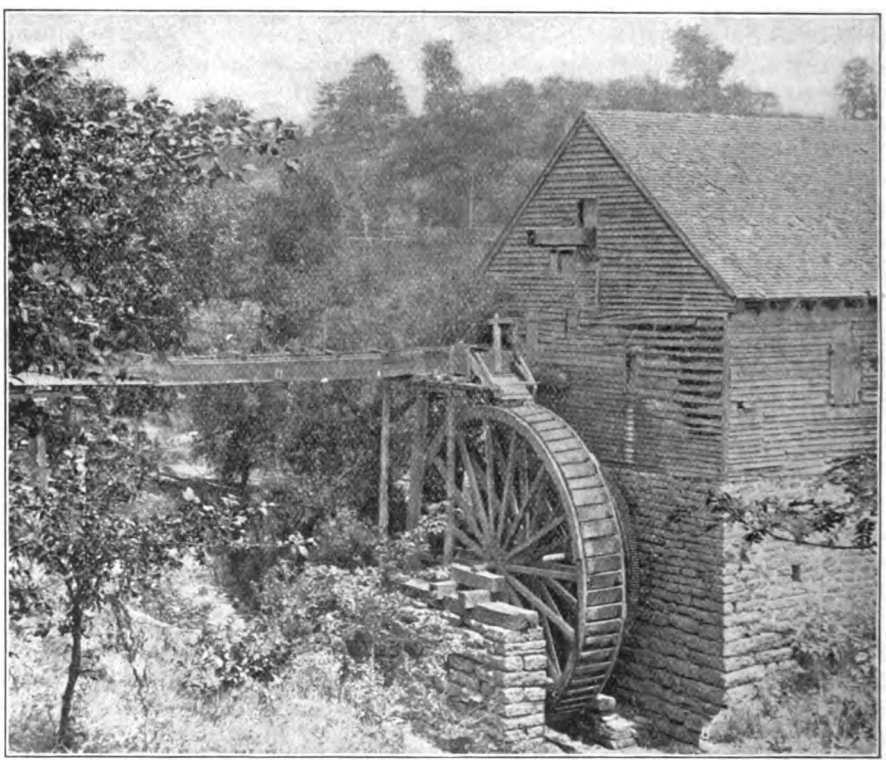
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courses, each of which was once the busy scene of a grist or saw mill.

Another cause of Bardstown's decline was the poor quality of the soil in the vicinity. It is not situated within the Blue Grass Regions, as has sometimes been stated. Although there are some excellent farming districts near by, the soil as a whole is not rich. What led the Catholics to settle there was that they might enjoy the consolations and practice of their holy faith; but they soon recognized that the land was not such as had been recommended to them before they left their Maryland homes. Hence emigration to the southwestern part of the state, and to other sections of the Mississippi valley, set in at once. One by one the old settlers passed away, and few were left to take their place; for the young and vigorous of the community followed the tide of emigration: —for forty years Bardstown gained but 200 inhabitants. Louisville, on the contrary, which a few years previous had been but an insignificant place, was fast growing in population and importance; while the number of Catholics was rapidly increasing. Its situation at the falls of the Ohio offered every advantage for commerce, and promised to make of it the metropolis of the state.

Bishop Flaget was not slow in recognizing that his see must eventually be transferred to Louisville. As much as he was attached to the people who had welcomed him to the seat of his new diocese, and although he found it hard to part with the splendid edifices which he had built—his cathedral, his seminary, his colleges, his schools and convents—still he felt that the change was a necessary one for the good of religion, and cheerfully submitted to the sacrifice.

After the transferring of the episcopal see to Louisville, Bardstown had one



THE LAST OF THE OLD MILLS.

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other source of attraction—St. Joseph's College. The prosperous days of this college began about the year 1840, and continued until the Civil War. Its students were mostly from the South, nearly one half of the number coming from Mississippi and Louisiana. After the capture of Fort Sumter, a large proportion of them left the college for their homes to don the gray of the Confederate Army. When two years later Bragg passed through Bardstown, an old St. Joseph's student, Brigadier-General Brown was a member of his staff. He was delighted to visit the familiar spot, insisted on accompanying one of the faculty to the dormitory to see the bed which he had occupied; then, laying his sword aside, climbed a locust tree in front of the college to read his name which he had cut there when a boy. He afterwards went to confession and holy Communion, and well he did, for a few days later a northern bullet laid him lifeless on the battlefield of Perrysville.

The halls of the college are silent now, with the exception of a portion of the building used as an orphan asylum. The old cathedral, therefore, remains Bardstown's solitary glory. Far from suffering decay, this church, owing to the energetic work of its zealous pastor, the Very Rev. C. J. O'Connell, has renewed both its strength and its beauty. On the tower just below the cross was a large globe which offered a tempting mark to the soldiers of both armies during the Civil War, and which in consequence was torn by many a ball; this has been removed and the whole steeple renovated. The niches of the façade have been filled with appropriate statues, the interior has been frescoed; along the main aisle, above the large pillars are pictures of the Apostles, and the groined arches of the side aisles are of delicate blue, inlaid with stars; new altars and new pews have replaced the old ones, so that the entire structure wears the appearance of a new building. After the lapse of nearly a century the old cathedral must be numbered among the most beautiful churches of the West.

EVIL COMMUNICATIONS.

By Rev. H. Van Rensselaer, S.J.

"I HAVE come to take the temperance pledge," said a respectable looking man to a priest.

"Very well," he replied, "but when did you go to confession?"

"Oh, not for a long time, and I don't intend to go now, so we will not discuss the question."

"But," persisted the priest, "I do not like to give the pledge without a promise of going to confession. What is the trouble? What reason have you for refusing?"

"My reason is that I am going to marry a divorced woman, out of the Church of course. I know what I am doing and—I intend to do it."

Another who was well known to the priest as a married man, came with the request to get married again.

"But you have a wife already?"

"Yes, but she left me some time ago."

"And is the girl you speak of a Catholic?"

"Oh, certainly she is, and a good religious one, too."

"Indeed, and she knows you are a married man?"

"Yes, and so does her mother, who is a very pious woman."

"She must be, if that is a proof of it. What did you tell them?"

"I told them that I could easily get a divorce, and then it would be all right. So they agreed to it."

These are but samples of the effect of

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evil communications, which, according to St. Paul, corrupt good manners. By communications he means converse or intercourse, rather habitual than casual, with many people, as the Greek word he uses implies. For he is not speaking so much of individual as of general influence, the tendency of the many with whom we associate. Moreover the word manners scarcely conveys the full meaning of the Apostle; it should rather be morals, the settled habit of mind and the manners which are its expression.

Had not the Catholics above-mentioned been thrown in contact with non-Catholics, with loose ideas of the marriage state, they would probably never have thought of marriage under the existing circumstances. Evil communications had corrupted their right ideas of morality. The true character of the marriage bond had faded out of sight, and it had got to look merely as any ordinary contract. In this aspect it had lost the indissolubility which belonged to it by the very nature of the union "they shall be two in one flesh," as almighty God declared to the first man and woman. Still more had it lost its supernatural character which now attaches to it in virtue of its sacramental nature. It was a contract pure and simple, and, therefore, as in other contracts, the parties concerned could break what they had made, just as in business partnerships a dissolution of the firm can be effected by mutual consent, or be demanded by either party for sufficient cause.

Living in a community in which divorces are of daily occurrence, and in which the parties, thus declared free, proceed to form new alliances, and are recognized as respectable members of society, Catholics cannot fail to be influenced to a certain extent by such practices. It is undoubtedly hard for them to maintain intact the lofty standard of morality taught by the true Church, when the relaxed and debased form is prevalent among the majority of their fellow-citizens, however much the more conservative members may deprecate it.

The Church seems to be severe and rigid in her prescriptions in comparison with the sects. But her rules regarding the marriage tie are not of her own invention. They are the law of God enacted for the good and happiness of His creatures. "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." No man, though he be a judge of the Supreme Court, for the verdict of Christ cannot be reversed by any earthly tribunal. The Church, as God's representative, simply declares the law, enforces it, and makes regulations to guard the sanctity of the tie. Thus in the matter of calling the banns she wishes to prevent persons incapable of making the contract from feigning to do so and thereby deceive the innocent party. Yet, how common it is to hear the Church denounced for insisting on calling out publicly the names of the betrothed, so that any one knowing an impediment may have the chance to declare it before the misstep is taken. It is a mother's watchfulness over her children. Always reasonable, however, if there be a sufficient ground for dispensing from the banns, she is willing to do so.

Here we may notice a very ordinary but very false accusation in regard to dispensations. People, and even some Catholics, say that the rich can *buy* dispensations because they have the money, whereas the poor cannot procure them because of their poverty. This is a gross libel on the Church, for she never refuses to grant a dispensation when the grounds are sufficient to warrant it, money or no money. In fact anybody who knows anything about the matter, is aware that there is a special form for asking dispensations *in forma pauperis*. Is there no money to be paid, then, for dispensations? Yes, when the petitioners can afford it, yet not as the *price* of the dispensation, but as a *punishment* for asking it; hence it is called a *fine*, precisely because the Church wants to make those

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who ask to be dispensed from her laws feel that they are doing something in a way reprehensible, and they feel it more when it touches their pocket. The money of the fines does not go to the priest who obtains the dispensation, but he transmits it with the petition to the Chancery Office, where it is used to defray the necessary expenses of officials and clerks, and the residue is devoted to diocesan works.

Of course the Church can dispense only from her own, that is, ecclesiastical laws. The power that makes a law can also dispense from it. The law of marriage banns is merely ecclesiastical, therefore the Church has authority over it. If people wish and ask a privilege, they should be willing, if able, to pay the penalty; if not able, the penalty is not inflicted. Why should a respectable man and woman object to having their names coupled in public by the priest? They should rather be proud to be called out in the Church in which they soon hope to get a blessing on their union. If the date and hour of the marriage ceremony were proclaimed, we could understand the reason for people not wishing to be called; but none of the hearers are any the wiser, as the wedding might take place any time after the third calling: besides the banns are only called at the High Mass. Other cases in which the Church can dispense, regard relationship, affinity and religion.

There are cases, however, over which the Church has no jurisdiction, and in which, consequently, she cannot grant any dispensation. Such, for instance, would be the case we mentioned where the husband and wife were both alive and baptized, and there was no question of the validity of the marriage. All that the Church can do is to decide, after a judicial investigation, whether a marriage is valid in the eyes of God or not. In proof of her carefulness in this matter, in every diocese a priest is appointed to be "defender of the marriage tie," whose office it is to examine the testimony of the parties concerned, and after weighing it, lay his opinion before the Bishop, who finally decides whether the parties are validly bound, or are free to enter upon new contracts. No individual priest has any power to decide in these cases, which must be referred to the Bishop. It is well to know these things, for the priest is often accused of being disobliging, when in reality he is powerless to be obliging, however much he might wish it.

From time to time cases appear in the public papers which scandalize those who do not understand them aright. Every Catholic must take for granted that whatever is done with the approbation of the Church cannot be done contrary to her laws. Scandal was taken some months ago because a prominent *divorcée* was married to a Catholic by a priest. There was really no ground for scandal in this case, for the lady had never been validly married in the sight of God, inasmuch as the man whom she was supposed to have married first, had already a lawful living wife. Hence she was free. She had taken the precaution to secure a divorce to avoid legal complications. She had also become a Catholic.

We may here say a few words in regard to divorce. Of course well instructed Catholics know that legal divorces do not affect the validity of marriages, and, therefore, their indissolubility in the sight of God, so that no legal power on earth can enable Catholics to enter upon new alliances while the parties of the former alliances are alive. It may, however, at times be advisable for the parties who cannot live together in peace to separate. It may even be advisable to invoke the law to protect, for instance, an illtreated wife from a bad and brutal husband, or a husband from an irresponsible and spendthrift wife. This would not affect the contract itself, but only the civil effects of the contract. It would be a separation commonly called a divorce *a thoro et mensa*, from bed and board, but not *a vinculo*,

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from the marriage bond. Even this should only be sought in extreme cases, because of the scandal to the ignorant. Moreover, Catholics who have the grace of the sacrament of matrimony should be strong in that supernatural power to endure many hardships, and by long suffering and patience and charity, endeavor to win back the erring party to a right course. The awful ease with which divorces are obtained on the slightest grounds in certain States, tends to lower the respect for marriage, and threats of divorce are used even by Catholics on small provocation.

Let people who contemplate marriage reflect seriously on the sacredness of the tie. Let them choose a life partner, not for money, position, beauty or talent, but for good moral and religious qualities. Would any sensible person rush into a business partnership without weighing the matter well and considering whether his interests would be advanced or endangered? In seeking a husband or wife, the chief question should be, Will he, or she, help me to attain the end for which I am created? If so, such a one is the right person; if not, no amount of money, or anything else, will make up for this vital defect. Thus we come naturally to the question of mixed marriages.

The Church disapproves of and discountenances mixed marriages, because she knows by the experience of centuries how unwise it is for those who do not agree on the most essential points to contract so close an alliance. Yet, condescending to human weakness, and knowing the blinding power of love, she tolerates such unions under certain circumstances and with certain precautions. The Catholic party, as a dutiful child, must get a dispensation before taking the step. Moreover, the Protestant party must give assurance that the marriage shall take place only before a Catholic priest, and that there shall be no tampering with the faith of either the parent or the children.

These promises, as is evident, are a safeguard and in favor of the Catholic party, yet how frequently are they disregarded, and with what calamitous results! How can a marriage contracted in violation of the express commands of the Church be blessed by God? If there is not sufficient principle and courage in the Catholic to insist upon the compliance with the regulations before marriage, is there any assurance of principle and courage in living up to religious duties after marriage? If the non-Catholic party is so decided beforehand, there is not much probability of a change afterwards.

Nor is a mixed marriage to be considered, as some people do, simply at the time of the union. Every Sunday, holyday, abstinence and fast day will emphasize the difference of belief Next there is a dispute about the education of the children. Then come the prospects in the mercantile and social world. It is hard enough for those who have only Catholic home influences to keep on the narrow road leading to eternal life, but how immeasurably harder it is for those whose surroundings must necessarily be as much non-Catholic as Catholic. Is it a wonder, then, that our holy Mother the Church looks with disapproval and regret upon mixed marriages? Cases there are, of course, of the conversion of the non-Catholic parties. But can they compare with the number of those once Catholic who become lukewarm, cold, indifferent, and end by neither practising themselves nor caring for the spiritual welfare of the children God has given them?

A striking example occurs to me. A Catholic Alsatian man married a Protestant American woman. She had the stronger will, and the marriage was not performed by a priest Their three children were baptized Protestants After her death the man married in success on two wives, both German and Catholics. Eight children were born to them, making eleven in all for the father. These

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last eight children of parents, both Catholic, have been baptized and brought up Protestant. Why? Because, as the present wife said, she and her husband thought all the children should go to the same church, and, as the first three went to a Protestant one, they should all go there. Strange to say, the eldest son of the Protestant mother has of his own accord become a Catholic. The leakage from the Church through mixed marriages is terrific. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Would that a St. Paul would arise and with stentorian tones cry out as of old: "Be not deceived!" Guard against seductive surroundings. The people of the world laugh at Catholics now as the people of the world laughed at the early Christians. The world never changes. It is always the same implacable enemy of God, for which Christ said that He did not pray, for He knew too well the hopelessness of ever converting it. "I pray not for the world," He said to His Father, "but for them whom thou hast given me; because they are thine: and all mine are thine; and thine are mine." Again He says; "If you were of the world, the world would love its own: but because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

So must it ever be; conformity with worldly principles and practices means of necessity non-conformity with the precepts of God. We have to be in the world, but not of it. It is of vital importance in our times to realize this, for there is a minimizing spirit stalking abroad, which is striving to make little of the differences between the Church of God and the various sects. Instead of telling Protestants how much they have lost of the primitive faith, how wretchedly poor they are in the means of grace, since they have rejected five of the seven sacraments, the holy sacrifice of the Mass, the abiding presence of Christ, the communion of Saints, the indulgences to be granted by the Vicar of Christ; instead of putting all these clearly before them, and warning them of the dreadful sins of heresy and schism, and how hard it is to be saved, even for those who have all the means of grace instituted by Christ, it is the fashion of some preachers and writers to insist rather on how much we and "our separated brethren" have in common, what good and fine people they are, how enlightened and cultivated, and what a great thing it would be for the Catholic Church if they would condescend to enter her fold.

Is it a wonder, then that young people hearing this repeated over and over, and seeing the worldly advantages of Protestants should look upon mixed marriages as rather desirable than otherwise? In fact they rather prefer such a union, and the next step is to get a Protestant minister to tie the knot, because they will do it without much red tape, whereas a priest will ask all sorts of questions, exact promises, and very likely keep them waiting a week or so, when they have made up their minds to get married then and there. Is it not one of the cases of which our Lord speaks when He says that the hireling, whose own the sheep are not, careth not for the sheep, but the fee? But the priest whose own the sheep are, or at least one of the two is his, does care for the sheep and wishes to guard them. People, in other matters so sensible, lose their common sense on these occasions. For instance, a Catholic man got married to a Protestant and by a minister. Why? Because the priest would not marry him. What priest? His own priest? No. He lived in New York but went over to Weehawken to ask a priest to marry him. Of course the priest could not, as he had absolutely no jurisdiction in the case. Yet he was blamed and held responsible by this Catholic man for the misstep which followed. Catholics ought to know that they cannot go where they will to get married, but that the only ordinary place is the parish

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church of either one of the parties. Of course the bishop or vicar-general can dispense in the diocese, but they have no authority to do so beyond its limits, any more than a judge can act outside of his circuit.

We do not blame the Protestant party in a mixed marriage; because they are not supposed to know the laws of the Church, although most of them do. But if they only realized that by inducing or allowing the Catholic to be married by a minister, they are bringing not a blessing, but a curse on their own union, because the Catholic is thereby acting against his conscience and is guilty of a mortal sin, they would in all probability either refuse to marry or be married by a priest, whose authority they admit, though a Catholic cannot admit any such authority in a Protestant minister.

Moreover, an intelligent Protestant ought to see that a person who is false to his religion, and so to his Creator, will not, in all probability, prove faithful to a creature, however much he may promise it.

The question is sometimes asked if there cannot be two marriages, one by a priest, the other by a minister. It cannot be done, and the promise not to go before a minister is exacted when a dispensation for a mixed marriage is given. A prominent society woman, a Protestant, about to marry a Catholic, had already made arrangements for such a dual marriage ceremony. It was the case of an archbishop and a bishop. When the archbishop heard of the intention, he called on the lady and explained that it was impossible and how unwise it was for her to think of a Protestant marriage, as their union would begin by her husband acting against his conscience, and this first false step might lead to many others which would prove disastrous to their married life. She had the good sense to see the matter in its true light, and said she would not for the world do anything which would put her intended husband in bad faith. She accordingly wrote to the bishop to excuse herself and to withdraw her invitation to him to perform the marriage. This has brought down the blessing of God upon her, and she has received the gift of the true faith.

Another question is sometimes put. Can there be a civil marriage as well as a religious one? It depends upon circumstances. It is tolerated in the cases of foreigners bound by the civil laws of their country, a non-compliance with which would cause the marriage not to be recognized as legal, and would involve serious consequences. In this case, however, the Church does not look upon this civil ceremony as marriage, but merely as the official statement of it. When both parties are Americans there is absolutely no use of it, for the priest is a public official by law, and since the government recognizes his authority as sufficient, his own subjects should certainly be willing to do so and be satisfied with his act.

Staunchness on the part of Catholics always commands the respect of Protestants, who must inwardly despise those who act against their conscience and the teachings of their faith. Don't take a false step in the hope that it will afterwards turn out well. Don't say apologetically of non-Catholics "poor people, they do the best they know how, their standards are different from ours." This would be all right if their and our standards were of man's making, and perhaps indifferent, but ours are divine, and consequently we cannot change them one iota.

Christ has given explicit commands regarding Christian marriage, and St. Paul explaining his Master's teaching to the Ephesians lays down most fully and beautifully the whole matter. Christian marriage is a sacrament. It represents the union between Christ and the Church. It is as indissoluble as that union. The conduct of husband and wife is to be modelled on that of our

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Lord and His mystical spouse. All intending to get married, or who are married, should read and ponder the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. We might call attention to the fact that the Protestant version of verse 32 renders it: "This a great mystery," the Greek original is *mysterion*; in the Greek Church *mysterion* is the word for sacrament. Had the Protestants used sacrament it would have been a refutation of their teachings on the subject. Not that we base our proof on this word, but on the whole context which shows that it is a union sanctified by grace, especially since the Church, guided infallibly by the Holy Ghost, has ever taught that matrimony is a sacrament.

Because the leaders of the revolt against the Church of God in the sixteenth century, for their own private purposes, dared to proclaim marriage not a sacrament, and therefore divorce a possible thing, there is no reason why Catholics should tolerate it even among non-Catholics. What are they to do about it? They should refuse to associate with people living publicly with the husbands and wives of other women and men. They should thus help to form a sound, public opinion in a matter of vital importance to society.

Would not this be an uncharitable way of acting? On the contrary, it would be most charitable to do anything to arouse people to a sense of the criminal state in which they are living, and which is a standing menace to the family and the state.

Moreover, the modesty and the reserve once so characteristic of the Catholic maiden are fast disappearing. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." A boldness and freedom of carriage have taken their place. Young people nowadays will brook no restraint, no supervision, no advice. As the saying is: "they know it all." And in the "all" there is an immense amount of what had better never been known. Home is no longer the kingdom over which woman is content to reign as queen. Nor does she care for "olive branches around her table," though they are God's blessing. She has not the time nor the inclination for them. She envies the freedom of those not burdened, who advise her to imitate them. She wants her daily or twice daily "spin" on her wheel. How different from the spinning-wheel which was once a housewife's pride and glory! How can the modern woman be up-to-date and at the same time be an old-fashioned wife and mother?

These are serious questions, and should be seriously pondered. We are living in peculiar times. The world is travelling fast back to paganism, the paganism of Greece and Rome, splendid and luxurious, alluring to the sense, satisfying to the carnal appetites, debasing to the soul, degrading to the mind, deadening to the heart, mindful only of the present life, regardless of the future. We live in the midst of Pagans, clothed with a light covering, perhaps of religion, but with low standards and with consequent loose ideas and lax practices. "Be not seduced," cries St. Paul warningly. "Evil communications corrupt good manners. Awake ye just, and sin not." "Be not conformed to this world: but be reformed in the newness of your mind." "You are the salt of the earth," says our Lord to us, "but if the salt loses its savor, with what shall it be salted?"



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DIES IRÆ.

By Rev. T. Barrett, S.J.

Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvet sæclum in favilla :
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Day of wrath, of days the day,
Earth shall smoulder to decay :
David and the Sibyl say.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando Judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus !

Ah, how great the trembling fear,
When the Judge shall then appear,
Strictly all accounts to hear.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Trumpet flinging strangest tone
Through earth's tombs shall make weird moan,
Herding all before the throne.

Mors stupebit, et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Death shall marvel, nature too,
When its creatures rise anew,
To the Judge to answer true.

Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Written book shall open be,
In it all things, each decree,
Whence the world adjudged shall be.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quiquid latet, apparebit :
Nil inultum remanebit.

When the Judge enthroned shall reign,
All that's hid will be made plain :
Nothing unavenged remain.

Quid sum, miser, tunc dicturus
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus ?

Wretched me ! What shall I say ?
To what Patron shall I pray ?
Scarce the just their dread allay.

Rex tremendæ majestatis
Qui salvandos salvas gratis
Salva me, fons pietatis.

King of awe-full majesty,
Of the saved Thou Saviour free,
Fount of piety, save me.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,
Ne me perdas illa die.

Jesus dear, remember, pray,
I the cause am of Thy way,
Do not cast me off, that day.

Quærens me sedisti lassus :
Redemisti, crucem passus :
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Weary sat'st Thou seeking me ;
Boughtest, suffering on the Tree ;
Let such toil not fruitless be.

Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

Just Judge, who wilt vengeance take,
Gift of pardon do Thou make
Ere the day of reckoning break.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus :
Supplicanti parce Deus.

Lord, I moan, as worthy blame
Reddens all my face for shame,
Spare me calling on Thy name.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Thou hast sinful Mary shriven,
Heard the robber's cry for heaven,
And to me Thou hope hast given.

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Preces meæ non sunt dignæ Sed tu bonus fac benigne, Ne perenni cremer igne.	Though my prayers unworthy be, Thou art good, deal lovingly, Lest I burn eternally.
Inter oves locum præsta, Et ab hædis me sequestra Statuens in parte dextra.	Midst the sheep, Ah, let me stand, Keep me from the goatish band, Placing me at Thy right hand.
Confutatis maledictis Flammis acribus addictus, Voca me cum benedictis.	When the damned, their shame made known, Into torturing flame are thrown, Call me with the blest Thine own.
Ora supplex et acclinis, Cor contritum quasi cinis, Gere curam mei finis.	Suppliant bowed I breathe my prayer, Heart like ashes, crushed and sere; Of my end do Thou have care.
Lacrymosa dies illa, Qua resurget ex favilla, Judicandus homo reus.	Day of days, all tears and sighs, When from ashes shall arise Culprit man his Judge to hear,
Huic ergo parce Deus. Pie Jesu Domine, Dona eis requiem, Amen.	Him, O Lord, in mercy spare. Jesus loving, Thou my Lord, Grant to them eternal rest. Amen.

CENTENARY CELEBRATION OF THE CONSECRATION OF THE TYROL TO THE SACRED HEART.

THE Tyrol is known throughout Christendom as a land that is not only blessed with nature's choicest gifts, but also as the ideal home of peace, contentment, bravery, loyalty, patriotism and piety. For the last century this God-favored land has struggled successfully against the enemies of its national independence, its faith, its purity of morals, and its Christian traditions; and to-day, as in the days of Andreas Hofer, it maintains its genuine Christian customs and manners unshaken and untainted. This signal victory over the all-prevailing Zeitgeist it owes to higher and more powerful agents than the stern and rugged mountains that encompass its territory. Foremost among those supernatural agencies is the protection of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to which it consecrated itself a hundred years ago. Striking evidences of this protection of the Sacred Heart may be seen in the history of the Tyrol during the last century. No wonder, then, that the brave and faithful "Tyrolers" should, on the occasion of the celebration of this one-hundredth anniversary, give eloquent expression to the long pent-up pious feelings of their grateful hearts

Before entering upon a description of this grand demonstration of faith, love and gratitude to the Sacred Heart, we shall briefly review the facts of the great event which it commemorates.

It was in the year 1796 that Napoleon Bonaparte in his victorious progress, after having captured Milan, marched against Brescia with the design to force his way into Austria through the passes of the Tyrol. The "Little Land" was utterly unprepared for defence. It had nothing to rely on but the bravery and loyalty of its inhabitants, and its trust in God and in the justice of its cause.

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And these were precisely the arms that were destined to save it from the hands of the enemy.

With the approval of the Emperor a provincial congress of the states was quickly convened in the town of Bozen, to deliberate on means of defence. Hither came the representatives of the spiritual and secular orders. A general rally to arms was decided upon, and in case of an invasion of the French troops it was decided that every man capable of bearing arms was to be pressed into service.

Among the members of the congress was the venerable Sebastian Stöckl, Abbot of Stams, renowned no less for patriotism than piety. After the various measures which human prudence required for the defence of the country were passed, this illustrious prelate arose and exhorted the states, while employing all natural means for the safety of their country, to invoke the aid of heaven, and particularly the protection of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and proposed the resolution to consecrate the entire land to the Sacred Heart, and to make a vow in the name of the people henceforth to celebrate the feast of the Sacred Heart as a national holiday. June 1, 1796, this resolution was unanimously carried and entered upon the acts of the Provincial Congress in the following terms:

"To secure the blessing and aid of heaven, in which our dear ancestors always put their trust in such adverse circumstances as the present, and in which they often experienced the protection and safety of our country, for the present and future measures of security, this congress has unanimously resolved by solemn promise to God that, whereas the spiritual and temporal states look for the safety and protection of our dear fatherland through such a vow, in future the feast of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus shall be celebrated throughout the whole land with solemn High Mass; and that, to this effect, on the third day of this month (June), in the parish church of this town, a solemn High Mass shall be celebrated in the presence of the states spiritual and temporal, preceded by an instruction to the people on the occasion and institution of such feast."

On the day appointed, June 3, 1796, the resolution was solemnly carried into effect in the magnificent parish church of Bozen, in the presence of all the members of the congress and a large concourse of people, after the import of the vow had been explained in eloquent terms to those present, and all were earnestly exhorted to impress the love of the Sacred Heart on the growing generation, in order to secure the faithful observance of the vow. Thus closed the famous Congress of Bozen.

Flushed with patriotism, courage, and confidence in the Sacred Heart, the brave *Landesshützen* marched to the frontier. Not a company neglected to have the Church's blessing for its banner, and to renew the act of consecration solemnly made at Bozen, before marching to the field. Thus, while the French troops played havoc north and south of the Tyrol, not one of them dared enter its confines. The banner of the Sacred Heart waved over its mountains and over the battlements of its towns and villages. September 25, of the same year, the feast was celebrated in Holy Trinity Church in Innsbrück, the capital seat of the province, in the presence of all the dignitaries of the land and a huge concourse of people. It was now practically a national feast.

Yet the general introduction had still some serious difficulties to encounter. Josephinism was yet rampant in Austria; the secular government controlled ecclesiastical matters in all their details. It was not till 1799 that, after infinite formalities, the definite permission was given for the solemn celebration of the feast of the Sacred Heart in all the churches of the land. In response to a petition dated January 30, 1799, the Provincial Government of the Tyrol issued

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an edict that "on the second Sunday after the feast of Corpus Christi the feast of the Sacred Heart was to be annually celebrated, with exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, a ten hours' adoration, and High Mass and sermon. In compliance with the edict, the ordinaries of the various dioceses published letters directing that the ordinance of the government should be carried out in all the churches of their jurisdiction.

Meanwhile the special protection of the Sacred Heart was manifest. The arms of the Tyrol were victorious in autumn 1796, when the French forces attempted an invasion of South Tyrol. After several bloody encounters the French were repulsed, while the banner of the Sacred Heart waved victoriously over the brave sons of the Tyrol. This protection, however, was most remarkable in the following year (1797). The Austrian army was routed in Northern Italy and driven before the enemy into the Etsch valley. The Tyrol was in imminent danger. Alarm was spread far and wide. There was a general call to arms. "To arms! to arms! Come one, come all! In the Sacred Heart and in the protection of the Mother of God we trust!"—thus it rang from peak to peak. Not one able-bodied man lagged behind. Thus they rallied, and unarmed and undisciplined as they were, from the height of Springes they rushed upon the victorious, well disciplined and overweening forces of Napoleon, and drove them into precipitous flight. The Sacred Heart was again victorious.

For some years afterwards the Tyrol was in the enjoyment of peace, while wars were raging all around it. But this peace was not to be of long duration. In the strength of the Sacred Heart, in which they confided, the Tyrolese were victorious in the field. But what the force of arms could not do was effected by political intrigue. The Tyrol was subjected to the foreigner. By the iniquitous peace of Pressburg the map of Europe was changed, and in December,



THE HISTORIC BANNER.

1805, the Tyrol became a province of the new kingdom of Bavaria. The new government soon made itself obnoxious by measures hostile to religion and offensive to the national feelings of the Tyrolese. Processions and other external religious manifestations were interdicted. The feast of the Sacred Heart was eliminated from the calendar. The religious orders were banished; bishops and priests were imprisoned.

This was too much for the pious Tyrolese to bear, and led to a general uprising in 1809 under the leadership of the patriot and Christian hero, Andreas Hofer, who soon drove out the usurpers, restored the Tyrol to the ruling house of Hapsburg, and was appointed Governor of the province.

Hofer and his followers were animated by the purest motives of patriotism and zeal for the Catholic religion, which was imperilled, and put their trust in the Sacred Heart. Therefore himself and his men renewed the vow to the Sacred Heart. "With the help of God's Mother," he cried to his soldiers, "we shall capture or slay the enemy; we have dedicated ourselves to the most loving

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Heart of Jesus!" When declared Governor, Hofer ordered the feast of the Sacred Heart to be restored to the calendar in red letters.*

The combined forces, however, of France, Italy and Bavaria soon reconquered the Tyrol and brought the immortal Hofer to the tragic end so celebrated in history and in song.

After this defeat, the Tyrol was again subjected to foreign rule, and the feast of the Sacred Heart was again suppressed. But no sooner had this faithful and loyal people been restored to its rightful rulers, in 1816, than the feast of the Sacred Heart was again re-established by a decree of the Provincial Diet. Thus may be read in the proceedings of the Diet: "The states in congress assembled decided unanimously that the feast of the Sacred Heart, which in bygone years was sanctioned by vow in grateful memory of the aversion of danger from our country, be observed according to custom." On June 23, 1816, after an interruption of seven years, the feast was again celebrated with all due solemnity throughout the Tyrol.

The act of consecration was solemnly renewed throughout the land in the years 1848, 1859, 1861, 1866, 1870 and 1876, being occasions of special danger to the Empire or of special devotion. In proclaiming the *Bundeschwur* (the oath of the covenant) to the Sacred Heart in 1870, the Prince Bishop of Trent could say with truth: "Firm and united in faith has stood the Tyrol, in virtue of the power which it drew from the fountain of all strength—the divine Heart of Jesus—to whom it has sworn fealty." In the year 1876 this renewal was celebrated with very special solemnity and enthusiasm, mainly through the efforts of two prelates, the Most Rev Vincent Gasser and John Haller, the latter a native of the same valley as Andreas Hofer, and now Cardinal Archbishop of Salzburg and prime mover in the great demonstration of the present year.

Besides these celebrations, the national interest in the devotion to the Sacred Heart was intensified in 1867 by the building of a memorial chapel in honor of the Sacred Heart at St. Leonard's, the birthplace of Andreas Hofer; and in 1882, by the erection of a memorial cross in Springes, to commemorate the victory of the Tyrolese arms under the protection of the Sacred Heart and the leadership of Andreas Hofer.

The present jubilee celebrations opened with the laying of the corner-stone of a magnificent church in honor of the Sacred Heart, by the Redemptorist Fathers in Innsbrück, which is to be a worthy monument to the devotion of the Tyrolese. "This Church of the Sacred Heart," says the parchment deposited in the corner-stone, "shall testify to future generations that the piety which animated our forefathers still exists in all its strength and vigor in the hearts of their children in 1896."

For a century, then, the Tyrolese have shown themselves loyal to the Sacred Heart, and the Sacred Heart did not allow itself to be outdone in loyalty. It has repaid the generosity of these good mountaineers a thousandfold. Well might the Cardinal Primate and the Bishops of the Tyrol in their pastoral to the people, publishing this jubilee, proclaim with grateful hearts:

"This jubilee is above all a feast of thanksgiving for the many and great favors that for the past hundred years have come to us from the Most Sacred Heart. Our well known Act of Consecration gives fit expression to these favors: Thou hast regarded with compassion the prayers and supplications of our forefathers; Thou hast turned Thy loving Heart to our country in its affliction; Thou hast maintained it in that faith in which alone there is salvation; Thou hast saved it from mighty enemies, and thus magnified Thy holy name among the nations. And therefore we offer to

*For a sketch of this Christian hero, see MESSENGER 1887, pp. 301-304

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Thy divine Heart our adoration, our praise, and our thanksgiving."

Well did the good Tyrolese answer the call of their illustrious spiritual leaders. venerable old town, which had donned its most festive garb to bid them a joyous welcome The Prince Bishop of Trent arrived the day before and was



THE PROCESSION OF CLERGY AND LAITY.

The first and chief celebration was held the first of June in Bozen, the scene of the first vow and consecration of the country to the Sacred Heart. Already, May 30, the pilgrims were on their way to the met at the station and driven in a state coach, drawn by four horses, to the magnificent parish church. Greater honors still were paid to the Cardinal Prince Bishop of Salzburg on his arrival the

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next day, though he had travelled incognito to prevent all demonstrations. Later arrived the Prince Bishop of Brixen; he was greeted with similar honors.

Abbots, prelates and priests had come in large numbers from all parts of the province and empire. There were the governor of the province, the commander-in-chief of the army, deputies of the diet, representatives of the Tyrolese nobility, delegations of the students' guilds and associations, sodalities and confraternities, deputations from many cities, towns and villages, came to take part in the solemnities. Seventy congregations, some of them quite numerous, under the leadership of their pastors, organized pilgrimages and joined in the procession, in which the historic picture of the Sacred Heart that had once been desecrated by the Josephinists was borne in triumph.

The people of Bozen themselves, however, outdid all others on this occasion. The beautiful old town was most gorgeously decorated. Already several days before the opening of the celebration it was arrayed in festive splendor—gay festoons mingling with tasteful bunting, while banners floated from every eminence. The enthusiasm was universal. Even the poorest houses in the lanes and alleys of the city were decorated in a most tasteful and affecting manner. The visiting multitude poured into the city, arrayed in their quaint costumes, and added to the variety of the interesting scene. In the parish church the picture of the Sacred Heart was exposed for veneration over the magnificently decorated high altar. A constant procession of worshippers moved towards the church to venerate the holy picture.

On the morning of June 1 the inhabitants of Bozen were aroused at four o'clock by the firing of cannon and mortars. The peasants from the country, headed by their pastors, and preceded by cross-bearer and acolytes, alternately praying aloud and singing, began to enter the city and direct their footsteps toward the parish church. At seven o'clock, A. M., His Eminence, the Cardinal Prince Bishop, preached the sermon of the occasion, after which the Prince Bishop of Trent celebrated the pontifical High Mass, at which all the visitors assisted.

After the High Mass the procession was formed. It was a most imposing spectacle. Over mountain and valley the brave peasants had come from all parts of the province. Some had walked the whole night; yet not one failed to join the festive train, devoutly singing the hymns of the Church, or telling their beads. Most of them wore their ancient costumes, and the men bore their muskets on their shoulders. Forty-five music bands played sacred and patriotic melodies. The picture of the Sacred Heart was borne by eight privileged peasant-freeholders from Passeir, Hofer's native valley, who had inherited their holdings and the honors attached to them from a long line of ancestors, while men of Springes, the descendants of those who had distinguished themselves in the battles of their country, with their glorious banner, formed the guard of honor.

The procession moved from the parish church through the principal streets to Erzherzog Johanns-Platz. There a tribune was erected on which the picture of the Sacred Heart was exposed to the veneration of the faithful. Around the tribune were planted 130 military banners that were carried in the procession, many of which had been borne in the battles of 1796-1797, and had inspired the brave Tyrolese with loyalty to God, Emperor and country.

After the bishops and prelates had taken their seats on the platform, His Eminence, Cardinal Haller, repeated the Tyrolese Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart, which the multitude with a voice like thunder repeated after him. Hereupon the Prince Bishop of Trent gave the apostolic blessing, which, in a

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special audience, he had obtained from His Holiness for the occasion.

In the afternoon, at an early hour, the prelates, clergy and people assembled once more at the Palace Toggenburg for the unveiling of a memorial tablet commemorating the occasion. It is a bas-relief in marble of exquisite art representing the historic picture of the Sacred Heart, and an inscription commemorative of the event.

The church celebration concluded with a solemn *Te Deum*. As soon as the night set in, the whole town, as by an enchanter's spell, was transformed into a sea of many-tinted lights, while thousands of rockets shot through the air. Bonfires blazed on every mountain top. It was a day never to be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to witness the grand festivities.



ANDREAS HOFER.

This grand celebration at Bozen, June 1, was only, as it were, the solemn opening of a series of similar festivities in all the towns and villages of the province during the month. These smaller celebrations took place chiefly on the Sunday after the octave of the feast of Corpus Christi, which is the day set apart for the feast of the Sacred Heart in the Tyrol, and which this year fell on June 14. There is a certain sameness about these festivities, but they are all modelled more or less on the chief celebration at Bozen. Notable features, of course, were the General Communions held in all the churches, processions, fireworks and military parades of the brave *Landesschützen*.

The most notable was that of Innsbrück June 21. Innsbrück is the capital of the Tyrol, and has always been the head centre of the devotion to the Sacred Heart and the Apostleship of Prayer. Here also in the Jesuit Church of the Holy Trinity is preserved the memorable picture of the Sacred Heart, which was once desecrated by the fanaticism of the Josephists, but was again restored, and is now held in great veneration by the Tyrolese. The celebration at Innsbrück was greatly enhanced by the presence of the Jesuit theological faculty of the university and its students, who number several hundred clerics of nearly all civilized nations and tongues. This festivity, it must be remembered, was part of the general programme prescribed by the authorities.

Space does not permit us to dwell at any length on the minor celebrations, but we may be permitted to close our sketch with the following passage from a letter of the Prince Bishop of Brixen, giving his impression of the festivities of the month. After thanking his people for their zeal he writes:

"It was a grand, universal act of homage, which the people rendered to their supreme Liege-Lord and Comrade in arms. The chief celebration in Bozen, and the equally solemn commemeration in the capital of the province [Innsbrück] the solemnization of the feast of the Sacred Heart throughout the whole country—in town and village, even in the remotest valleys—those were days of rejoicing, edification and magnificence,

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all devoted to the honor of the Sacred Heart by a loyal people.

"It was a pleasure and a source of edification to behold how the faithful rallied around the altars and, after several days' preparatory devotions, fervently approached the holy sacraments, renewed their allegiance to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and, praying aloud, marched in procession through the streets and along the highways. This devotion of the Heart, as was quite natural it should, manifested itself in the most various ways. Neither time nor money was spared to enhance the splendor of the occasion. How many thousand hands were employed for the decoration and illumination of the houses! What a grand and universal illumination of the whole land on the feast of the Sacred Heart, when the peaks and sides of the mountains were all ablaze with countless lights and fires, in many cases artistically grouped in the form of a heart—an expressive symbol of the burning love of the divine Heart of Jesus for us and our love for Him!

"Our celebration makes up one of the most honorable and beautiful pages of the history of the Tyrol; it will be a grand model for the celebration of the next centenary in 1996, a spectacle delightful to behold for men and angels. It is also a profession of faith, a far-sounding *Credo* of the people of the Tyrol, audible to the entire world. Strangers who assisted at our celebration were edified and inspired by what they saw and heard. The example of devotion to the Sacred Heart will not be without its influence on the Catholics of other parts. This influence is already visible. The archdiocese of Salzburg and the Province of Vorarlberg have already been consecrated to the Sacred Heart. May the other bishoprics of Austria soon follow in their wake!

"I must confess it, such a consoling celebration I never yet witnessed in this diocese. 'I am filled with comfort; I exceedingly abound with joy in our tribulation' (II. Cor. vii, 4). Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., who, from the very outset, took the most lively interest in our celebration, will certainly be greatly rejoiced at the detailed account of our festivities which has already been sent him.

"What gives its special value and sacredness to our festive celebration is, however, that the sentiments which inspired and animated it were not artificially called forth; it was all the spontaneous outpouring of the hearts of the people. It was our Liege-Lord Himself, who, by the inspiration of His grace enkindled this zeal, who inflamed the hearts with devotion, moved the hands to action, inspired the poet's and the musician's genius to glorify the occasion, and filled all hearts without exception with joy and enthusiasm."

Long may the love of the Sacred Heart burn in the hearts of this noble Catholic people!



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FOR NOVEMBER, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with His Blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

THE Christian world is much exercised at the present moment over the sad condition of the faithful Armenians, whose lives are at the mercy of the cruel and unbelieving Turks. From time to time we are called upon to sympathize with and succor our fellow beings suffering persecution from their fellow men or prostrate under some terrible visitation of Providence. The appeals strike lightly on the ears of the selfish or worldly-minded, but no truly Christian heart can let them pass unheeded; and the more helpless and deserving the objects of our sympathy are, the more eager should we be to attend to their cry of distress and offer them whatever relief is in our power.

If we cannot hear the cries of the souls in purgatory, if their cause is not pleaded by a worldly and godless press, their sufferings are none the less real, and their claims upon our piety none the less urgent. Neither are they without a means of having us know their sufferings and their claims. In the Mass and Office of the Dead, in the funeral services and other prayers which the Church is constantly recommending for her departed children, in the instructions and sermons of her ministers, we hear quite distinctly the strains of mourning, as of a Rachel deploring her little ones and refusing to be comforted, and just as distinctly her motherly pleading to look and see if there be sorrow like unto the sorrow of those who have departed this life before they were fully worthy to be united in blessedness with her eternal spouse.

The prayers and services of the Church are but the correct and eloquent expression of the common faith of her children. In her prayers and services for the souls in purgatory there is besides a loving expression of the pious sentiments with which we regard the departed who in life had been united to us by ties of blood or of kindred. Her dogmatic utterances on the state of souls after death are very few, and brief; indeed, there are but two such dogmas, and they are always stated in a way that encourages and comforts us. One of them reminds us of the mercy of God in providing purgatory as a means of making us entirely worthy of His divine sight; and the other impresses upon us the fact that the living, by their prayers and good works, hasten the time when the souls in purgatory can be admitted into the divine presence. Everything else is left to our own pious consideration. The nature of the pains of purgatory, their duration or degree, all are left to us, the Church being assured that in a question which so nearly concerns our own welfare we shall neither lose time in idle speculations, nor minimize or exaggerate any important point of doctrine, but dwell with her on what has been defined for our belief, the existence of purgatory

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and the reality of the relief afforded by our prayers to souls suffering its pains.

It required some courage to assert these truths in days not long passed. From the time of Luther and Calvin the ministers of the true Gospel have had to stand for the mercy of God and for the benefit of our prayers to the suffering souls, and uphold divine revelation and the traditions of the Church about this as well as about other articles of faith, in spite of the abuse and ravings of the miserable sectarians. Even nowadays, when some non-Catholics admit the propriety of occasional or of private prayers for the dead, our holy mother is more outspoken than ever in her office and services, in her books and pulpits, begging for the suffrage of the faithful in public and in private, not occasionally or at long intervals, but repeatedly and constantly; not merely as a solace for our grief but for real relief to their pains, because in her sincere belief in the power of prayer to assist the suffering souls, and in her knowledge of the need that most souls have of the sufferings of purgatory to cleanse them from the last trace of sin, she must consistently plead for our continued and universal prayer in their behalf.

The eyes of God are too pure to look upon evil, whether the evil be sin itself, howsoever venial in our estimation, or any of the evil habits contracted by sin, or even the liability to punishment incurred by it. Nothing defiled, therefore, can enter God's presence; no soul can be rewarded by a sight of His face until it has paid the last farthing of its debt to His justice. Even were the Almighty to forego the satisfaction offered Him by the sufferings of a soul once stained by sin, these sufferings would be necessary to purify the soul itself and make it feel in some degree worthy of His divine sight. The temporal punishment we are all condemned to as the penalty of original sin, the frequent evils that visit us as a result of our own actual sins, the weakness of will, the darkness of intellect and the disorders of body and soul, all make it abundantly clear that with all our repentance and with all the means we may take to lessen our penalties, we still give way to daily faults and imperfections and keep deserving God's chastisements oftener than we merit His rewards. All this is a debt that must be paid either in time or in eternity, by trials and sufferings in this life, or by the pains of purgatory if we die in God's grace before the debt has been fully discharged.

The souls that are detained in the prison house of God's mercy, as purgatory has been called, although in every sense *holy* souls, since they have closed their time of trial on this earth in a friendly union with their Maker, cannot yet be called happy, because they cannot be admitted to God's presence, and because they must suffer the torments inflicted upon them for their sins. It is true that they have the assurance that they will after an interval be admitted to enjoy the sight of God for all eternity, and this assurance gives them no little comfort in their woes; on the other hand, St. Gregory, St. Catharine of Genoa, and ascetic theologians generally tell us that this very assurance sharpens the pain they feel in the temporary loss or delay of the beatific vision. It is worth while reading the explanation of Lessius on this point.

"When the holy souls see themselves shut out from glory, that seemed within their grasp, and consigned to a dreadful exile, to satisfy fully for past offences, they are broken with an indescribable sorrow. Their grief can be measured only by the motives from which it springs. First, they are kept from their sovereign good, the very time they ought to be united with it. They realize most keenly how immense it is, and long for it most ardently. Then they feel that all this is their own fault. Next, they deplore their neglect to satisfy for their fault at a time when it

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could be done so easily, instead of leaving all to be suffered now, a thought that feeds the bitterness of their woe. Finally they grieve for the eternal treasures and the high grades of heavenly glory, which might have been theirs, but now lost, all through their own neglect."

We may not appreciate the holy theologian's explanation. Our self-love and fondness for the good things of life keep us from sympathizing with a soul suffering purely for its separation from God. We are too apt to indulge in speculations more or less vain about purgatory and to lose sight of the two certain truths laid down about it. Thus we hear vain attempts to solve the problem of its whereabouts, to decide how long its pains will last, to determine their character and degree, to compare them with the sufferings of this life and with the torments of hell, to question whether purgatory will last after the general judgment, and to raise a number of other points, proper enough in themselves, but of little practical import until we shall have mastered the two certain things about purgatory, viz.: that it exists and that our prayers can help the souls detained there.

It may be urged that before we can be aroused to sympathy with the suffering souls we must need conceive a vivid sense of their torments. But it is wrong to suppose that the only way of conceiving this vivid sense, is by studying the extent and variety of their torments' duration. To go about realizing the nature of their suffering in a way that will make us sympathize most with them, and that at the same time will most benefit ourselves, is to strive to think what the loss of God means for them, deprived as they are of every resort to His creatures, stripped of their very bodies, cast utterly on Him as the sole object of their existence and still shut out from His divine presence. Should God withdraw Himself from our lives, what cold contentment we should find in His creatures? Were we cut off from both, what loneliness and abandonment would we not suffer? Holy writers tell us that the souls in purgatory suffer exquisite torments of every sort, but none equals this torment of a temporal separation from the light of God's countenance.

To move ourselves to earnest prayer for the souls in purgatory, we should not need to hear that they are suffering positive torments; it should be enough to know that they are not as happy as they might be. It should be a motive also to know that they cannot help themselves except by suffering, and that our prayers will be accepted instead of their sufferings. This is the important point, not to waste time or energy in speculations that gratify our own curiosity, but to multiply efforts to bring them relief. This has been the important point with Catholics from the earliest ages of the Church. On the principle of St. Paul that prayers and supplications are to be offered for all men, the true Christian spirit needs only to recognize the needs of a fellow being, living or dead, to give him the benefit of his prayers as well as of his good works. So we have Tertullian appealing to Catholic custom and tradition, St. Augustine doing the same, while his pious mother St. Monica bade him offer Masses for her soul; St. Cyprian telling us "we always offer sacrifices for them as often as we celebrate the sufferings and days of the martyrs on the anniversary commemoration"; St. Cyril of Jerusalem: "Then we also commemorate those who have fallen asleep before us, . . . believing that it will be very great assistance to their souls." So likewise St. Ambrose, St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Basil, St. Bernard, St. Jerome, St. Chrysostom, Fathers and Doctors in every age and clime.

If our piety need additional motives for praying for the dead, it will help us to remember how we owe it to them in discharge of our debt of love according to God's first law; we owe it to particu-

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lar souls among them, because we are either bound to them by ties of kinship, or indebted to them to repair the scandal we may have given them, or to make up for not having exercised on them a good influence during life. Again, nothing is so salutary or profitable to our own souls as the practice of praying frequently and urgently for the dead; since it gradually makes us careful to avoid the faults that would prolong our own stay in purgatory, and obtains for us the gratitude of the holy souls themselves, a gratitude they can show us now as well as later when they shall be dwelling in heaven.

The highest of all motives should inspire us in our devotion to the holy souls. Prayers for their deliverance promote the glory of God. Every prayer uttered for them implies a belief in the existence of purgatory, as one of the excellent devices of the wisdom, justice and mercy of God and is therefore an acknowledgment of the divine excellence, a tribute to God's glory. Besides, every prayer for the holy souls brings some one of them nearer to God, and thus helps to increase the number of elect souls that surround His throne as a crown of glory, God's greatest glory being in the multitude of His saints.

Finally, it will not do for us, as Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, to overlook one motive that should always be uppermost with us. The deliverance of the holy souls is one of Christ's chief interests. He longs for their relief and their company. They are His suffering members, they are His poor in many ways, so poor that they cannot help themselves. They are in prison, after His reminder. "I was in prison, and ye visited me." How supreme this interest is, we are constantly hearing from the Church His spouse, who discloses the secret yearnings of His Heart to us and calls on us night and day to come into her house of mourning, to descend into the tomb in which her cherished children are detained as in a prison house, waiting for such time as, by their own sufferings coupled with our prayers, they may be fit to be admitted to the nuptials of the Lamb.

We need no other motives for helping the holy souls. We should take up the task of relieving them promptly, and perform it diligently. We should make known to others the needs of the holy souls and the benefits they derive from our prayers. To this end it will help to be familiar with Catholic doctrine on purgatory, as explained in such books as Mumford's *Remembrance of the Living to Pray for the Dead*, and Coleridge's *Prisoners of the King*. We need not read much; the subject is one that easily excites our sympathies and zeal.

As for the means of assisting the holy souls, first of all, the great sacrifice of our redemption, the Holy Mass, is the most powerful of all, and we should offer it for the souls in purgatory daily, even when it is not in our power to assist at it. Not a Mass is offered without a commemoration of the faithful departed, "that to them and to all who have fallen asleep in Christ, Thou, O Lord, may grant a place of rest, light and peace." Next in order comes Holy Communion, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, prayer and fasting, almsdeeds, works of service for the Church, works of piety, self-denial, mortification, in a word, any of the good deeds enumerated on our treasury blanks are of great value for the relief of the suffering souls.

PRAYER FOR THE INTENTION OF THE MONTH.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular, for the Souls in Purgatory.

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THE·READER·

UNDER the caption of "Les Chercheurs d'Etoiles," M. Claveau, in a brilliant leader of a recent issue of the *Figaro*, gives a very gloomy picture of the intellectual and religious condition of the so-called cultured world of France.

"Restless investigators and anxious philosophers," he says, "search the heavens in the hope of finding a guiding star to light the modern soul on her path. Rightly or wrongly, they imagine that the bark that bears the moral fortune of humanity—at least of France—sails without rudder or compass on a sea that is beset with rocks, and, like Andrew the Swede, they seek the pole in a balloon. They would be satisfied with even a dark lantern, provided it conducted them, like the Shepherds and Magi, to a new Bethlehem."

In this darkness the world goes in search of a star. It matters little how insignificant it is; provided it is new, it eclipses every other interest for the time being. The grand problem of life is lost sight of. "Yet this religious indifference is but a varnish, a cloak, a light crust, which conceals for a certain length of time the inevitable restlessness. The various physical and intellectual diversions, which have been devised for this purpose, can hardly conceal the moral excitement, the inward fever arising from other cares and other cravings. Those who experience these qualms of conscience are legion; and consequently we have an army of philosophers in reserve. Hence visionaries arise; and a professor of rhetoric at a university celebration need only deliver an address on 'Unity in Education' to bring the whole continent and adjacent isles into commotion. From the four cardinal points the welkin rings with the echo of the voice of this new Forefunner in cap and gown, preaching a new baptism to the world. In his humble person is hailed by the world the founder of a new religion, whether true or false." Thus a star has been found which may shine for a brief space, until its lustre is eclipsed by some new luminary.

* * *

To this lamentable condition liberalism has led a large portion of the population, though it would be unjust to Catholic France to suppose that this intellectual chaos is universal. There is still a large element of orthodox Catholics in France, but the trouble is, there as elsewhere, that those who do the loud talking and writing are free-thinkers, infidels, liberals, Free Masons and libertines, and the public at home and abroad, ever eager for scandal, are more disposed to listen to them than to the advocates of true religious, social, moral, and intellectual progress. This intellectual darkness and confusion in France is the logical outcome of liberalism.

To such a pass things have come in a strictly Catholic country, that men discussing the most important questions of life—religion, education, the destiny of man, the rights of property, the duties of man to man, the most elementary questions of ethics—are unable to understand one another. Every man, who thinks he has a right to be heard, speaks in a jargon of his own which is unintelligible to all but himself and the few initiated. Confusion of ideas begets confusion of language, and thus the mystery of Babel is enacted over again.

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The language of the Church alone is intelligible and consistent. It is *yea* and *nay* on the great problems of life, without hedging, glossing, mincing or magnifying. This is the Church's policy in action as well as in doctrine. Any one who departs from this honest, straightforward, clear-cut path of action and speech within the Church ceases thereby to represent her, nay, positively misrepresents her, however good his intentions may be.

* * *

This policy of simplicity and straightforwardness in the Church is called conservativeness, while the opposite policy goes by the name of liberalism. The language of conservatism is plain, direct, uncompromising; it gives things their proper names. Liberalism, on the other hand, is always hedging, trimming, minimizing, conniving, toadying to secular power, cringing to all but lawful authority, impatient of all that is traditional and time-honored, often arrogant and abusive, fulsome in its praise and violent in its vituperation, generally inconsistent, and not seldom insincere. It is fond of publicity, rushes into print, is never done discussing the "spirit of the age" and the "needs of our country," and forecasting the broad outlines of the future. It loves to expatiate on commonplaces, such as Americanism, patriotism, freedom of conscience and speech, civil and religious liberty, toleration, and the common "fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man." It is always ready to stand on the same broad, non-sectarian platform with outsiders, and apprehends little danger from the indiscriminate association of Catholics with Protestants. It is inclined to look upon mixed education and mixed marriages as a means of spreading Catholicity. All this it calls "modernizing the Church." Yet the Church remains—"to-day, yesterday, and the same forever."

* * *

We have had very striking instances of this so-called liberal policy in this country for the last few years. It is unpleasant to recall the memory of those things at the present moment, but the fact that the same policy still periodically crops out in an irresponsible press, and through irresponsible and anonymous agents, compels us, however reluctantly, to call attention to the facts. In doing so we shall briefly contrast the true policy of the Church with the tactics of liberalism.

It is still fresh in our memory how, some years ago, a liberal crusade was opened against our Catholic parochial schools. They were to be secularized or reduced to mixed schools, with religion only as a side-show. Their defenders were blackguarded and ridiculed, and threatened with the vengeance of Rome. The Pope and his Representative were loudly quoted in favor of mixed or public schools. A great revolution was to be effected in the domain of Catholic education. What was the upshot? Rome, with admirable forbearance, upheld the decrees of Baltimore in their entirety; and now, within the last few days, the illustrious prelate who, of all others, was supposed to have led the liberal movement, to his honor be it said, comes out publicly in the strongest and most unmistakable language in favor and defence of the parochial school.

In like manner, we heard it loudly asserted by the same liberal agency, that the ban was to be raised from secret societies in this country, even from the Free Masons. What happened in reality? Leo XIII.'s teaching on Free Masonry was enforced anew, and three other secret orders were put on the list of the forbidden.

Much capital was made by the liberal party of the Parliament of Religions, as a new departure that broke down the barriers which separated the Church from the sects, and thus prevented free interchange of thought. The result was the explicit prohibition to Catholics to take further part in such gatherings.

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Bishops, religious orders, and other "laggards," were to be coerced into the liberal movement by the Pope and his Representative; the Church was to be Americanized (whatever that means). And yet not a bishop has been unseated, not a religious order has been disciplined, and the Church is where it stood —loyal, but not officious or subservient to any political influence.

* * *

In days gone by this liberal policy was managed through the agency of a French newspaper in Rome, known as the *Moniteur de Rome*, which gave the cue to the American secular and liberal press. With the failure of the liberal policy, this French sheet also went under. Since then its work has been carried on chiefly by a bi-monthly correspondent to the New York *Sun*, who signs himself *Innominato*. Who Innominato is we do not even pretend to conjecture. This we know, that he is an able writer, who understands how to make the worse cause appear the better, who can don the garb of an angel of light and deceive, not only "the elect," which we hold to be a comparatively easy matter, but even the New York *Sun*, which is a rather arduous undertaking.

Innominato has thoroughly mastered the language of European liberalism, and knows well how to translate it into United States. He is a careful reader of the Roman and Parisian papers, and is well posted on the liberal sentiment in America. For the rest, the letters might as well be written in New York, London, or Constantinople, as "before the brazen gates of the Vatican." The language of the letters is always dignified and elegant, yet somewhat Johnsonian. Their policy is exactly the same as that of the defunct *Moniteur*—a policy of misrepresentation, always within the lines of what is probable, and credible, at least to the uninstructed public. They rarely deal with facts, but rather with motives, policies and future possibilities. They profess the highest admiration for, and loyalty to, the Pope and high officials of the Roman Court. They affect to know the Pope's mind on any given subject of ecclesiastical policy. In short, Innominato's letters are models of liberal style and liberal tactics.

We often wondered why it was that some representative of the Catholic press has not long since torn the mask from the face of this pretentious fraud. We have been still more surprised from time to time to see Catholic papers print his deceitful oracles with flaming headlines in their columns. To an educated man of Catholic instincts his language alone ought to betray his character. Besides, those who have read his lucubrations with any attention for the last few years cannot fail to perceive that from the very outset he has forecast a line of policy for the Holy Father, which has not only not been borne out, but flatly contradicted, by the facts.

* * *

We shall give a few instances of a not very remote date to illustrate the style and character of this self-constituted oracle of the Pope's policy. The Apostolic delegation at Washington and its illustrious incumbent have at different times occupied much of his attention. Some time ago a report was spread, it matters not on what grounds, that the successor of His Eminence, Cardinal Satolli, would be Mgr. Falconio, a Franciscan friar, who would doubtless have been a very fit subject for the appointment. Our "sacred seer" thought that there was reason to believe that Falconio, because he was a monk, would be a *persona ingrata* to certain bishops of the United States. He knew, moreover, that Falconio had received another appointment that was likely to be permanent. Thus the data were given for a political prophecy, and forth came the oracular letter headed by the *Sun*: "*Falconio impossible, because he is a monk.*" Thus Innominato formulates and proves his assumption:

"Among those whom public report

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has selected to succeed Mgr. Satolli comes first of all Mgr. Falconio, procurator-general of the Franciscans at Rome. His brilliant career is well known. His studies in the United States, his teaching, his labors in Canada, his return to Rome, his elevation to ecclesiastical dignities, seem to mark him out for the office. But in spite of confidential influences brought to bear upon him, Leo XIII. has never dreamed of selecting him. Mgr. Falconio is a monk. Now, a monk, in his mind, has a different part to play, a higher duty to fulfil. The Pope has ideas of his own on that subject; very strong and very fixed in the matter of ecclesiastical traditions, what the theologians call the *sensus Catholicus*. The religious orders are a sacred body-guard, called according to the needs and circumstances of every period, to serve as a breastplate for the mystic body of the Church. They are, therefore, neither the head that commands nor the heart that sends out to the limbs life and the sum of conserving forces. They represent knowledge, charity, virtue; they are not the government, they are not *jure divino* the parochial ministry. Leo XIII. is influenced in this matter by the great traditional ideas."

What our brilliant nameless correspondent says of the religious and secular clergy may be very true. But he made his reckoning without his host this time; and before he had time to write another epistle, Leo XIII. had appointed not only a monk, but a *hermit* to fill the office of Delegate to the United States taking no account of the supernal wisdom of the "divine seer," Innominato.

But Innominato had no time to worry over his disappointment at this glaring infringement of traditional precedent. He is engaged, in his next letter, with the reconstruction of the delegation, and its divorce from the influence of the Propaganda. If this difficulty is once bridged over it matters not who is delegate. For the next two weeks following, he devises plans "to modernize" the Church of France. Thus he delivers himself in his latest effusion to hand.

"Just now something extraordinary is going on in the old Church of France, that privileged child of the Roman Pontificate. Since the democratic and republican encyclicals of Leo XIII. a spirit of reform, of initiative, is breathing upon the clergy: to break with the monarchial and Sulpician routine of the last three centuries; to strike out into the economical and social current; to come out from the rotten tombs of the ancient parties; to adapt clerical education to the needs of the young generations; to strike, if not for the abrogation, at least, for the enlargement of the Concordat; to introduce into the life of the Church science with its methods, its laws, and its results; to modernize everything, while keeping intact the divine and evangelical deposit of faith; such is the spirit, such is the ideal of the French Church."

The French Church and the French clergy, according to Innominato, have been evidently all wrong for the last 300 years, since such a radical change is necessary. This, as every one sees, is an outrage against the learned and pious clergy and the venerable Church of France. This is the language of arrogance and sensationalism, not of intelligence and progress. *Non in commotione Dominus:* God is not in the whirlwind.

Having thus organized the Apostolic Delegation and rejuvenated "the most ancient daughter of the Church" we may await in the near future from Innominato's fertile brain and facile pen a brilliant plan of campaign for our new Apostolic Delegate in the columns of the New York *Sun*. Verily, we live in a glorious age when all the wisdom of the Roman Court may be picked up in our streets for a nickel. Who, then, would remain in blissful ignorance, when such wisdom may be had for a penny a line!

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Anglican Orders Invalid.—The death-knell of the claimants of the validity of Anglican orders has been sounded. Nothing else could have been expected, but still while there was life in the cause there was hope. Leo XIII., they seemed to think, by appointing a commission, had admitted the possibility that life was not extinct, and that after a lapse of three centuries it could be revived. But, alas for the hopers, the commission that sat in Rome proved to have been holding a *post-mortem*. Was it time and labor lost? By no means. This slow, calm, impartial, judicial examination has closed forever the lips of those who claimed that a matter of such vital importance had never been properly examined and decided. Those who read between the lines knew what the Pope's late encyclical meant. Now His Holiness states that "after long study I must confirm the decrees of my predecessors that all ordinations made under the Anglican rite are absolutely invalid." Thus ends the attempt at any corporate reunion between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. It would have been impossible in any case, for there is no such thing as corporate union among Anglicans. There is no unity of authority which all Anglicans recognize, consequently there could never be any unity of faith nor obedience of all the members to any decrees. As before, union with Rome must come from the submission of individuals to the Vicar of Christ.

Leo XIII. once in England.—The interest which His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., has taken in the English people and his desire to see them all in the one fold, recall the fact that he is the first Pope who has trodden English soil for centuries. In 1844, when he was Nuncio at Brussels, he was presented to Queen Victoria by the celebrated convert priest, the Hon. and Rev. Ignatius Spencer, the brother of the Earl Spencer of that time, on whose invitation Mgr. Pecci, the future Pope, crossed over to England and spent a month in London. The Catholic papers of the period show that he officiated in St. Mary's, Moorfields, and the old Sardinian chapel at Lincoln's Inn Fields. The former was then the Catholic cathedral of London and the latter was frequented by Italians from all parts of the metropolis, including the reigning operatic singers of both sexes at Covent Garden, who gave their services gratuitously to the choir. Moreover, His Holiness has observed the number of English who flock to Rome every year, and, whether Protestant or Catholic, seek an audience and a blessing.

Protestant Alarm in Wales.—The Holy Father's appointment of a Vicar-apostolic for Wales in the person of Bishop Mostyn, of old Welsh stock, seems to have had a wonderful effect. The enemy have taken alarm and are considering the spread of Catholicism in Wales. One of the Protestant organizations states that "it was deeply impressed with the necessity of supplanting this section (Flintshire) of the work by other measures more directly calculated to arrest the inroads of known Catholicism in the near future." We hope that their alarm is well founded. The fact is that Cardinal Vaughan was remarkably well received when he recently paid a visit to North Wales, and he had a very large audience when he spoke on the great subject of Christian unity. Is not this the beginning of a great revival of the ancient faith? The Welsh did not apostatize as a people, but rather for want of priests in times of persecution the faith languished, died out and was supplanted by Protestant sects. Has not St. Winefride done much to attract the attention of her countrymen to the only Church which has the gift of miracles?

Menelek and Papal Rights.—Some time ago we spoke of the Pope's magnanimous and patriotic intervention

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on behalf of the Italian prisoners in Abyssinia. It has proved partially successful. News comes from Rome that Mgr. Macario, the Papal Envoy, has reported to the Vatican the refusal of King Menelek to liberate all the prisoners until a final peace be concluded with Italy, but that he will free all those who are natives of the former States of the Church as the Pope's subjects. This is another humiliation for King Humbert and his government. As it is also reported that the Negus has declined to enter into negotiations with the military envoy despatched for the purpose, on the ground of his insufficient rank, the release of the remainder of the unhappy prisoners seems relegated to a distant future. The conduct of Menelek in this matter should open the eyes of those Italians who have not wilfully closed them to the rights of the successors of St. Peter to the States of the Church, rights evident even to this Abyssinian ruler.

More Priest than Prince.—It is edifying to note that Prince Maximilian, the nephew of the King of Saxony, has shown throughout his course preparatory for the priesthood in the seminary at Eichstätt, a thoroughly democratic spirit. He would not allow the ordinary discipline to be relaxed for him, but cheerfully performed all the duties of seminary life. He has, with the assent of the King of Saxony and of the Saxon Government, signed a document renouncing all the rights hitherto possessed by him in virtue of his royal birth. The document, however, contains a clause providing that the renunciation shall become legally null and void in case of the decease of all other princes of the royal house of Saxony. On the occasion of his ordination he was the recipient of a handsome gold medal from Pope Leo. On one side of the medal is the figure of the Pope and on the reverse side the device: "*Fiat unum ovile et unus pastor*"—"Let there be one fold and one pastor"—the thought uppermost in Leo XIII.'s mind.

The young priest has already begun his public ministry in the German church of St. Boniface, Whitechapel, London. At a reception tendered him, he said, in reply to a speech of congratulation, that they must not look upon him as a prince, but simply as a priest, which was really a nobler title, and that he had come to London to labor among workingmen.

Catholicity in Hawaii.—The aim of persecution is of course to destroy, but in God's providence it often has the opposite effect, and rather strengthens and increases the faith. So apparently it is in Hawaii. In 1826 the Protestants drove the Catholic missionaries out of the Sandwch Islands, and yet to-day there are 31,000 Catholics out of a total population of 90,000. They have thirty-five churches, fifty-nine chapels, one college, three academies and ten parochial schools—truly a goodly showing for the zeal of the priests and sisters who have devoted their lives for the salvation of these poor people.

In this connection we may quote the Rev. L. L. Conrady, who labored with Father Damien in the leper colony of Molokai, and who recently went to Japan to perform the same heroic labors. He writes this of the religious tendencies of the natives of that country: "The Japanese are fluctuating. They have virtually lost their old religion and to-day, as a nation, they have none. They know something about the Bible, but as every man can interpret it, according to the Protestant principle, the Japanese know not what to make of it. As exposition of the Catholic principles has never appeared in the newspapers in Japan, all the Japanese remain in the dark." "It is in our days not enough," adds the clear-sighted missionary, "to preach in churches; the newspapers are the great medium to bring things to the knowledge of the multitudes." This is true, but the difficulty is to get the public press to treat religious matters fairly and impartially, and still more difficult is it to get those outside the Church to even look at a Catholic paper.

Mission Moneys Wasted.—The meagre results attained by Protestant missionary work are instanced by a paragraph that appears in a recent number of the *Missionary Record* which, in announcing the "Baptism of an Arab in Egypt" remarks: "After four years' work in Egypt, the North African mission rejoices in its first convert." What cause for rejoicing! One convert to Christianity after four years' labor! It would be interesting to learn how much it cost the "North African Mission" to *get* him, and also what it will cost to *keep* him.

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APOSTOLIC WORKS

THE CATHOLIC CONFERENCE IN ENGLAND.—

The principal event in the Catholic Church in England during September, 1896, was the conference held at Hanley, in North Staffordshire, under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Society. The conference began on Monday, September 28th, with a demonstration in Victoria Hall, Hanley. The Bishop of Birmingham presided, and the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster delivered an address on "Leo XIII. and the reunion of Christendom."

The success of the conference had been prepared by sermons preached in all the neighboring churches on the previous Sunday by select preachers.

Lectures were delivered on Tuesday and Wednesday on the following subjects:

THE CHURCH AND NON-CONFORMISTS.

1. "The Church and Nonconformity." Rev. A. H. Villiers.
2. "Nonconformists in relation to Catholic Doctrine and Practice." W. Y. Craig, J P.
3. "A survey of Modern Dissent." J. H. Matthews.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL WORK.

1. "Léon Harmel and his work." Mrs. Crawford.
2. "The Temperance Question." Rev. Luke Rivington.

THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

1. "The aims of the C. T. S. and our duties toward it." Rev. W. Barry, D.D.
2. "The Work of the Branches." Rev. C. Rothwell.

THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE.

1. "Modern Science and Ancient Faith." Rev. J. Gerard, S.J.
2. "The Mischief and Misunderstanding." B. F. C. Costelloe.

The names of these well known lecturers are sufficient guarantee of the able manner in which they handled their matter.

The following sketch by Rev. C. Rothwell finds an appropriate place here: Mr. James Britten, F.L.S., is the originator of the annual Catholic Conferences, and of the Catholic Truth Society also, since its revival in 1884. The first conference was held in London in 1888, and others since have been held in Manchester, Birmingham, London, Liverpool, Portsmouth, Preston, and Bristol. Mr. Britten is in the prime of life, having been born at Chelsea in 1846. He became a Catholic in 1867, and the story of his conversion is told in one of the penny series of C.T.S., "Why I left the Church of England." One of his strong points is botany, and his abilities in this science are recognized in the highest quarters, holding as he does a high position in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. From 1880 till to-day he has edited *The Journal of Botany;* from 1890, *Nature Notes*, edited and annotated for the Folk-lore Society, of which he was one of the founders, *Aubrey's Remains of Gentilism and Judaism*. He has written for Messrs. Cassell & Co. a standard work called *European Ferns*, edited *Timb's Names of Herbs*, compiled *Old Farming Words* and *Dictionary of English Plant Names* for the English Dialect Society. In Catholic literature, besides his vast work for the C.T.S., Mr. Britten has contributed numerous articles to the Catholic periodicals, among which we may mention *The League of the Cross Magazine*, which he founded and edited from 1884 to 1887. This last is evidence that he is an ardent advocate of Temperance. Many devoted workers of the Catholic Needlework Guild may not know that the Guild owes its origin to a move made by Mr. Britten in 1886. Since 1870 he has been a member of the Linnæan Society (F.L.S.) He is on the Council of theSouthwark Rescue Society, on the Committee of the Art for Schools Association, vice-president of the Southwark Diocesan Workhouse Association, on the Executive of Newman House; Honorary Secretary to the Catholic Art

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Society, of which, with Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe, he is the founder; and lastly, Honorary, that is, unpaid Secretary, to the Catholic Truth Society.

When we reckon up all these good works for the Catholic cause, and note that they are all done in Mr. Britten's spare time, and at considerable sacrifice of means, we shall be prepared to recognize and to admire his zeal and generosity, and to wish that Brittens were as plentiful as Britons. If any Catholic layman, with his time all his own, can show a record in behalf of the Catholic Church to compare with Mr. Britten's, let him call round and we shall consider his claim to the cake. Love for boys is so rare a virtue that we cannot omit to point this out as a feature in Mr. Britten's character. He has studied boys, knows how to please and attract them, and his efforts in their behalf have met with great success. Since the first Conference in London in 1888, none of the Catholic works in which he has taken a part have given him more pleasure than the successive Annual Conferences. We trust his heart will be gladdened by the success of Hanley, and that he will be spared to promote other Catholic Conferences and good works for many years to come.

THE HEAVENLY PATRON OF THE COLORED RACE.—

We have recently received from Rome the following authentic declaration in regard to the new honor conferred by the Holy See on the Apostle of the Negroes: "As St. Peter Claver, illustrious Confessor of the Society of Jesus, among the other priestly offices which he so admirably performed, was especially devoted for six and forty years in Carthagena to converting negroes and instructing them in the Catholic faith, he is not undeservedly considered the Apostle of that race. Moreover, there is evidence that, even after his death, the holy Confessor rendered missions to the negroes glorious by miracles, besides giving other proofs of his special patronage.

"Wherefore very many priests and especially Superiors and Bishops, having charge of negro missions in Africa, in North and South America, in Australia, and in various other parts of the world have, under the lead of Very Reverend Father Louis Martin, General of the Society of Jesus, besought by written petitions His Holiness, Leo XIII., in virtue of his supreme authority, to deign to declare St. Peter Claver the special patron of all missions undertaken to bring the negroes to the knowledge of the Gospel, as well as to preserve in the faith those who have already been converted.

"His Holiness graciously received their petition and referred it to the Sacred Congregation of Rites to have their opinion on the matter. At a meeting of the Cardinals, composing this Congregation, held May 23 in the Vatican, Cardinal Camillus Mazzella, Promoter of this cause, and Rev. Father Gustavus Persiani, Promoter of the Holy Faith, spoke upon the subject. After weighing well what they had to say and the petition itself, signed by so great a number of Bishops and Superiors, the Congregation declared in its favor, provided His Holiness were of the same opinion.

"Cardinal Aloisi-Masella, Prefect of the Congregation of Rites, then reported their decision to His Holiness, which he deigned to approve and confirm. Thus he declared and appointed, by his supreme authority, St. Peter Claver, Confessor of the Society of Jesus, to be the special Patron with God of Missions to the Negroes. This took place July 7, 1896."

Very Rev. Father Martin, in a beautiful letter, announces this new honor for the Society of Jesus, and warmly recommends the new heavenly Patron of the Negroes as a model for all apostolic men. For St. Peter Claver was wholly devoted to the salvation of souls and generously sacrificed himself even until death in caring for the temporal and eternal welfare of the poor African slaves at Carthagena. How repulsive to nature must have been his work! To describe the state of these hapless beings, when brought to shore would be too repulsive to put in print. Yet it was their very repulsiveness that attracted the servant of God. He saw in them Him who in His Passion was without beauty or comeliness, was despised and the most abject of men, and, as it were, a leper. May this great imitator of Him, who was the friend of sinners and who came to seek and to save the sheep that were lost, show his power in heaven and on earth in behalf of the colored race in whatever part of the world their lot has been cast.

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NOTES FROM HEAD CENTRES

COLUMBIA. — The Apostleship of Prayer is making rapid progress and displaying great activity in this republic. The month of June was celebrated with great solemnity in Bogota, the capital of Columbia, with a public novena, general Communion on the feast of the Sacred Heart, and Solemn High Mass and an eloquent panegyric, preached by the Rev. Nicolas Carceres, S.J., which finds a prominent place in *Messajero* published in that city.

The League in Columbia has taken up the Apostleship of the Press, and has started a periodical, strictly under the auspices, entitled *La Vida del Pueblo* (The Life of the People). The first number was published in the month of June, which is dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and 2,000 copies were distributed in various parts of the Republic. The Central Director of the Apostleship of Prayer, who likewise is the editor of the *Vida* says in his prospectus: "It is our purpose to give the people of Columbia a periodical replete with moral and religious instruction in popular and religious form; but at the same time it will be our endeavor to supply a variety of interesting reading matter on subjects not purely religious. Heaven grant that this salutary work may meet the support of men of good will, true friends of God and their country!"

BRAZIL.—A new *Messenger* has been just started in Brazil. It is edited in the Portuguese language and published in *Itù*. The editor is the Rev. Bartholomew Taddei, S.J.

The reverend editor in his preface gives a very correct idea of the mission of the *Messenger*, which may be of interest and profit to our readers. "The day has come at last," he says,—"the long looked for day—when the Apostleship of Prayer in Brazil has its own official organ. Numerous countries already possess this powerful means of spreading and preserving religion—this strong and far-reaching weapon. Brazil could no longer be deprived of such an organ.

"The mission of the *Messenger*, in the social field in which it makes its debut, is a modest and peaceful one. It is not concerned with the issues of human politics. Its cause is the cause of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It is especially destined to promote prayer to the Sacred Heart, intimately to unite souls with Jesus Christ. It consecrates itself to the active advancement of the interests of the Church, which are at the same time the interests of society It is under this device that it presents itself to all—to bring them to the knowledge of the Sacred Heart, to inflame them with its love, and to place them under its saving protection."

PORTUGAL.—We have before made reference to the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the introduction of the League into the kingdom of Portugal. In connection with this celebration we would still draw special attention to a pastoral letter of His Eminence, the Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon, endorsing and commending the movement. This pastoral is of the greatest importance, not only as the highest official sanction of local ecclesiastical authority, but still more from the sentiments of zeal and piety which it breathes and inculcates. "If it is meet to celebrate with demonstrations of joy and gratitude the anniversaries of glorious institutions," says His Eminence, "especially those institutions that have, in the course of ages, conferred great benefit on society, assuredly justice requires that, on this occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the Apostleship of Prayer in Portugal, we should, with solemn thanksgiving and all the means which our holy religion suggests to us, celebrate the Silver Jubilee of that spiritual Militia which we have so earnestly recommended to the zeal of the clergy and the piety of the faithful of our patriarchate in our first Pastoral, November 21, 1883. . . .

"It is not our intention in this Pastoral letter to discuss the excellence and usefulness of the organization of the Apostleship of Prayer, an organization so productive of salutary effects. The

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whole world is witness to the fact, and particularly our kingdom of Portugal.

"Suffice it to say, that the Apostleship of Prayer is one of the most popular and most apostolic forms of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that devotion which is destined to enkindle in the souls of men the fire of divine love, in these times in which our Saviour Himself foretold that the charity of many would grow cold. To gain this object, which is none other than that of the Apostle, namely, that we be 'renewed in the spirit of our minds,' the Apostleship of Prayer comes forward as a peaceful, yet powerful legion, arrayed against the assaults of impiety, which threaten to overthrow and demolish all things. It has inscribed on its banner the sweet motto of the Lord's Prayer. *Adveniat regnum tuum* (Thy kingdom come). It has chosen for its arms the daily Offering—short, but fervent. It exhorts the more generous souls to enroll themselves in chosen Bands to honor the Blessed Virgin by the recital of the Rosary, and to make reparation by means of frequent and worthy Communions for the outrages which the sweetest Heart of Jesus suffers from ungrateful and degenerate children, who repay with hatred the unspeakable love which He lavishes upon us."

Of the work of the Portuguese *Messenger* in particular, His Eminence says: "In order to encourage these pious practices the more efficaciously, we have given our approval and granted indulgences to the monthly *Review* published in this capital, under the title *New Messenger of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, a periodical which we recommend most ardently to the zeal of pastors and Directors of Centres of the Apostleship of Prayer established within our patriarchate. For in that excellent publication we find not only valuable and interesting instruction of great advantage to those who love the Sacred Heart of the Saviour, but also vigorous and learned refutation of anti-Catholic doctrines, which the enemies of our religion and country, inspired and directed by the Masonic sects, are daily scattering broadcast among the ignorant and unsuspecting, who, instead of aiding and patronizing the Catholic press, procure impious journals—often blasphemous, always traducers of the Church, and enemies of all order and sound policy of states."

As a due celebration of the Silver Jubilee, His Eminence, the Cardinal Patriarch directs:

1. That the Apostleship of Prayer be established in all the parishes where it does not already exist, and that it be revived to new fervor where it does exist.

2. That in the Patriarchal Basilica in Lisbon, and in all the churches of his jurisdiction, the jubilee be solemnly celebrated in honor of the Sacred Heart, on some day, if possible, during the month of June, preceded by a *Triduum*.

3. That during the *Triduum* the priests in charge of souls, either personally or through other select preachers, announce the word of God—particularly on the end of man and the four last things and the devotion to the Sacred Heart—to the faithful.

4. That during the *Triduum* the Blessed Sacrament be daily exposed, and the Rosary and the act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart be recited before it.

5. An indulgence of 300 days is granted each day of the *Triduum* to those who assist at these exercises of devotion.

6. The day itself is to be solemnized by a general Communion, Solemn High Mass, sermon and procession, in which either the Blessed Sacrament or the image of the Sacred Heart is to be borne, after which the special consecration to the Sacred Heart shall take place.

7. By special indult the Patriarch grants an indulgence of five years and five times forty days to all who daily approach the holy Sacraments during this *Triduum*.

8. Where this solemn celebration is impossible the pastors should by no means neglect to celebrate the Jubilee with all the solemnity possible, exhorting the people particularly to approach the holy Sacraments.

The Pastoral was accompanied by a very appropriate and affecting Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart for the occasion. It is needless to say that the mandate of His Eminence was eagerly complied with by priests and people.

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Activity in League Matter. Never in the memory of the Fathers of the Central Direction of the League were there so many demands for Aggregations of new Centres or so many and such numerous Promoters' Receptions immediately after a vacation as there were during the past month. There is no stand still with the League. Its spirit has the nature of fire. "I came to send fire on the earth and what do I wish but that it be enkindled?"

The Laity and Works of Zeal. August and September are the months for conventions, which for the most part are religious. The plain aim of all our non-Catholic conventions is to make the laity, men and women, take an active part in religious works. The League has no conventions; nor does it need them, although some benefit might come by them, because it has this secret as its very first principle, of making Catholics, young and old, help one another in prayer, the very fundamental exercise of religion; and that there may be no mistake about the character of the religion inculcated, the prayer it advocates is prayer in union with the Heart of Jesus.

The November Messenger. Without meaning to make this month's MESSENGER a mortuary number, it is so, and, perhaps, our readers will be grateful for it. The subject suits our mood at this declining season of the year, and it suits our devotions likewise. The two stories bring a leading character and a hero to their deaths. The *Dies Iræ* and General Intention bespeak prayers for the dead. It is well that Catholic magazines should keep the interests of our departed before us. Every interest of the living can find room in our newspapers; but what have they to do with the dead?

Departed Promoters. While speaking of the interests of the dead, we may as well remind our readers that we make special mention in the pages of the *Pilgrim* of departed Promoters. It may be that some neglect to report their deaths to us. If so, this month of devotion to the holy souls is a time to repair the negligence; not that we can promise to publish in the *Pilgrim* deaths that took place early in the year, but because we can find room for them in the annual list published in our *Almanac*.

Departed Patrons. The League has lost some of its best patrons and most influential Promoters during the past few months. Among others, the pious and zealous Bishops, Marty and Sullivan, have gone to their reward. The former used to spread the League everywhere in his missions, and counted as his greatest benefactors good friends who from a distance kept furnishing him with the various leaflets and other League prints for his Indian converts. The latter often preached for the League, was kind enough to write us most cordial letters in regard to the MESSENGER and the work generally. We owe them both a pious remembrance for their kindly patronage of our interests as well as for their well-known zeal for religion in their respective dioceses.

Father Vissani, O.S.F. With the piety that stamps all their works, our good Franciscan friends hasten to tell us of the death of Very Rev. Charles A. Vissani, O.S.F, Commissary General of the Holy Land in the United States. Thousands of the Crusaders whom he had interested in purchasing and holding the holy places in Palestine, will mourn his departure at an age comparatively early. A glance at the work he has done shows that he had filled the measure of riper years. His life is an unanswerable argument for such men as the writer of the *Historical Jesus and the Christs of Faith*, whom Father Campbell so eloquently denounces in our present issue.

Helping the Holy Souls. Besides the means mentioned in the General Intention for relieving the holy souls, many take part in the unions

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of pious friends of the souls in purgatory, particularly on stated days of commemoration, or on anniversaries of the departed. The Helpers of the Holy Souls have done very much of late years to unite thousands of devout people in such unions, to the great benefit of the suffering souls and to the great edification of the faithful everywhere, since the spirit that prompts them to relieve the dead makes them not less zealous or efficient in succoring the living. May the prayers of the League this month promote their work, and every good enterprise in behalf of the Souls in Purgatory. In many League Centres it is customary to make special offerings to our spiritual treasury during this month, which is devoted to the holy souls, and to make a special report of the results of these offerings for the edification and comfort of all who love the work of their relief.

The Tyrol Centenary. We are very fortunate in having some excellent illustrations of the procession in which the Tyrolese carried their historic banner of the Sacred Heart about with so much honor, on the occasion of the centenary of their country to the Heart of Jesus. The account of the consecration itself and of the services of the centenary prove them to be a grateful people, full of faith and full of courage and of the generous spirit that never forgets a favor.

The League Under Arms. A local paper is responsible for the alarming statement that "there are now two bands of the League of the Sacred Heart in the State of New York that drill every day, that carry arms openly and are devoting almost their whole time to a study of the art of war. A certain so-called patriotic association has been wonderfully inactive in this matter. Perhaps the fact that those members of the League are West Point cadets renders it difficult to put a stop to their drilling."

Letters with Thanksgivings. Numerous as our letters of thanksgiving always are, it is rare that we have so many from which to select our extracts as we had during the past month. We must remind some of the writers, however, that howsoever edifying their thanksgivings may be, or howsoever grateful it may be to have them recorded, it would often produce more immediate and more lasting results in many cases to report the favors obtained to their Local Director, who, after reading them at the First Friday or other services, could forward them to us.

Our Almanac for 1897. By November 1 we hope to have our *Almanac* and *Calendar* for 1897 ready for orders. Besides the usual useful and entertaining matter given in its pages, this year's issue will give a complete account of the state of the League in the United States, together with many useful hints about conducting the League, about dealing with Promoters, Directors, or with our office. The price is ten cents a copy, with reductions on orders for 100 copies, and orders may be sent now.

New Publications. A Bona Mors Manual, giving an explanation of the Bona Mors Association and all the pious practices useful for its services and for preparing for a happy death, is our latest publication. The life of B. Bernardine Realino has also been reprinted from the pages of the MESSENGER, and may now be had at our office; single copy, six cents, by mail, and at lower rates for quantities.

Giving the Badges. While preparing for the Promoters' Receptions it would be well to stimulate the fervor of the Associates by conferring League Badges on them publicly. Not all need be invited to the altar rail to receive them, but only such as have not already received them in this way. In the *League Devotions and Choral Services* a formula for this ceremony is given, and it is always a means of getting new members and of making old members more fervent.

Spurious Badges. We must again remind our readers that we issue the only authorized Badge of the League, that no one else is authorized to issue one to the English speaking members of the League in this country and that a number of spurious imitatious are in circulation, which, besides being unauthorized, fail to fulfil the requirements, either in material or in design, necessary for gaining the Indulgences attached to wearing the Badge.

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IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 262,836.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes. v, 18.)

Special Thanksgivings:—"Last March I made the Novena of Grace through St. Francis Xavier in honor of the Sacred Heart. The intention was to be cured of an ailment which I had had for eighteen years. I promised, if cured, and if I continued so for six months, to have it published. The six months have passed and I have had no return of the trouble. This is the first relief in eighteen years."

Last Fourth of July a lad, sixteen years old, was playing with a toy cannon, trying to ignite it. The cannon exploded and the powder blew into his face and eyes. He was operated on, and several physicians were called in to see him. All said they could not save his eyes. The boy had great faith, and asked his mother to apply the Badge of the Sacred Heart. She did so, and at the expiration of three weeks he could see perfectly, and is now at work. The physicians all considered it a miracle, as it was beyond all human power.

The mother of eight children fell ill. The local doctors could not agree in their diagnosis, so they called in a specialist, who pronounced an operation necessary, as the trouble was internal. The patient was to be taken to a hospital. The evening before she was to go, some of the Promoters of her Centre called on her and gave her a relic of Ven. Mother Barat, advising her to make a Novena with them to the Sacred Heart, through Mother Barat's intercession. The day on which the operation was to be performed coincided with the last day of the Novena. When the doctors came to operate, they found it unnecessary, as the trouble had passed, and in a way which a Protestant nurse declared to be miraculous.

Spiritual Favors:—For First Friday services where there was little hope of having a priest; the making of his First Communion by a young man of twenty-five; grace of religious vocation for several; the being saved from a sudden and unprovided death; guidance of a young woman through much opposition to enter the religious state; preservation of a religious vocation; long-standing misunderstanding cleared up; reconciliation of persons estranged for years; restoration of peace in a family; and very many other favors not specified.

Return to religious duties:—Of a young man after more than five years; of a man after nine years; of a man after thirteen years of intemperance and neglect of church and home; at the end of a novena made for him, he fell dangerously ill, but refused to see the priest; a Mass for the holy souls was said, and the next day he consented to see the priest and made his peace with God; he has recovered from his illness and is an entirely changed man, as he receives Holy Communion every month; happy death of one who had been neglectful off and on for ten years; of a man after thirty years; of another after many years; and many other conversions.

Temporal Favors:—Favorable settlement of several lawsuits; many successful examinations; the being able to fin-

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ish a course at a high school when sickness had seemed to make it impossible; a much desired favor obtained after petitioning perseveringly for four years; a promotion in school when it seemed unlikely without special help from above; a remarkable favor granted as soon as the Sacred Heart was appealed to; a teacher's position obtained when there was apparently no possible chance of it, a novena of Masses was promised, and the appointment was made at the very next meeting of the School Board.

Relief and Cures:—Speedy recovery of a child from scarlet fever and the prevention of the disease spreading to the other members of the family; relief from an abscess in the throat without its being lanced; recovery of a little girl from a serious accident; a cure of sore eyes; several successful operations for appendicitis; speedy cure of a child from fever; safety of a mother and child; relief from a blood disorder; recovery of a girl injured in a railroad accident, the doctors said her spine was affected, and that she would never be able to walk; she joined the League and has been improving ever since; two women, seriously ill, began to recover immediately after they were enrolled in the League, one is now well, the other is much better; cessation of convulsions in a child; recovery of the children of an Indian school; the mother of a family was suffering from a tumor which the doctor said must be operated upon, but on making a novena and promising publication the trouble ceased without any operation; several successful surgical operations; recovery of a mother of a family without a threatened operation; of a person dangerously ill with typhoid fever; of a young man at the point of death; of a person afflicted with nervous trouble; strengthening of eyes so that a student could pursue her studies; recovery of a person without having a surgical operation: and many other cures.

Employment and Means:—The obtaining of boarders by one who had many people dependent on her; success of several people in business; means to begin a much-needed undertaking; work obtained the day after the petition was made for a man who had been idle for a year; means to pay pressing debts; unexpected help for a family in desperate circumstances; permanent work and good wages for several persons; a good position obtained for a father long out of employment, the offer came at the end of a novena; means to pay off debts of long standing; money from an unlooked for source when greatly needed; and many positions obtained.

Various:—Protection from small-pox; safety from shipwreck; no serious result from the explosion of an oil stove; deliverance of persons exposed to a fearful storm; a difficult favor obtained within an hour of its being asked; return of a brother to his home; tidings of a brother not heard of for three years, and supposed to be dead; a favorable sale of land; preservation during dangerous storms; escape from an imminent peril; deliverance from a flood when the whole neighborhood was under water; return of a friend; acquittal of one accused unjustly of a crime; averting of a threatened summons to court; and many other favors obtained from the Sacred Heart through the intercession of our Lady under various titles, St. Joseph, St. Anne, St. Anthony and other saints.

Favors through the Badge and Cross: In a case of blood-poisoning the hand was entirely discolored and greatly swelled; the Badge was applied, publication and a Mass of thanksgiving were promised; in the morning the swelling and discoloration had completely gone. Relief from a blood disorder; recovery of a child given up by the physician, she began to improve as soon as the Badge was put on her; recovery of two children dangerously ill by applying the Cross; cure of another child upon applying the Badge; cessation of alarming spasms in a woman as soon as the Badge and Cross were placed on her; another similar case; cure of a pain in the side, of a toothache, of an earache, of a sore throat, of a nervous trouble, of another case of nervous prostration, so serious that the doctor could give no relief and despaired of curing it; a cure of rheumatism; entire cessation of pain caused by an abscess, upon applying the Badge relief in stomach trouble; recovery of a young woman declared by three doctors hopelessly ill, in fact, she was twice, to all appearances, dead: the Badge was applied and she suddenly found relief and is fast recovering; an Associate, who was subject to cramps several times a month, has had none in six months during which he has worn the Badge; cure of a fungous cancer in the hand; relief from abscesses; health restored to a dying person through the Cross, and many other favors.

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BOOK·NOTICES·

HISTORY OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND. By William Cobbett. Revised, edited and supplemented with copious notes, references and comments, by the Rev. Francis Aidan Gasquet, O.S.B. New York: Benziger Brothers. 12mo. Pages xx and 406. Price $1.00.

No work on record has gone further to bring to the public notice the rapine, brutality, lust and hypocrisy by which the Reformation in England and Ireland was prompted and carried out than Cobbett's *History of the Reformation*. Had the author been more temperate in his expression, his work would probably have achieved more good. His pen was dipped in gall, and the violence of his language was in many instances unwarranted. This circumstance rendered his work suspected to Protestants, and distasteful to many Catholics. His facts, however, were in the main correct, and the force of his style rendered his work popular with the multitude.

The present edition has been revised by one who is remarkable for moderation as well as for accurate knowledge Dom Gasquet himself has critically traversed the same ground in his learned history of *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*. No fitter man could be found to edit Cobbett's *History of the Reformation*. The learned Benedictine carefully examined every statement, corrected, modified or annotated whatever passage might seem questionable. The editor says in his preface:

"For the purpose of this edition I have been at some pains to inquire into the truth of the assertions made, and to set down the result in the shape of notes, either giving authorities which may be taken to bear on the writer's statements, or pointing out wherein, in my opinion, he was mistaken or has somewhat misstated or exaggerated the bearing of some fact. I confess that I was surprised to find how few were the instances in which some satisfactory authority could not be found to bear out the picture presented in Cobbett's pages."

Father Gasquet's preface of twenty pages is in itself a very valuable contribution to the critical history of the Reformation. We hope this excellent edition will find wide circulation within and without the Church.

OUTLINES OF CHURCH HISTORY. Adapted from the German of the Rev. Theodore Dreher, D.D. By Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O.S.F. St Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 16mo. Pages 133. Price 45 cents.

This excellent little text-book of Church History is the work of a practical schoolman, who professed Christian doctrine at a Prussian gymnasium for many years. The great leading facts of the Church's history are brought into prominence, while those details which would be calculated to overburden the memory of the learner are carefully excluded, without violently breaking the sequence of events. The author evinces a perfect command of his subject and good judgment in the selection and grouping of the most important facts. He is a safe and reliable guide for pupil and teacher. The book is well translated and edited. It will serve as an excellent supplement to the Christian doctrine, for high schools, academies and Sunday schools. Any one wishing to read a course of Church history should begin by mastering this little book, before taking up any of the larger works. The list of the Popes and Councils, with notes appended, will prove very handy to the reader.

PROTESTANT FICTION. By James Britten. London: Catholic Truth Society. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1896. 12mo. Pages 202.

This is a charming book of anecdotes, myths, lies and prejudices, assiduously circulated and largely believed among Protestants, concerning Catholic nuns and convents, priests, Jesuits, and Catholics generally. The author has shown wonderful industry in the compilation of these facts, and is careful in each case

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to indicate the source of his information, and, in most cases, he gives the facts in the very words of his authorities. The extent of such fiction is incredible, but still more incredible are the efforts which are made to propagate such mendacious and slanderous literature. It throws a rather suspicious light on our "separated brethren" when we behold high-toned, humane associations, patronized by Dean Farrar and other high ecclesiastics, making a specialty of the circulation of such filthy fiction under the name of "Pure Literature."

CLAUDIUS. A sketch from the first century. By C. M. Home. London: Catholic Truth Society. New York: Benziger Bros. 1896. 12mo. Pages 279. Price 2s, 6d.

This interesting and pathetic story is illustrative of the first persecution of the Christians in the Apostolic Age. The scene is laid partly in Ephesus, where the famous uprising of the artists against the Christians took place during the mission of St. Paul, and in Rome during the persecution of Nero. The author has well conceived the spirit of the early Christians, and has given life-like individuality to the characters that figure in the action. The style is dignified, elegant and dramatic. The story may well be classed among the best productions of this species of fiction which has exercised such an attraction on the greatest minds. It deserves unreserved recommendation.

THE TEMPTATION OF NORA LEECROFT. By Frances Noble. London: Catholic Truth Society. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1896. 12mo. Pages 280. Price 2s, 6d.

This story is the interesting recital of the trials and triumphs of a noble soul. The author shows more than common power in analyzing human motives and the passions of the human heart. The moral of the story is good, and the tone healthy. We do not hesitate to pronounce it a model love story—love that is chastened and controlled by true Christian principles. We know of no story that we would sooner recommend to young ladies. It cannot but leave a healthy impression on the youthful reader. It is just the thing for the parish or sodality library.

JESUS: His life in the very words of the four Gospels. A Diatessaron. By Henry Beauclerk, S.J. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1896. 12mo. Pages 234.

This very neat and handy little volume gives in continued narrative the life of our Lord according to the four Gospels. No event, no detail, no word, is omitted. Taking, in each section of the Gospel, the fullest account as a basis, the painstaking author supplements it from the other three Gospels without making any break in the narrative. Marginal references accompany each paragraph, pointing out the texts of the Gospels of which the narrative is made up. An index is appended, which will enable the reader at once to find any given text of any of the four Gospels with the parallel passages from the other three. The book will prove very handy to the clergy and others who make their daily meditation from the Gospel, and for all who wish to gain an accurate knowledge of the life of our Lord.

THE CHURCH IN THE METROPOLIS. A chronological compendium from St. Peter's, Barclay Street, 1785, to St. Francis de Sales', East Ninety-sixth Street, 1896. New York: Rectory of St. Francis de Sales. 1896.

This beautiful little book published in the interest of a Church fair is of more than passing interest. It describes in pleasing style the development of the Church and religious institutions in the city of New York. It will be a pleasing remembrance for the old, and an interesting revelatiou to the young of this city.

OUR OWN STORY and other Tales. By Rosa Mulholland. London: Catholic Truth Society. New York: Benziger Brothers. 16mo. Pages 250.

MARCELLA GRACE. By the same author. New illustrated edition. New York: Benziger Brothers. 12mo. Pages 358. Price $1.25.

The first of these two volumes is a collection of nine delightful short stories in the author's happiest style. They are peculiarly suited for the young. The second is a new edition of a well-known and appreciated story of Irish life, made still more attractive by suitable and tasteful illustrations. These beautiful volumes will be very much coveted as prizes or gifts by our young people.

WHY I BECAME A CATHOLIC; or, Religio Viatoris. By Henry Edward Manning, Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Sixth edition. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Benziger Bros.

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PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas and Indulgenced Crosses for the solemn reception of Promoters who have fathfully served the required probation have been sent to the following Local Centres of the League of the Sacred Heart (August 20 to September 20, 1896).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Diplomas and Crosses.
Albany	Averill Park, N. Y.	St. Henry's Church	1
Alton	Alton, Ill.	St. Patrick's "	7
"	Mattoon, Ill	Immaculate Conception "	2
Boston	Neponset, Mass.	St. Ann's "	1
"	Salem, Mass.	St. James' "	2
Brooklyn	Flushing, N. Y.	St. Joseph's Academy	1
Buffalo	Corning, N. Y.	St. Mary's Church	4
Chicago	Chicago, Ill	St. Elizabeth's "	2
"	" "	Holy Rosary "	1
Cleveland	Toledo, O.	Ursuline Convent	3
Davenport	Cosgrove, Ia.	St. Peter's Church	6
Denver	Denver, Colo.	Sacred Heart College	2
Detroit	Hastings, Mich.	St. Rose's Church	10
Fort Wayne	Notre Dame, Ind.	Notre Dame University	1
Galveston	Texarkana, Tex.	Sacred Heart Church	1
Harrisburg	Mount Carmel, Pa.	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel "	19
Kansas City and St. Joseph	Seneca, Mo.	Rev. Chas Schelle (no church given.)	2
"	St. Mary's, Kan.	St. Mary's Church	1
"	Kansas City, Mo.	St. Aloysius' "	1
Manchester	Keene, N. H.	St. Bernard's "	31
Milwaukee	Watertown, Wis.	St. Bernard's "	5
"	Janesville, Mo.	St. Mary's "	3
Monterey and Los Angeles	Los Angeles, Cal.	Our Lady of Angels' "	3
Newark	Orange, N. J.	St. John's "	3
New Orleans	Grand Coteau, La.	Sacred Heart Convent	2
New York	457 W. 51st St., N. Y. City.	Sacred Heart Church	35
"	84th St. & Park Ave., N.Y.C.	St. Ignatius Loyola's "	1
Omaha	O'Neill, Neb	St. Patrick's "	10
Peoria	Streator, Ill.	Immaculate Conception "	2
"	Lincoln, Ill.	Mercy Convent	1
Providence	Fall River, Mass.	St. Patrick's Church	8
San Antonio	Stanton, Tex	Carmelite Monastery Mission	3
"	Victoria, Tex	St Joseph's Seminary	2
San Francisco	Oakland Cal	St. Patrick's Church	1
"	San Francisco, Cal	Holy Cross "	2
Scranton	Bently Creek, Pa	St. Anne's "	15
Springfield	Pittsfield, Mass.	St. Joseph's "	2
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Kevin's "	7
Syracuse	Syracuse, N. Y.	Assumption "	62
Wheeling	Mt. de Chantal W. Va.	Visitation Convent	1

Total number of Receptions, 40. Number of Diplomas, 266.

Treasury of Good Works.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

		NO. TIMES.			NO. TIMES.
1.	Angelus	542,476	11.	Masses heard	161,214
2.	Beads	292,928	12.	Mortifications	172,325
3.	Stations of the Cross	39,478	13.	Works of Mercy	260,754
4.	Holy Communions	88 425	14.	Works of Zeal	157,299
5.	Spiritual Communions	307,523	15.	Prayers	3,561,513
6.	Examens of Conscience	289,885	16.	Charitable Conversation	36,235
7.	Hours of Labor	507,869	17.	Sufferings or Afflictions	74,309
8.	Hours of Silence	221,384	18.	Self-conquest	109,515
9.	Pious Reading	83,267	19.	Visits to B. Sacrament	260,508
10.	Masses Celebrated	6,858	20.	Various Good Works	349,371

Special Thanksgivings, 1,005; Total, 7,524,141.

For Recent Aggregations, see page 968.

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LETTERS WITH INTENTIONS

Letters received from August 20 to September 20, 1895, and not otherwise acknowledged. The number after the name of the place indicates the date of the letter.

ALABAMA.

Mobile, 31.

ALASKA TERRITORY

Juneau, 20.

ARIZONA.

Flagstaff, 11.
Prescott, 11.

ARKANSAS.

Helena, 23. GO. 8.
Pine Bluff, 14, 18.
Pocahontas, 19.

CALIFORNIA.

Alameda, 4.
Hanford, 20.
Los Angeles, 21, 26, 29.
Marysville, 7. 13.
Menlo Park, 25.
Oakland, 9.
Petaluma, 15.
Riverside, 24.
Sacramento. 16.
San Francisco, 20, GO., 24 GO 1, 2, 8, 12, 14. 17.
San Jose, 6.
Santa Barbara, 5.
Santa Clara, 14.
Santa Rosa, 11, GO.
Shorb, 29.
Soquel, 31.
Stockton, 5.
Ventura, 27.
Watsonville, 20, 26.

COLORADO.

Animas 22, 16
Colorado Springs, 20.
Denver, 20, 21, GO., 26, 27, 17.
Durango, 20.
Fort Logan, 2.
Leadville. 29, 9.
Los Animas, 31.
Pueblo, 10.

CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, 18.
Bridgeport, 6
Danbury, 29, 7, GO.
Derby, 18.
Hartford, 31, 15, 19.
Meriden, 27.
New Haven, 21, 1.
New London, 23, 18, GO
Norwalk, 2.
Norwich, 12.
Ridgefield, 19.
Sandy Hook, 9.
Thomaston 16.
Waterbury, 16.

DELAWARE.

Wilmington, 28, 2, 16, 18.

DIS. OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, 20, 25, 29, 31, GO. 8, 15, 16.

FLORIDA.

Fernandina, 4.
Jacksonville, 17.
Key West, 20, 2, 9, 17, GO.
Palatka, 7.
Pensacola, 21, 17.
Saint Augustine, 18.
Saint Leo, 3.
San Antonio, 22, GO.

GEORGIA.

Atlanta, 18.
Augusta, 15.
Bainbridge, 29.
Macon, 25, 7.

IDAHO.

Boise City, 1.

ILLINOIS.

Alton, 28, 17.
Anna, 9 GO.
Aurora, 18.
Beardstown, 29.
Belleville, 8.
Cairo, 24, 17.
Carlyle, 16.
Chicago, 20, 24, 25, 26, 3, 8, 9, 10 11, GO 12, 14, 15, 17 GO. 18, 19.
Decatur, 20, 12.
Feehanville, 28.
Freeport, 3 6.
Joliet, 9, GO. 15.
Kidd, 17.
Ladd, 14.
Lincoln, 17.
Litchfield, 28.
Lockport, 16.
Loda. 21.
Lostant, 23.
Moline, 22.
Morris, 17, GO.
Morrisonville, 16.
Mount Sterling, 10.
Munster. 11.
Nauvoo, 31, GO.
Newton, 17.
Ottawa, 18.
Pana, 26.
Peoria, 14, 17, GO. 19.
Quincy, 28, GO.
Rockford, 31.
Sainte Marie, 31.
Springfield, 8, 18.
Stockton 4.
Streator, 24, GO. 25, 31.
Taylorville, 15.
Waukegan, 23.
Wenona, 14.
Winchester, 28.

INDIANA.

Columbus, 7.
Fort Wayne, 5. 9.
Indianapolis, 17, 19.
Lafayette, 10.
Laporte, 16.
Lagootee, 18.
Notre Dame, 20, 22.
Saint Mary's. 17.
Terre Haute, 18.
Tupton, 17.
Valparaiso, 1, 17, GO.

IOWA.

Cedar Falls, 20, 14.
Council Bluffs, 27, 17. GO.
Des Moines, 14.
Dubuque, 22, 18, 19.
Dunlap. 1. 15.
Eagle Grove, 15.
Georgetown, 29.
Iowa City, 23, GO. 26.
Keokuk, 17.
Lansing, 3.
Le Mars, 25.
Marcus, 26.
Mount Pleasant, 1, 25.
Newport, 2.
Sioux City, 22 GO
Solon, 14.
Vinton, 22, 26.
Waukon, 15.
West Ridge, 8.

KANSAS.

Abilene, 8.
Atchison, 29.
Burlington, 21.
Leavenworth, 29, 11, 19.
McPherson, 25
Olathe, 14.
Osawatomie, 15.
Paola.

KENTUCKY.

Bowling Green, 7.
Covington, 24, GO. 31.
Earlington, 2.
Fancy Farm, 14.
Frankfort, 14.
Knottsville, 16.
Lebanon, 7.
Lexington, 16.
Loretto, 24.
Louisville, 28, 1, 10, 12, 17, 18.
Maysville, 1.
Morgantown, 7.
Nazareth, 24.
New Haven, 4.
New Liberty, 31.
Newport, 18.
Saint John, 17.
Victoria, 22.

LOUISIANA.

Baton Rouge, 26.
Cottonport, 12.
Grand Coteau, 17.
Monroe, 16.
New Orleans, 31, 1, GO. 2, 7, 12, GO. 15.
Pineville, 27, 10.
Shreveport, 31, 6, GO. 15.

MAINE.

Bar Harbor, 11.
Deering, 18
Portland, 26, 28, 17.

MARYLAND.

Ammendale, 31, 1.
Baltimore, 20, 21, 22, 27, 29, 30, 5. 6, 11, 14, 15, 16, 17, 8, 19, GO.
Cecilton, 19.
Forest Hill, 29.
Frederick, 27, 11, 18.
Glyndon, 12.
Hagerston, 18.
Harford Furnace, 9.
Ilchester, 19.
La Plata, 22.
Libertytown, 10.
Montrose, 16.
Morganza 19.
Mount Saint Mary's, 12.
Mount Savage, 5.
Mount Washington, 19.
Newport, 12
Oxen Hill, 15.
Pomfret, 9.
Saint Inigo's, 20.
Urbana, 10.
Woodstock, 25.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Adams, 20, 19.
Amherst, 17.
Boston, 20, 21, 26, 28, 30, 31, 1, 3, 4, GO. 5 7, 8, 11, 12, GO. 14, 17, GO. 18, 19.
Canton, 18.
Cheshire, 18.
Chicopee, 2.
Everett, 19.
Fall River, 17.
Gilbertville. 7. GO.
Great Barrington, 18.
Hingham, 9.
Holyoke, 20, 24, 28, 29, GO. 2, 5, 11, 18, 19.
Hyannis 18.
Lawrence, 25, 1.
Lenox, 5.
Lowell, 17.
Malden, 31.
Mansfield, 17.
Marlboro, 11.
Maynard, 31, 2, 5.
Newburyport, 12.
North Adams, 12.

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Mass. (con'd.)

North Brookfield, 19
North Chelmsford, 18.
Northampton, 7.
Pittsfield, 27.
Roxbury, 27.
Salem, 14, 15, 18.
Southbridge, 18.
Springfield, 28.
Waltham, 18.
Warren, 4.
Winchester, 17.
Worcester, 24, 25, 31, 12, 18.

MICHIGAN.

Adrian, 14.
Ann Arbor, 1.
Beacon, 21.
Brooklyn, 16.
Detroit, 9, 12, 16, 18.
Escanaba, 18.
Essexville, 25, GO. 15.
Grand Rapids, 10.
Houghton, 24.
Iron River, 18.
Lexington, 17, 18.
Manistique, 23.
Mount Clemens, 2.
Mount Pleasant, 7.
Pontiac, 20.
Port Huron, 1.
Provemont, 16.
Saginaw, 5.
Wyandotte, 21.

MINNESOTA.

Canton, 23, 8.
Collegeville, 24.
Duluth, 21, 7, 16, 19.
Fairfax, 16.
Grace ille, 17.
Kilkenny, 29.
Minneapolis, 15, 18.
Pine Island, 11.
St. Paul, 26, 27, 29, 31.
Springfield, 15.
Stewartsville, 24, 14.
Wabasha, 14.
Winona, 16.

MISSISSIPPI.

Chatawa, 10.
Greenville, 9.
Jackson, 9.
Meridian, 23, 11.
Muldon, 16.
Water Valley, 26.
Yazoo City, 4.

MISSOURI.

Arcadia, 17.
Boonville, 21, 17, GO.
Cape Girardeau, 10.
Clyde, 4
De Soto, 28.
Faribault, 22, GO.
Farmington, 17.
Florisant, 17.
Glencoe, 31.
Independence, 1, GO.
Joplin, 24.
Kansas City, 27, 8, GO. 14, 18.
Millwood, 16.
Moberly, 26, 17.
Normandy, 29, 31, 19.
Poplar Bluff, 31.
Saint Joseph, 26, GO. 29, 31.
St. Louis, 29, GO. 22, 25, 29, GO. 31, 15, GO 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, GO. 17, 19.
Saint Paul, 16.
Springfield, 17.
Ste. Genevieve, 21.

MONTANA.

Fort Benton,
Kipp, 30, GO.
Living-ton 24.
Saint Ignatius, 26.

NEBRASKA.

Alliance, 16.
Omaha, 24, 25, 1, 19.
Prague, 10.
Rulo, 15.
Sidney, 16.

NEVADA.

Carson City, 25.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Franklin Falls, 7.
Manchester 1.
Salmon Falls, 26.

NEW JERSEY.

Allendale, 16, GO.
Asbury Park, 11.
Atlantic City, 20, GO. 23, 27, 17 18, GO.
Bevery, 22.
Blcomfield, 1.
Bordentown, 17.
Butler, 17.
Camden, 20, 31.
Cape May, 26.
Centreville, 27.
Convent Station, 17
Elizabeth, 20, GO. 21, GO. 18.
Englewood, 27.
Hoboken, 26.
Jersey City, 23, 24, 28, 11.
Montclair 25.
Morristown, 31.
Mount Holly, 24.
Newark, 22, 24, 27, 28, 1.
Newton, 14
Orange, 27.
Paterson, 26, 27, 31, 8, GO. 14 GO. 17, GO. 18.
Raritan, 26.
Rutherford 18.
Short Hills, 14.
Somerville, 17.
South Orange, 11.
Summit, 18.
Washington, 19.
West Hoboken, 18.

NEW MEXICO.

Albuquerque, 25.
East LasVegas, 2, GO 11, 15.
Las Vegas 15
San Miguel, 8.
Silver City, 6.

NEW YORK.

Albany, 2, 9.
Amsterdam, 31, 8, GO.
Attica, 24.
Binghamton, 21, GO. 25, 15.
Brewster, 7.
Brooklyn, 20, 27, GO. 29, 31, 1, 3, 5, 6, 7, GO. 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 17, GO. 18, 19.
Buffalo 21, 24, 7, 9, GO. 11, 17. 18.
Camden, 19.
Cazenovia, 15.
Clayton, 16.
Colymans, 26.
Cohoes, 8, 15.
Cold Spring, 18.
Corning, 16, GO.
Cornwall, 20, 15.
Cortland, 18.
Dunkirk, 26, 2, GO.
East Arcade, 4.
Ellenville, 12.
Flushing, 14, GO.
Glenwild, 25, GO.
Granville, 27.
Great Neck, 19.
Greenport, 19.
Hamnondsport, 29.
Hastings, 19.
Haverstraw, 29.
Hornellsville, 31.

NEW YORK (con'd.)

Horse Heads, 17.
Hudson, 17.
Huntington, 14.
Ilion 5.
Ithaca, 20.
Jamaica, 17, GO.
Johnstown, 10.
Keeseville, 20, 18.
Kingston, 20, GO. 27, 31, 17, GO.
Larchmont, 3.
Long Island City, 10, 18.
Madalin, 20, GO.
Millbrook 21.
Mount Kisco, 29.
Mount Vernon, 20.
New Brighton 20, 18.
Newburgh, 21, 19.
New York, 20, 21, GO. 22, GO. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, GO. 1, 2, 4, 5, GO. 6, 7, GO. 8, GO. 9, GO. 10, 11, 12, 13, GO. 15, GO. 16, GO. 17, 18, GO. 19, GO.
Niagara Falls, 15
North Tarrytown, 22.
Oneonta, 31.
Oswego 21, 31, 16, 18.
Oyster Bay, 23, 17.
Peekskill, 20 31, 17.
Philmont, 29.
Piermont, 29.
Port Chester, 7, 15.
Port Henry, 25.
Poughkeepsie, 24, 27, GO. 3, 14. GO. 15.
Rochester, 26.
Rosebank, 19.
Sag Harbor, 21.
Saratoga Springs, 20.
Saugerties, 16.
Schenectady, 30.
Sing Sing, 24.
Stapleton, 8
Syracuse, 24 25, 4.
Tomkinsville, 17.
Troy, 22, 30, 18, GO.
Utica, 28, 17
Waddington 21.
Wappinger's Falls, 31.
Watertown, 8.
Waverly, 17.
West Troy, 18.
Whitehall, 27.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Asheville, 28.
Belmont, 7.
Raleigh, 18.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Bismark, 27, GO.
Jamestown, 25.
Standing Rock Agency, 23, GO.
Wheatland, 25, GO.

OHIO.

Akron, 27.
Carey, 7
Carthage, 9, 15, GO.
Cincinnati, 26, 27, 8, GO. 9, 14, 17.
Circ eville, 18.
Cleveland, 23, GO, 24, 26, 27, 4, GO. 8, 9, 12, 15, GO. 18.
Columbus, 15, 16.
Cresk, 8.
Dayton, 7, GO. 18.
Delphos, 4.
East Liverpool, 22.
Elyria, 14.
Greenville 12.
Kenton, 7, GO.
Lakewood, 25.
Lima, 6.
Lorain, 17.
Louisville, 22, 5.

OHIO (con'd.)

McCleary, 4.
Massillon, 19.
Nelsonville, 8 9, GO.
Newark, 17, 19.
Newport. 20.
Nottingham, 7.
Oberlin 19.
Portsmouth, 18.
Reading, 18.
Sciotoville, 26.
Shawnee, 19.
Shepard, 25.
Springfield, 20, GO.
Tiffin 17.
Toledo, 31.
Warren, 18.
Washington, 24, GO.
Youngstown, 27, 16, 18.
Zanesville, 23, 16.

OREGON.

Mount Angel, 21, 24.
Portland, 22, 27.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Altoona, 18.
Ash and, 31.
Athens 28.
Beatty, 4.
Braddock, 18.
Bristol, 17.
Brookville, 17, 18.
Butler, 24, 19.
Carbondale, 15, 18.
Carlisle, 17.
Carnegie, 23.
Coylesville, 15.
Derry Station, 26, 18.
Ebensburg, 11, 14.
Elmhurst, 9.
Erie, 31, 1, 8.
Freeland, 17.
Gallitzin, 21.
Glenfield, 8.
Glen Riddle, 14
Hanover, 8.
Harrisburg, 15.
Hazleton, 26.
Homestead, 25.
Houtzdale, 31, 14.
Jenkintown, 20.
Johnstown, 20.
Kane, 17.
Lancaster, 15.
Lansdowne, 11.
Latrobe, 27.
Lilly, 15.
Loretto, 27.
McKeesport, 28.
McSherrytown, 3, 28.
Mayfield, 31.
Meadville, 10.
Mercer 19.
Merion Station, 18.
Minooka, 11.
Mount Pocono, 25.
Norristown, 17.
North Oakland, 10.
Overbrook, 18.
Parsons 2.
Philadelphia, 21, 24, GO. 26, 28, 30, GO. 31, 2, 3, 5, 7, 11, 13, GO. 14, 15 16 17 18, 19.
Phillipsburg, 19.
Pittsburg, 20, 21, 25, GO. 28, 31, 2, 5, 10, 14, GO. 15, 19.
Plymouth, 16.
Pottsville, 27, 29.
Reading, 18
Redman Mills, 5.
Renovo, 21, 2, GO. 18.
Ridgeway, 7.
Saegerstown, 22.
Saint Clair, 1.
Scranton, 25, 28, 30, GO. 3.
Shamokin, 29.
Sharpsburg, 18.
Towanda, 22.

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PENN. (con'd.)

Turtle Creek, 27.
Tyler, 16
West Chester, 28, 7, 17.
West Grove, 24.
Wilkesbarre, 20, 24, 31. 1.
Wilmore, 18.
York, 7, 8.

RHODE ISLAND.

Jamestown, 17.
Lonsdale, 1, GO.
Newport, 30. 31, 18.
Pawtucket, 7, GO. 15.
Providence, 21, 25, 27, GO. 9, 15, 17, 18, 19.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Charleston, 20, 8.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Cavour, 27.
Lead, 17.
Redfield, 31.
Sioux Falls, 19.
Yankton, 14.

TENNESSEE.

Memphis, 25, 7.
Nashville, 1, 5, 16.

TEXAS.

Austin, 14.
Denison, 24, 14, GO. 17.
Fort Davis, 2, GO.
Fort Worth, 2.
Galveston, 8, 11, 14.
Hallettsville, 28.
Houston, 27, 8, 17.
Marfa, 4
San Antonio, 27.
Sherman, 18.
Texarkana, 19.
Victoria, 11, GO.
Waco, 18.
Wylie, 1.

UTAH.

Park City, 20.
Salt Lake City, 28, 15.

VERMONT.

Burlington, 27, GO.
Pittsford 17.
Rutland, 27, 28.

VIRGINIA.

Alexandria, 14, 17.
Cape Charles, 10.
Fortress Monroe, 28.
Lowmoor, 17.

VIRGINIA (con'd.)

Lynchburg, 12.
Norfolk, 30, 16.
Richmond, 26.
Roanoke, 20.
Staunton, 17.
West End, 5.

WASHINGTON.

Everett, 24, 31, GO.
North Yakima, 20.
Seattle, 6, 15.
Spokane, 24, 16.
Walla Walla, 25, 2.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Grafton, 16.
Shepherdstown, 16.
Weston, 28.
Wheeling, 21, 14.

WISCONSIN.

Bayfield, 28.
Bay Settlement, 15.
Chippewa Falls, 18.
Cooperstown, 7.
Fond Du Lac, 19.
Glenwood, 14, 16.
Green Bay, 20, 15

WISCONSIN (con'd.)

Hartford, 20, 29.
Jacksonport, 14.
Janesville, 7.
Mauston, 15.
Mendota, 7, 17.
Milwaukee, 22, 24, 26, 27, 8, 12, GO. 15, 17, 19.
Northport, 24.
Oshkosh, 26, 1.
Portage, 24.
Prairie Du Chien, 29.
Racine, 20, 2, 17.
Sheboygan, 21.
Thompson, 5.
Watertown, 11.

WYOMING.

Cheyenne, 4.
Evanston, 15, 19.
Rock Spring, 13.
Saint Stephens, 4.

CANADA.

Quebec, 26.
Sussex Vale, 14.

FOREIGN.

Spanishtown, Jamaica 24, 11.

RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation from the Central Direction from August 20 to September 20, 1896.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.		Date of Diploma.
Albany	Herkimer, N. Y.	St. Francis de Sales	Church	Sept. 12
Alton	Mount Sterling, Ill.	St. Mary's	"	Sept. 15
Arizona (V. A.)	Yuma, Ariz.	Immaculate Conception	"	Sept. 12
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	St. Teresa's	"	Sept. 19
Burlington	St. Albans, Vt.	St. Mary's	"	Sept. 2
"	"	"	School	Sept. 2
Cleveland	Sandusky, Ohio	Holy Angels'	Church	Sept. 15
Covington	Carrollton, Ky.	St. John Evangelist	"	Sept. 15
Davenport	Chariton, Iowa	St. Mary's	"	Aug. 21
"	Council Bluffs, Iowa	St. Bernard's	Hospital	Sept. 2
Detroit	Meudon, Mich	St. Edward's	Church	Sept. 19
Dubuque	Elkader, Iowa.	St. Joseph's	"	Sept 11
Fort Wayne	Marion, Ind.	Soldiers'	Home	Sept. 2
Grand Rapids	East Tawas, Mich.	St. Joseph's	Church	Sept 12
Kansas City, Kan.	Greenleaf, Kans	Sacred Heart	"	Sept. 12
" " "	Palmer, Kans.	St. Louis	"	Sept. 12
Milwaukee	Brodhead, Wis.	St. Rose	"	Aug. 21
Newark	Butler, N. J.	St. Anthony's	"	Sept. 19
"	Mendham, N. J	St. Joseph's	"	Sept. 19
Omaha	Gretna, Neb	St. Patrick's	"	Aug. 21
Peoria	Sheffield, Ill.	St. Patrick's	"	Aug. 25
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Gregory's	"	Sept 12
St. Cloud	Collegeville, Pa.	St. John's	University	Sept. 15
St. Paul	Minneapolis, Minn.	Holy Rosary	Church	Aug. 21
San Francisco.	Tomales, Cal.	Assumption	"	Sept. 12

Aggregations, 25; churches, 21; college, 1; school, 1; institutions, 2.

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THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART

·DECEMBER·1896·



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NOTICE.

Beginning with the issue of January, 1897, all that is now published in the PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS concerning the League, will be published exclusively in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.

The MESSENGER will be enlarged, the quality of its paper and illustrations improved, and every effort made to make its choice and treatment of topics as worthy as possible of the great work and devotion whose organ it is.

The departments of the MESSENGER now known as the GENERAL INTENTION, THE READER, INTERESTS OF THE HEART OF JESUS, NOTES FROM HEAD CENTRES, APOSTOLIC WORKS, DIRECTOR'S REVIEW, THANKSGIVINGS AND BOOK NOTICES, together with the POINTS FOR THE COUNCIL, NEWS FROM LOCAL CENTRES, PATRONS SAINTS, and CALENDAR OF THE PILGRIM, will henceforth appear in the MESSENGER only, together with additional topics of interest and of use to Associates of the League.

These various subjects will be treated in the last pages of the MESSENGER, and these pages will be known as the MESSENGER SUPPLEMENT, so as to form a distinct part of the full MESSENGER, and so as to be printed separately for those who wish to take only this part.

The subscription to the MESSENGER in this, its new and improved form, will be $2.00 yearly; the SUPPLEMENT may be had separately, single copies, 50 cents yearly; 10 copies TO ONE ADDRESS, $4.00, (each 40 cents yearly); 20 copies, TO ONE ADDRESS, $7.00, (each 35 cents yearly); 50 copies TO ONE ADDRESS, $15.00, (each 30 cents yearly).

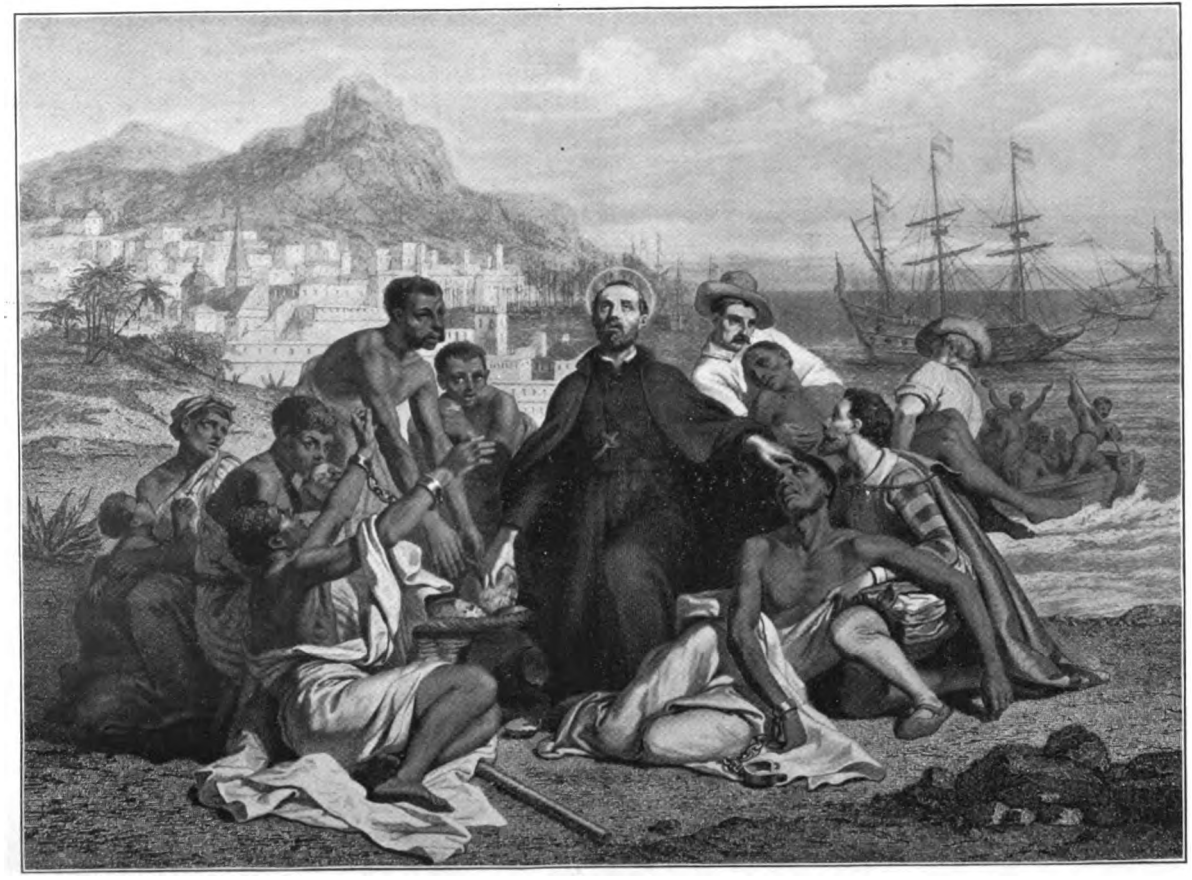
The date of issue will be the same as for the present MESSENGER, so that copies should reach every subscriber by the fifteenth of each month, and be in time for the Promoters' Councils even when they are held as early as the third Sunday. The SUPPLEMENT may be had the same date.

The PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS will henceforth be devoted entirely to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, to devotion to our Blessed Lady, particularly to her Seven Sorrows; to the Cause of the Beatification of Father Jogues, Rene Goupil, Catharine Tegakwita, and of the other heroic souls who died for the Faith in our early Missions; and finally, to the interests of Catholic Missionaries toiling in our own times in every part of the world. It will be issued for the first of each month, for 50 cents a year. Its revenue is to be devoted to the interests it represents.

Both Magazines will still be edited by Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

It is confidently hoped that this announcement may meet with favor from our readers, and that all of them may continue to subscribe, not only to the MESSENGER and its SUPPLEMENT, but also to the PILGRIM, for the sake of the worthy interests it will advocate.

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THE SLAVE OF SLAVES, ST. PETER CLAVER.

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THE MESSENGER

OF THE

SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXI. DECEMBER, 1896. NO. 12.

AD ANGLOS.

By Rev. C. W. Barraud, S.J.

A PLEA for unity, a father's prayer;
The call of the good shepherd to his own;
A cry to England from the Fisher's throne,
To England who of old was wont to bear
A love so loyal to St. Peter's chair:
Whence came her faith and all that she hath known
Of grace or holiness ere turned to stone
By Gorgon Heresy with snake-wreathed hair?

And is this unity an old man's dream?
Or is't the living and life-giving sign
Set on God's work, a star with steady gleam
Pointing to Bethlehem? 'Tis the robe divine.
Let us not rend it; for it hath no seam.
Nay, cast thy lot, stake all, and make it thine.

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NEW MEXICO AND THE CITY OF HOLY FAITH.

By the late Rev. George O'Connell, S.J.

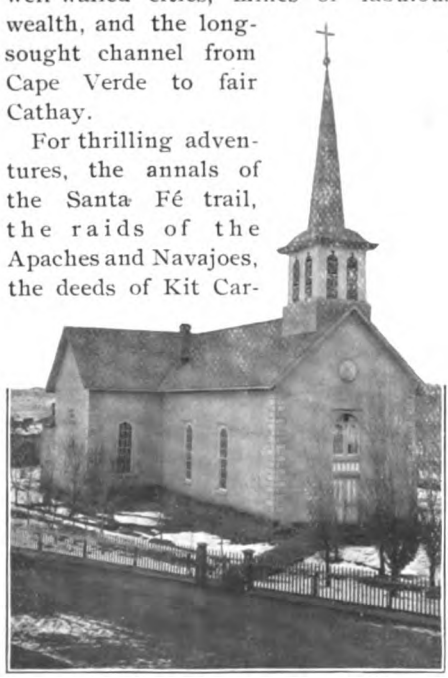
I.

UNRIVALLED NEW MEXICO.

THE Stars and Stripes float their benison over no land so interesting as that of New Mexico. Ten years before the Puritan, John Carver, had set his foot on Plymouth Rock, the Catholic Captain Villagrá had written his metrical *Historia de la Nueva Mexico.*

Within its area of 300 miles by 400, 9,000 town-dwelling Indians jealously preserve to-day an aboriginal life which far antedates in its origin the coming of Cortez and all known chronicles. The story of Ponce de Leon in search of the fountain of youth is not more romantic than that of Coronado searching for the seven golden cities of Cibola, the vast treasures of the Gran Quiviva, and the great Northern mystery that enshrouded well-walled cities, mines of fabulous wealth, and the long-sought channel from Cape Verde to fair Cathay.

For thrilling adventures, the annals of the Santa Fé trail, the raids of the Apaches and Navajoes, the deeds of Kit Carson, and the thousand episodes of its entrance into the Union, make New Mexico unrivalled Its vast *mesas*, or table-lands, slashed across with countless ravines, its towering and picturesque mountains, its miles and miles of sandstone battlements, dark red and cut up into shapes the most fantastic, even the desolate brown of its deserts and the black of its lava fields, in the valleys its irrigated farms and teeming orchards, and on the enamelled plains its fattening herds, all give it the fascination of a novelty that never grows dull.



GUADALUPE CHURCH, SANTA FÉ.

Savagery, barbarism and civilization dwell together within its limits, the Navajo, the Pueblo and the Mexican, three races, across whose pathway the shadow of El Gringo, the cold and progressive American is falling apace, man of destiny who threatens here, what he has long ago achieved in California, to obliterate all signs of the people who went before him.

All the interest excited by this story is crystallized in New Mexico's quaint capital, Santa Fé, the City of Holy Faith. Santa Fé is New Mexico in miniature. To visit it is to see the fairest types of New Mexico's life. To dwell there is to breathe an atmosphere redolent of all New Mexico's peculiar history. To trace the interweaving of town and territory is a task much longer than it is difficult, but it can be well understood in a flying trip to the city and a glance at the records of its temples of God. Later on we may tell how the city was exalted to the see of an Archbishop and how its modern Church glory arose.

II.

FROM LAS VEGAS TO SANTA FÉ.

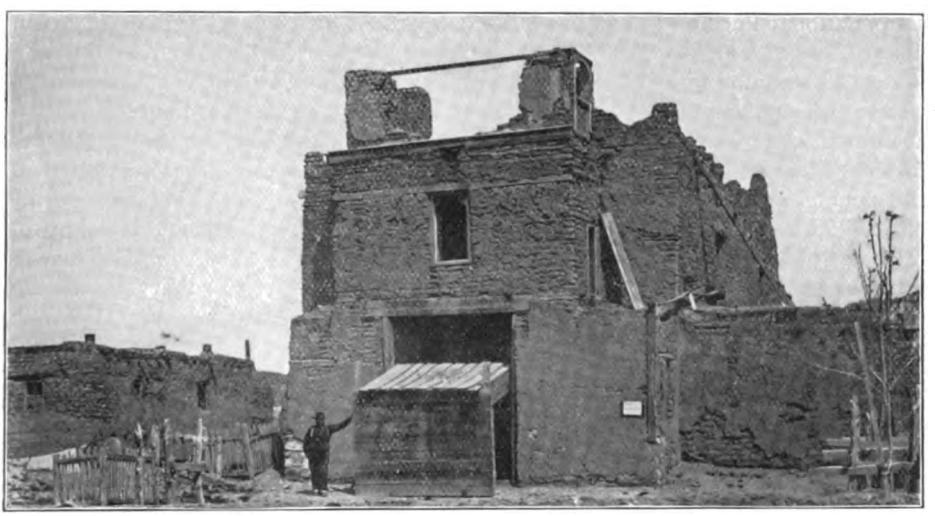
Out of Las Vegas in the sun of a March afternoon, our train soon sweeps us

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away from the grassy *meadows*, sixty miles square, that have given our town its name, over the purling Gallinas and through the narrow defile of Puertecito, a rolling country follows, broken ever and anon by dried up *arroyos*, or furrows cut into the yielding soil by the heavy rains, and flanked, now on one side and now on both, by irregular hills where the scrubby evergreen wars with the barren rock for subsistence.

Mexican hamlets dot the way. More like the little towns of Palestine they look than towns in the heart of America. Adobe clusters, they might be called. The adobe or hard tough clay of the field has simply been sliced into squares, sometimes mixed with straw, and then baked in the open sun. When hard enough, brick has been laid on brick in four walls till they have reached a foot or two beyond the height of the average native. Roughly hewn beams are next thrown across from wall to wall, and on these are laid thatch and more adobe. A window here and there may or may not decorate the walls as a luxury, and a smooth cement is sometimes plastered over the whole, when, lo! the New Mexican is housed against wind and rain, and he is satisfied. He lives more against his house, it has been said, than inside it. Nothing of architectural skill or beauty marks the structure, and yet, resisting heat and cold alike, it is perhaps the best house for the territory. It is tidily kept, as a rule, and if roofed with shingles and adorned with a veranda, it makes a pretty and comfortable home.

The patient, homely and enduring dwarf donkey, in New Mexico yclept the *burro*, is everywhere an integral feature of the landscape. No scene is complete without his modest presence, no eventide is true without his discordant song. Never shirking a load, and content with the merest subsistence, how great a friend he proves, a veritable Godsend brought by the corded Franciscan to a land that before had known no beast of burden!



SAN MIGUEL CHURCH IN RUINS.

Better than all, the little adobe church, with its never failing belfry, rounds off the view in every village. It silently tells of the practical faith of the New Mexican. He ranks Almighty God first in all his thoughts, and to God he consecrates his finest piece of ground and his handsomest edifice.

The first uncertain windings of the Rio Pecos or Freckle River, so called

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from its spotted trout, soon gleam beneath the rail. It slips like a silver thread out of the great Pecos National Park, a land of forest, mountain and meadow, that abounds in royal game; but hundreds of miles to the south it swells to noble proportions and after irrigating its own long valley, cleaves the prairies of Texas and unites its waters with the Rio Grande. Entering next a pent-up and fir-clad region, a lonely ruin suddenly confronts us. Positively spectral the apparition seems in its abandonment and the gathering shades of the gloaming. It is our first introduction to Pueblo history.

Yonder crumbling walls once enclosed a church, the six-towered guardian of the famous old pueblo of Pecos-Cicuyé, where in 1540, 500 warriors greeted Alvarado and made him presents of brilliant cloth and rich turquoise. The town was strategically built on a rock, with its houses four stories high, and in 1689 it held a population of 2,000 souls, the greatest of all the pueblos. The Franciscans had founded a mission there as early as 1598, and, though it had been seduced into sending its 500 warriors to join in the rebellion of Po-pé it had proved faithful in the second attempt of 1696, and had long supported two missionaries and the magnificent church that now fairly totters to obliteration. Sickness, however, and the ceaseless raids of the murderous Comanche brought upon it a rapid decline. Only five families were left to it in 1840, and these fled broken-hearted to their relatives in the west at Jemes.



SAN MIGUEL, RESTORED.

With the thought of the vanished red man thus in our minds, we have, unawares, been climbing up the mountains till suddenly we are plunged into the stupendous canyons of the Glorieta. Their huge sides frown upon us, and lesser canyons carve them with a power and majesty not a whit less awe-inspiring, for the brief space they last, than the Royal Gorge of Colorado. The grim Apache canyon marks their close, where Kearney met the Mexicans in 1847, and where Confederates and Federals closed in bloody strife in 1867, and where many a darker tale is told of Indian atrocity. Just beyond and visible from the disused station of Manzanaves across the Rio Galisteo, we behold the old two-story adobe seminary of Archbishop Lamy; but in another moment the station of Lamy itself is reached, and we alight to take the branch train that will bear us into the interesting old city of Holy Faith.

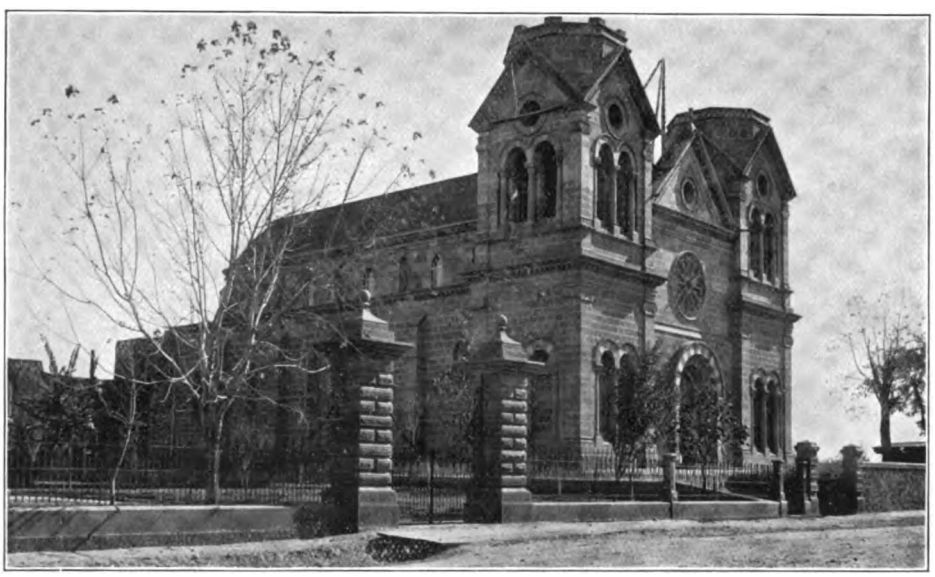
Lamy is not an unpicturesque amphitheatre, with evergreen hills sloping back to the east, and adobe huts and a sprinkling of American houses to the west, and a herd of goats sure to be filing in from the ravines. The first sight, however, to catch our pilgrim eye, is a modest wooden and weather-beaten church on a hill-top. We wonder it is not of adobe. "Father Defouri's Five Dollar Cathedral," is what the wags call it. Such exactly is the price its former venerable pastor paid for an old frame shed, which, by removing to its present

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location, extending, adorning within and without, and topping with a belfry, he thus transformed into the house of God. Gem-like its proportions may be, but large enough quite for the flock to whom he came to minister from his handsome church in Santa Fé. It is dedicated to Our Lady of Light, and with its name a pious story runs.

In a room adjoining the chapel of Our Lady of Light, the Loretto nuns of Santa Fé preserve with pride an ancient picture of the Blessed Virgin. It is painted on an oblong slab of freestone, and represents our Lady saving an unfortunate sinner from the jaws of the devil. It was formerly sunk in the wall over the door of the *Castrense*, or soldiers' chapel of Spanish days, which was dedicated to our Lady under the same invocation.

Now, a confraternity of Our Lady of Light used to flourish at the *Castrense*, and, as money was scarce in those times, the members used to pay their dues in sheep. The sheep increased until they numbered 7,000, and were intrusted to the care of one Carlos Herrera. Herrera's ranch was situated where the station of Lamy now stands. The position was painfully isolated, and his flocks proved a tempting bait to the thieving Apaches, so one day swooping down upon the ranch, they slaughtered Herrera and two of his sons, and drove away the sheep. His son Francisco escaped to Santa Fé, and lived there for years in a cabin behind the Guadalupe church, of which he was hired as caretaker. On the coming of Archbishop Lamy to the diocese, the honest fellow expressed his grief at the loss of the sheep, and insisted that His Grace should accept his father's ranch as compensation. The Archbishop afterwards sold the property to Señor Menzandres, and when the railroad, later on, acquired a right of way in the neighborhood, its officials called the station after the illustrious prelate. So when Father Defouri started his little mission there, the traditions of the spot seemed to demand that he dedicate it to Our Lady of Light.



NEW CATHEDRAL, SANTA FÉ.

In less than an hour of travel over a waste of cactus and stunted pine, where no house nor farm salutes us, we sight the bare grounds and dull red brick of the Government Indian school. The penitentiary follows fast, and then the Ramona Congregational school for the

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same much-taught and little educated Indian; and finally all the famous city is before us. It still vividly recalls, when looked upon to the south, across its flat-roofed, one-story adobes, the saying of Zebulon Pike, that it looks like a long fleet of flat boats. The illusion, however, is speedily dispelled when one looks upon it to the north. There the Federal building, the ruins of the lately erected and lately burned capitol, the St. Vincent Sanitarium and the tower of the stately cathedral, mark the pride of American architects and reveal how the spirit of progress is rife in the town.

Rolling in beside the platform, for Santa Fé can boast no elegant depot, half a dozen vociferous Jehus invite us into unsteady and well-worn vehicles. If an invalid, we are to call on Mr. Mike McCabe to drive us to the sanitarium. No searcher after health in these parts would wilfully deprive himself of the queenly attentions of Sister Victoria and her gentle Sisters of Charity, ministering angels all of them. Everybody knows McCabe, and, in turn, that man or place or incident is hopelessly obscure that McCabe knows not; and so he bumps us up and down the tortuous road, through narrow streets of low adobe buildings, under the shadow of many a trembling veranda, past the glances of many a swart New Mexican and many a gaily clad Tesuque Indian, skirting the shady plaza with its ancient and historical colonnaded *palacio*, beside the adobe Exchange Hotel, oldest in the Territory, and the humble one-story adobe mansion of Governor Thornton, till we face the Cathedral squarely, when, making one last turn, we are driven into the beautiful grounds of the sanitarium.

Were old and new, we cry, ever so confounded as in the city of Holy Faith? In Las Vegas, old town and new town are sharply cut asunder by the Rio Gallinas; while in Albuquerque *acequia*, or irrigating ditch, marks off the bustling American life from the dreamy quiet of the sons of Castile; but in Santa Fé all is bewildering confusion. Adobe hut leans for support against warehouse of stone and burnt brick; Mexican shop and American saloon are neighbors; Indian and white man freely jostle one another in the streets; ancient history and modern, barbarism and civilization, east and west, roll together in one romantic panorama all day long.

III.

THE FOUNDING OF SANTA FÉ, AND THE MISSION OF MARY DE AGREDA.

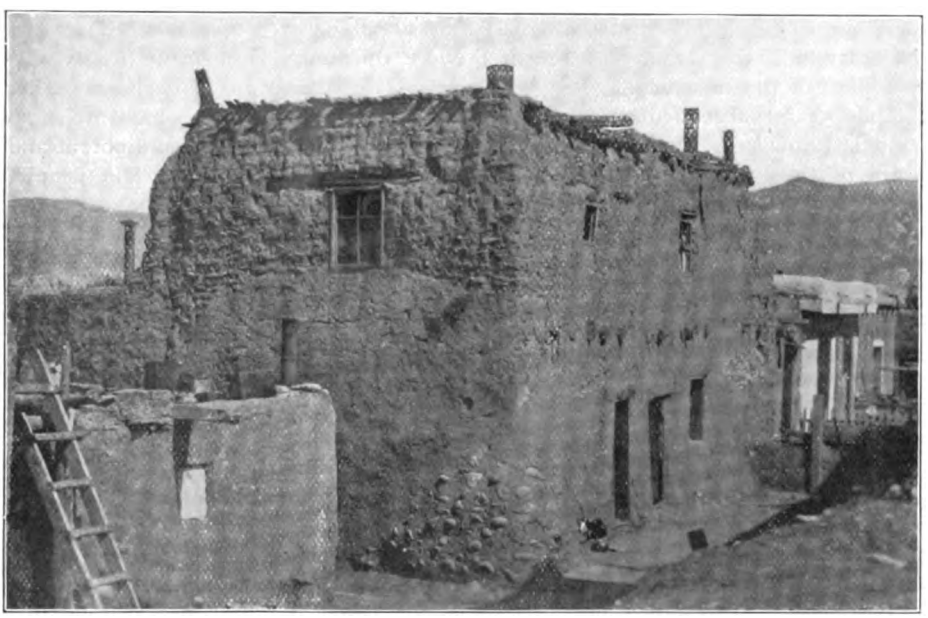
San Francisco de Asis de la Santa Fé, as the placid Spaniard called it long ago, with his *penchant* for names interminable, was founded not far from the year of our Lord 1606. This makes it the second oldest city in the Union, for St. Augustine in Florida dates back to 1560. With the recent researches of scholars, like Bandelier and H. H. Bancroft, we can afford to wag our heads and smile at the Tertio-Millenial Jubilee with which its citizens deluded themselves in 1883; but there is much to be said in their excuse. The loss of many invaluable documents from the public archives—not only when they served as bonfires for the orgies of the rebel Po-pé, but when Govenor Armijo served them out as wadding for his soldiers' guns, and Governor Pile sold them for wrapping paper—and a confusion of names in many of those which remain, led quite pardonably to such mistakes as supposing the expedition of Espejo in 1593[1] to have been one of settlement, and to locate the town of Tiguex, where some of Coronado's men camped in 1543, at the present Santa Fé, instead of at Bernalillo, with which it has since been identified.

What Indian town or settlement stood formerly where Santa Fé now stands, it is hard to conjecture. Bancroft declares that there are only slight grounds, if indeed there are any, for supposing that

1. See "In the Land of Pretty Soon, I." in the MESSENGER for February, 1895.

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the Spanish town was built on the site of an ancient pueblo, and that certainly there is no warrant for referring it to any of those whose names are now well known. Bandelier also discards the notion that there was ever an Indian centre of population here, or anything that might be called an Indian capital. He claims, however, that the present town does cover the ruins of an Indian village, and that the earthworks of Fort Marcy rest upon still another and older one. This older one contained about 500 souls, and was called *Cua-Pho-o-ge* or *Cua-Pooge*, "mussel-pearl-place-on-the-water," the water being the poor little Rio Santa Fé.



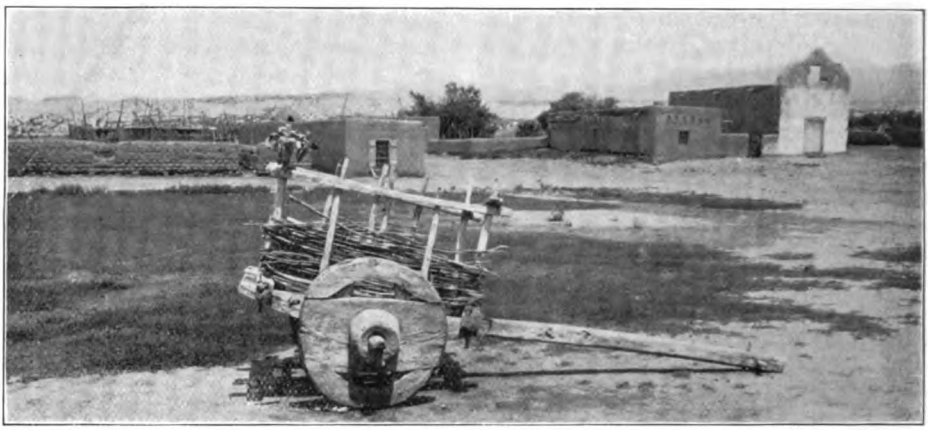
OLDEST HOUSE IN NEW MEXICO.

The earliest Spanish settlement in New Mexico was not that of Santa Fé, but that of the now obliterated San Gabriel, near the existing town of Chamita. It was founded by Oñate in 1598, and there the first church was erected, its dedication taking place on September 8. San Gabriel was abandoned on the foundation of Santa Fé as the capital of the Territory. The delay in founding this capital was probably due to the fact that the duties of the Governor had not been clearly defined till 1608. A new Govenor, perhaps Pedro de Peralta, appears in Santa Fé in that year, and the founding of the city could not have preceded his arrival much more than a year.

Here, doubtless, best were told the story of the conversion of the Jumanas by the miraculous visits of the celebrated Poor Clare nun, Maria de Jesus, of Agreda in Spain. These Indians dwelt about 400 miles east of Santa Fé, within the limits of the present state of Texas, but were visited by the same missionaries as entered New Mexico.

On first encountering them, Father Juan de Salas was astonished to find them familiar with the great truths of the Catholic faith. They had been instructed, so they told him, by a strange and beautiful woman, who, in periodic visits, had often appeared amongst them. When the priest showed them the picture of a nun, they eagerly exclaimed that the habit was the same, but that their instructress was much younger and handsomer. Father de Salas repeated

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INDIAN PUEBLO OF TESUQUE, NEAR SANTA FÉ.

the story to Father Benavides, the first custodian of the missions.

Some years subsequently, when this famous Franciscan was at Agreda, he heard of the supernatural gifts of the saintly Abbess, and sought an interview with her. To his amazement, for the story of Father de Salas was not then in his mind, she showed herself thoroughly acquainted with the tribes amongst whom he had been laboring, and especially with the Jumanas. She even described a number of events in his life to which there had been no visible witnesses but himself and the savages. He found it was common report that she had visited the tribes frequently since 1620, while to her sisters in Agreda she seemed to be lost in a trance. Father Benavides carefully records this fact in his *memorial* to Philip IV., in 1630. The esteem in which he himself was held is evidenced by the fact of his appointment later to the Archbishopric of Goa.

His account is supported by that of Palou, in his life of Junipero Serra, the apostle of California, and by Vetancurt in his *Crónica*. A letter of the nun's, written to the missionaries in 1631, is still extant. How enlightened a woman Mary de Agreda was, we can understand when we read that, three centuries ago, she urged the Holy See to promulgate the doctrines of the Papal Infallibility and the Immaculate Conception. It were unsound criticism to easily discredit the illustrious chroniclers of her missionary experiences, which are in no wise repugnant to God's omnipotent and mysterious dealings with His people. They make at least a pretty story, and one which we should be glad to think true.

To return to our City of Holy Faith, the first church there must have been erected in the year of its foundation, for in every Spanish settlement the church building was scrupulously given the first place. This church, however, must soon have been found too small for the growing population, and in 1622 Father Benavides began the building of the *parroquia*, to be completed five years later. It stood where the present Cathedral stands, and some of the adobe walls of the existing transepts may have belonged to it. The *parroquia* or parish church was not long in dividing its honors with the *Castrense* or soldiers' chapel, facing on the plaza, the chapel of San Miguel, erected for the Indians, and the church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, standing in the suburbs. No reliable data, however, can be had as to the exact year of the erection of these three churches, though 1637 would doubtless be approximate.

We must notice here the old adobe building back of the San Miguel chapel, which is probably coëval with the old

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parroquia, but which is claimed as the oldest house in the territory. It formerly was of two stories, and access was had to the interior only by means of a ladder; while the legend goes that Coronado lodged there once upon a time. Some even assert that it existed in pre-Spanish days, and belonged to the Tlascaltec suburb of Analco, which Escalante mentions. The Tlascala people are probably the same as those of Cia, a populous pueblo four leagues west of the Rio Grande, within the present Cochití district.

The chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary, out at the cemetery, brings us to the bloody days of Po-pé's rebellion, when the first chapel was erected there by the warrior Don Vargas in fulfilment of a vow to the Mother of God.

IV.

PO-PÉ'S REBELLION, AND THE VOW OF DON VARGAS.

The rebellion of Po-pé, in 1680, in which the Indians slew 400 Spaniards, twenty-one of whom were priests, was, as we have seen in a preceding sketch, the last wild struggle of devil-worship to avert its doom. This is proved by the total absence of any other adequate cause, and the unintelligible hatred of Christ and His Blessed Mother with which it was conducted. The Franciscan Fathers had labored indefatigably to stamp out the worship of the snake, the immoral dances called *cachina*, and the mysterious rites of the *estufa*, or circular meeting-house; and they had apparently met with success. What, then, was the consternation of Governor Otermin, when two natives of Tesuque, a pueblo not far north of Santa Fé, suddenly warned him that all the pueblos except the Piros in the south were in rebellion!

The Governor did the little that was possible in the brief time allowed him. He sent off scouts to give the alarm in all directions, and promptly put his city upon the defensive. Thus the Spaniards and faithful Indians from San Felipe northward, were enabled to fly before the storm, while some to the north sought safety at La Cañada. Finding their plans prematurely exposed Po-pé and his fellows waited no longer to strike the appalling blow. On the very night of the exposure, in every



TESUQUE PUEBLO INDIANS.

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pueblo where the news of it was told to the conspirators, they rose up and massacred all the Spaniards, to whom not the faintest suspicion of harm had occurred. The priests were in every case put to death with the greatest refinement of cruelty. Tearing south, like a cyclone of fiends, the rebels next mercilessly slaughtered the crowd who had taken refuge in Santa Cruz, and then advanced triumphantly on Santa Fé.

Encamping near the fateful plaza, they sent Don Otermin an insolent message, coupled with unspeakable blasphemies, that either the whites and their allies should quit the Territory or meet with the pitiless death of their brethren. The doughty Spaniard could oppose only 200 fighting men to their 2,000, and was hampered in his action by women and children, but still he resolved to fight them. Calling his people in from the outskirts, he provided them with ammunition and fortified the plaza for a desperate siege. Twice he charged the savages with vigor, "invoking the sweet name of Mary," and drove them back with a loss of 300 men, but he could gain no permanent advantage. The savages then made a sudden sortie and burned the church, after which they cut off the supply of water from the town, and so beleaguered it that the direst distress soon prevailed.

Otermin saw that further resistance would be suicidal. Gathering his feeble forces together he ordered a retreat, and August 21 quitted Santa Fé. The rebels were true to their word, and did not molest him. It was seemingly enough for them that the hated Christians were abandoning the Territory. But as the Spaniards sadly departed, their ears were pierced with the sounds of demoniacal festivity, as the victors poured down upn the city and devoted it to pillage.

Seizing first the public documents, Po-pé burned them on the place, that no record might remain of the detested invader. Then the Christian religion rekindled his frenzy, and his followers donned the rich church vestments in mockery, while they danced their long-forbidden and wicked *cachina*. Tired of this, the vestments, too, were pitched into the flames, and the savages turned their vengeance against the churches themselves. The *parroquia* had been already burned, and now the *Castrense* and the chapel of San Miguel were frightfully desecrated and almost destroyed, and in the following year, the church of Guadalupe also fell a victim to the prevalent fury. All the natives who had been baptized were obliged to bathe themselves in the river and to scour their bodies with the *amole* or soap-weed, to wash away the faintest stain of the Christian stigma. No one was suffered to keep his Christian name or even to pronounce the sacred names of Jesus and Mary. Every Christian marriage was declared annulled, and the use of the language of the Spaniards and the very cultivation of the crops which they had introduced were proclaimed to be capital crimes.

For a brief spell only did the powers of darkness have their way. The reaction soon came, and, when their first delirium was over, the unfortunate savages awoke to find themselves in a truly deplorable state. The insolence and cruelty of Po-pé had become unendurable. Countless dissensions and wars had arisen between the different pueblos. The marauding Apaches, Comanches and Utes had begun systematic and endless raids upon them. A fearful drought finally came upon the land, and their reconquest became but a question of time. Otermin himself undertook this task in the fall of 1681, and advanced successfully as far as Isleta. Other attempts were made by succeeding governors, but only in a fitful way until the work was entrusted to the intrepid and skilful Don Diego de Vargas.

This astute soldier left El Paso on August 31, 1692, and by the twelfth of the following September, after many a stub-

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born conflict with the pagans, the Spaniards were again in possession of Santa Fé. His subjugation of the rest of the territory followed gradually. Another revolt occurred in 1696, and was marked by another sickening massacre, but by 1700 peace was wholly restored. In no case was vengeance exacted by the Spaniards. The rebels were only required to submit in order to obtain a generous pardon and regain their former standing with their conquerors.

It was while struggling to recapture Santa Fé that Don Vargas made the vow to which is due the chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary. In approaching the city, he had crossed the Rio Santa Fé at the spot where the chapel now stands. The Indians dauntlessly awaited him on the plaza, and on the morrow he gave them battle. He fought them hard all day, but by sunset found himself at no advantage. Nothing disheartened, however, the pious hidalgo knew where to obtain assistance. Returning to camp, he lifted his thoughts to that most holy Virgin to whom none have had recourse in vain, and fell upon his knees before one of her statues which he always carried with him on his marches. The identical statue now stands on a side altar in the Cathedral, though in the day of Don Vargas it was not bedecked with all the finery with which New Mexican devotion now conceals its real beauty. He had always erected a sanctuary for the statue wherever his troops had halted, and had earnestly invoked her as his great patroness. Confident still that she would never desert him, he now solemnly vowed that, if she would give him victory over these fanatical devotees of the demon, he would build a chapel in her honor on the spot where he then was kneeling; and that to this chapel every year, on the anniversary of his victory, the statue should be carried in solemn procession from the principal church of the town, and here for nine days afterwards solemn High Mass should be sung. Sure that our Lady had accepted his vow he snatched a few hours of slumber, and renewed the battle at the first streak of daylight.



BISHOP JOSÉ ANTONIO ZUBIRIA.

In vain the savages now fought with the desperation of madmen. Step by step, the Spaniards forced them from the place, until by eight o'clock they had fled, terribly decimated, to the *loma* or hill north of the town. No respite, however, was granted them. Again Don Vargas threw his forces against them, and sword and gun never rested before high noon, when the last of the savages had fled howling through the distant canyons. The warrior lost no time in proving his gratitude to the great Queen of Heaven. He built the chapel at once as he had vowed, and as long as he remained in the city faithfully did all that he promised.

His successors were scrupulous to imitate him, nor is the present generation less observant of his vow. His original chapel was replaced by the present one in 1807, and every year since, on the Sunday after the octave of Corpus Christi, the statue is carried thither from the Cathedral with every pomp of circumstance. It has since been called

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La Conquistadora. Rich music, the chanting of hymns and the recitation of the rosary mark the line of the procession. The occasion is made a sort of city festival, and for all the nine days many a pilgrim, alone or in pious bands, makes a novena at the shrine that was reared by the valiant Don Vargas. More, too, the church has done; for on the bleak hill near the spot, a home is reared today where Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament devote their lives to the civilizing and Christianizing of the children of these rebels of long ago.

V.

THE RESTORATION OF THE CHURCHES.

Vargas strove zealously to repair all the harm which the pagans had done to religion and its sacred edifices. He brought with him seventeen Franciscan friars, and within a year those holy men had baptized 800 persons in Santa Fé alone. In attempting, however, to restore the churches, he was partly defeated by the sulky Tanos.

These savages had been chiefest among the rebels, and were still impudently living in the houses from which they had driven the unfortunate Spaniards. They now flatly refused to obey the Governor when he ordered them to fetch in timber from the mountains to make good the harm which they had done to the chapel of San Miguel. They told him with scorn that one of their own abandoned *estufas* might serve as a place of Christian worship till the warm weather should return. Indignant at the insult, Don Vargas then gave them peremptory orders to relinquish the houses which they had gotten by murder and rapine, and to return to their pueblo of Galisteo. Untaught by their late experience, they resisted and barricaded themselves against attack on the plaza.

"El Demonio," the poor devil worshippers exclaimed, "can help us more than your God or the Virgin." Fierce and fanatic as this handful of savages were, they were only as children in the hands of the Conquistador, and for a second time he chastised them miserably. Kneeling first in prayer with his soldiers, he unfurled his famous battle-flag which bore the picture of our Lady, and singing the song of the Blessed Sacrament charged the savages amidst a storm of arrows and stones and a flood of boiling water. He soon burned down their gates, and on the following morning received their humble submission. Their spirit of revolt was dead forever.

The chapel of San Miguel was thus obliged to wait for its restoration till 1710, when Governor Don Jose Chacon Medina Salazar y Villaseñor, more briefly known as the Marques de la Penuela, completed the work, as is testified by an inscription still legible on one of the ornate beams of the gallery. The cracked old bell, by the way, that stands in mournful disuse in a corner of the chapel, is not of the fabulous age that fond tourists would give it, but is as modern as 1850. In that year, it was cast in a temporary foundry back of the chapel, where its copper was fused with many a golden bracelet and necklace which pious señoras flung prayerfully into the heaving crucible. The same good Marques it was who repaired the old *Castrense* for the use of himself and his soldiers. This venerable structure faced the place where the store of Don Felipe Delgado now stands. It was almost 100 feet square, with transepts running north and south, and was adorned with two towers in which two bells were hung, the tongues whereof were set tolling by a boy who mounted to the roof and swung them from side to side with his hands. It had long been the only church used in Santa Fé, but it was supplanted by the new *parroquia* and thereafter fell into such decay that by 1846 its roof had fallen in. It was sold in 1859, and its every vestige obliterated, except that its sculptured reredos was given to the Cathedral, and, as we have seen, its famous stone picture of Our Lady of Light to the nuns of Loretto.

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CHAPEL OF THE VOW OF DON VARGAS. ST. CATHARINE'S INDIAN SCHOOL.

This work of restoration at the church of Our Lady of Guadalupe, on a gentle bluff to the west of the Rio Chiquito, was reserved to our own days at the hands of Father Defouri. Before his coming it was a tottering ruin that rose up in a desert, and was attended from the Cathedral; when he left it last year it had become a handsome modern church embowered in bushes and trees, and so thriving in its spiritual works as to support a resident pastor. Enough of its well-wrought rafters, however, and its massive adobe walls, as well as its gallery of quaint Spanish pictures have been preserved to prove how far its days run back in the romantic history of New Mexico.

A few words, for the present, on the Cathedral, linked as it is with ancient history, and we conclude our too brief outline of the work of the Spanish church-builders of Santa Fé. The church which Father Benavides had built in 1622, had been burned by the rebels in 1680, and was not rebuilt till about 1730. The expenses of this re-erection were borne, it is said, by a layman named Chavez, who used to take his seat on the roof of a neighboring building and there superintend the work with a gun in his hand, to inspire the lagging laborers. This *parroquia*, however, had long ceased to serve for divine worship till it was in turn restored in 1846 by Father Ortiz, the vicar of Bishop Zubiria, the last Bishop of Durango to exercise authority in New Mexico. With the advent of Archbishop Lamy to Santa Fé, in 1851, this church became the Cathedral, but in 1869, it underwent still a greater transformation, to be converted by degrees into the present imposing structure. Unhappily, work upon it has been slow. It was not till 1894, on the feast of the patron of the diocese, St. Francis of Assisi, October 4, that the present vicar general was able to throw open the vast new sanctuary, and set in position the throne of its third Archbishop.

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THE PRODIGAL.

By J. Reader.

"It is one that sows, and it is another that reaps."

EVERYBODY in Rockhaven, when talking of Mary Stephenson, said, "Poor Mary," but what a bright, merry girl she had been "in her day"! Mary's "day," however, was soon over, at least her happy day. A brief, blissful courtship with John Stephenson, the handsomest lad in all the country side (in all Scotland, Mary declared), and her early marriage with him, filled up her measure of happiness to the brim, and fulfilled all her desire of good things in life.

All the lasses had been after John, but John only wanted her. It was a strange and wonderful thing it should be so, she thought, but it was true. There were many who shook their heads over the marriage, and said he was not good enough for Mary, that he was "a feckless lad," idle and wild like his father before him, and that he came of a bad stock. But Mary had no anxiety, no fear for the future; her influence would keep her husband from all evil ways.

All the same, it was not long before John tired of his good wife and his cheery cottage. The Commercial Inn, at the bottom of the High Street, saw more and more of his company, and the week's wages had melted away by the Saturday night, many and many a time. So it came about that Mary more and more frequently would slip out of her house with her bonnet pulled well down over her face, and steal up the back street to the little chapel to weep and pray.

"You can only pray, my child," Father Stewart would say to her, when occasionally crushed with sorrow, and full of apprehension for the future, she sought his counsel and sympathy; so she bore her cross patiently, and for the most part in silence. She loved her husband too much to talk of his failings to her neighbors, and the pitying looks they would bestow on her sometimes, as she passed by, cut her to the heart. She knew what they would say to one another when she was out of hearing; it would be, "I'm wae for her; I'm thinking she's no got her sorrows to seek, or kenned ye ever the wife o' a Stephenson yet, that didna gae yon gait?" Mary was not far out, but she had had such faith in herself and in her love for John, and oh! it was bitter to have failed.

They all said that there was not a crust in the house when Mary's baby was born, but no one knew exactly the rights of that story, except Father Stewart and the doctor, and perhaps the good Father's housekeeper, who made the gruel and the beef tea that found their way to the frail, gentle, wistful looking mother, in whom an old standing sorrow, and a newly found joy were struggling for empire; and forming another Mary, with wider views, and higher aims, and stronger purposes.

She had been very near death, drifting out to eternity on a sea of pain and sorrow, but struggling back to life and consciousness, she found new bonds, new duties, new interests, even new joys awaiting her return to strength and health. She decided to call the baby John, after his father.

"It's a very good name," said Father Stewart, when she was well enough to talk to him about her intention. "A very good name, and it will please your husband, Mary."

"I'm thinkin' he's nae carin' very much, Father; he's sair ta'en up wi'

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the elections, and I'm fearin' it's no' very comfortable for him at home, the noo, wi' me laid by."

"Oh well, cheer up, you'll soon be about again, as busy as ever." But Father Stewart had hoped for great things from the advent of this baby, and the selfishness and indifference which the father had shown lately, he took as the worst possible sign for the future. "He's a bad man," he said sadly to himself, as he went away, "bad through and through, and I have little hopes of his reforming now. Poor Mary!"

When the little John was three years old, another child was born in the cottage of the Stephensons, at the end of the quay. It was a girl, a puny weakling, that cried very much, in a feeble wailing little voice, as though it were protesting against being born at all into a world of so much misery. Its father swore at it for a fractious brat; it was weak and sickly, too, and wanted more care and attention from its mother than could well be spared it. John Stephenson's own health was beginning to fail, he had never had much stamina, and he had abused what strength he had by drink and reckless living, and he was often laid up for days at a time.

Mary bore her hard life in silence, and prayed for patience. Sometimes her husband would go to Mass on a fine Sunday morning, and then she would say to herself, "God has heard my prayers for him, he is going to amend and give up his bad ways." But that was not to be yet, not until five years later when he lay, racked with pain, on a sick bed from which he would never rise. Then God gave him the grace to repent of his evil days and a life misspent, before death ended it all forever.

"Well, he made a good ending after all," said the neighbors, who were non-Catholic for the most part, and thought that the fact of his seeing a priest at all, insured that much. To send for the minister, in a last sickness, was, with them to do all that was needful to make a fitting end of temporal things, and to prepare adequately for eternity.

Mary mourned sincerely for her husband, in spite of the general verdict that "he'd no' be that sair missed." She said, however, that it was all for the best, that now the children would never know their father had not been all that he might have been, and so they could love his memory and pray for his soul. She might have added, "and they won't have his bad example to scandalize them," but her heart was too tender for such a harsh verdict, especially on the dead.

Though the years that followed were hard ones for Mary, and she worked, early and late to keep her home together and her children decent, she enjoyed a fuller measure of peace and tranquillity than she had ever known before, in her married life. There was no jarring element now in the little home; lacking many things, it was yet the abode of love, the love of God, "the constant mutual charity" of souls in the grace and friendship of God.

On Sunday mornings when she knelt at Holy Mass, with a heart full of love and a spirit at rest, she would say to herself: "God is very good to me." True, her little daughter at her side was a cripple, and walked with a crutch; it was a trial, certainly—but then, she was as good as an angel, and almost as beautiful, with eyes like the blue of heaven condensed with the light of the sun left in.

"She's a queer bit o' bairn," the neighbors often said to Mrs. Stephenson, "but *by ordinar* (uncommonly) bonnie." More than one artist, passing with his easel to the old ruin on the cliff, that artists loved to paint, year after year, had stopped at her cottage door where her little daughter often sat, and begged to be allowed to sketch that wonderfully fair child-face, with its halo of golden curls. Once, after such an incident, little Mary said to her mother: "Why

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did yon man paint me, mother?" "Maybe he likes little lassies, ma pet," she answered, "or maybe he wanted to put yer in a picter; do ye no' mind the picter of the guid Mother we saw at Aberdeen i' the Summer, wi' a' the little angels roond her feet? They were a' bits o' bairnies like yersel, ma lammie, wee bonnie bairnies."

"Am I bonnie, mother?" she asked wistfully.

Mrs. Stephenson pursed up her mouth and looked a little severe as she replied, "Ye're just as the Lord made ye, lassie," (all Scotch women are a little prudish). "Ye maun be guid, ma lamb, an that's better nor bonnie."

"You're bonnie, mother, and guid too," the child answered, and a kiss, and a caress of the shining curls finished the conversation.

Yes, she was a beautiful child, and John also was a boy that any mother might well be proud of. He was tall and straight as a dart, bright and alert and clever at most things. Certainly he was the best acolyte at the altar. Father Stewart had said so himself many a time.

"I should like another half dozen like him, Mary," he said to her one day; "he's a fine, sharp, little fellow.

"He's aye that keen on goin' on the altar, Father," she answered with pride.

"Well, well, keep him up to it, keep him up to it, they all want that."

But of course she would keep him up to it. God would bless her boy kneeling there at His very feet. He would never suffer him to stray from the way of righteousness

What was it some of the old women had said to her once? "What's bred in the bone, lassie, canna but come oot, an' he's his father's bairn sure eneuch." That was cruel, cruel; but God's ways are not our ways and His grace is always sufficient.

* * *

It was a proud day for John, and for his mother, also, when he brought home his first week's wages. He had gone into his father's trade and become a cooper.

A cousin of his father, a certain Fraser Stephenson, had a good business on the quay, and by way of helping his poorer relations he offered to take the boy on to learn his trade as soon as he left school, and, after a short apprenticeship, pay him wages according to his usefulness. John was just fifteen the week he earned his first money, and as he received it, he felt a new feeling of independence stir within him.

"I've made a start now, mother," he said, "and it won't be very long before I am getting full pay. I know more about the coopering now than Aleck does, who has been at it twice as long. Won't it be fine, mother, when I'm getting two and twenty shillings a week. You won't have to be aye working then, and we will be able to go off for the 'trips' sometimes, and see Glasgow, and the big ships on the Clyde."

"Me too," said little Mary.

"Of course, Maisie," said John, decidedly; "even if I have to carry you all the time on my back. 'Will you go to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O.'" he sang as he lifted her up in his arms and danced round the room, while Mrs. Stephenson counted out the money over and over again, thanking God in her heart for such welcome and timely help.

The two children had always been the closest friends. Even in Mary's fretful babyhood the boy had always the power to soothe and quiet her when no one else could do so. He would carry her out on to the rocks, and sit and sing to her, until her curly head dropped on his shoulder and she fell asleep. They spent many hours together in this way, for John was always glad to get out of the house when his father was at home; he was afraid of him, and he would rather take on himself the care and trouble of the baby girl, than hear his father swear at her. As she grew older, he told her stories, and read aloud to her what books

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he could procure, and after a time his baby charge became his chief friend and confidant.

They would sit and talk for hours on the old sea wall just below their cottage door, and their talk was mostly of adventures and travels, and of "youngest sons" going out into the world to seek their fortunes, and they would devise for them thrilling experiences and dangers, and hairbreadth escapes. Far out on the horizon they could see the great ships pass, sometimes standing out black and gaunt against the gray background of sky and cloud; or, with all sails set, shining white and luminous in the track of the sunshine. These were the chief delight of the children, these were the fairy ships of their fancy, setting out for strange and wonderful lands, where all things were riches and treasures, and treasures were for all who sought. Or again, they were the battered crafts that had braved the perils of the sea, whose crews were heroes every man of them, the destroyers of pirates and Indians, of wild beasts and desperadoes, and they were returning laden with spoil and covered with glory.

As the years went on, however, it was always John himself who personated the hero of their stories and romances, and Mary became the confidant of the boy's secret hopes and aspirations. His longing for more life and adventure than the sleepy little town afforded him, would take shape and form when Mary's sympathetic ear listened to the story of his inner feelings. "It's right for a boy to feel just like that," she would say to herself. "Now, with me it's different. I never want to leave our cottage, really, though it's fine to pretend."

John, grown older, found other pursuits and interests; friends, also, of his own sex and age, and so it came to pass that Mary generally sat alone on the old sea wall. She no longer went forth in spirit on desperate enterprises, or knightly exploits; the great ships might pass and repass, for Mary's fancy strayed no further than her own seashore. Her dreams were the dreams of opening womanhood, begun in joyousness of heart because she was young and passing fair, and ended in a sigh because she was a cripple. "It's all make believe with me as well as John. I'll aye be a poor cripple and no good to anybody; but it's just my cross, and I'll bear it. After all, there's aye God—and heaven." Mary never complained. If life held many joys that could never be hers, she faced the thought with courage and clearness of judgment. "Poor fisher folk," she reflected, "have troubles enough without sickly wives." So many a young fisherman, attracted by Mary's beauty, would fain have courted her for his wife, but had never an answering look from Mary.

One evening as she sat on the old wall, rather to her surprise, John came and joined her. "Seen any ships, Maisie?" he asked lightly. This was the old formula of their childish days, and Mary laughed a little sadly, as she answered:

"I wasn't minding the ships, John, but I'm thinkin' the boats are late out to-night."

"Yes, there's no wind. I'm hearin' they'll no' be in till ten o'clock."

"It's no' often you come to watch for ships now," the girl said after a pause. "What's come to you, John?"

"Oh, I don't know, Maisie, I'm just getting sick of everything in this old place, and I *hate* coopering."

Mary looked at him. He had picked up some pebbles, and was throwing them into the water, putting an unnecessary amount of energy with the performance; he was flushed, and there was a look about his mouth, too, that she had never seen there before, and which, somehow, gave her a sudden tightening at her heart. She answered him calmly.

"And what's made you sick of everything, John? I know very well; so you need not tell me. You've been going with that Sandy McInnes again, and he's a bad lad, and you know it; and you

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promised mother you wouldn't go with him. It's no' right; I'm hearin' too, that he has lost his place at Findley's."

"He left himself, it was no' good enough for him."

"No, and nothing ever will be good enough that requires steady work and attention, and if you are going to let a lad like that turn you against your home and your trade, you'll be a fine fool for your pains."

This was rather a scathing speech, for Mary, the gentle; and as John had no answer ready, he went on with his stone throwing. Presently he said: "Who's thinking of turning against their trade? Of course, I'll stick to my trade, but it's dull work, and there's no chance of ever doing much in this stupid wee place."

"It's a very nice place," said Mary sharply, "and bonnier than most places. Father had a good business here once, mother says, but he lost it when his health got so bad."

"Umph," said John. He had heard the neighbors talk, and had formed his own opinions on several points regarding his father, which were not in strict accordance with his mother's stories of the departed one.

Then he burst out suddenly:

"McInnes is going to South America, Maisie, at least he's thinkin' of it, and I'm just wild to go with him."

Mary gave a cry of horror. "Oh! John, how can you think of such a thing—with a lad like that—leave mother and me? What should we do? It would just kill mother; you're a heartless boy to think of it. Oh! John, do leave that lad alone, and put such thoughts out of your head, I feared what it would be when you took up with lads like him. South America! Why, you're clean daft, John; what do you suppose Father Stewart would say to that? Besides where's the money to come from to take you there?"

"Well, well, don't cry, Maisie, I'm no' away yet, and you needn't be saying anything to mother, or Father Stewart either, but oh! Maisie, wouldn't it be fine to go. I'd soon make a fortune there. McInnes knew a man who went out once, and in five years he came back rich enough to buy up the whole town. He went gold digging, or something like that, I think, but we"—and, warming to his subject, he poured out the story of their plans and hopes, wild and impossible enough, the epitome of many a long talk with the reckless McInnes. Mary listened contentedly enough, for now the matter was brought back to its legitimate sphere of romantic speculation; it was, as their talk of younger days had been, vague possibilities, the maybes of the remotest realms of fancy.

"Come in, Maisie; it's gye cold now," their mother called, from the cottage door.

John rose, and helped his sister up, and gave her her crutch.

"It's fine to talk, John," said she, with a sigh, "but talking's enough; you're no' going, you know. McInnes can please himself, but you maun just stop wi' me and mother. Besides, I don't expect he'll go, after all. Aren't you coming in, too?"

"No, I'm going to help John McGee in with his lobster pots."

"And McInnes is going too, I suppose. You had better mind yourself, John; he's no good company for you."

"He's not going, really, Maisie. Go away home, and tell mother I'll be in in a wee while."

The girl limped slowly away. At the cottage door she turned and watched her brother take his way along the quay. He had not gone far before he was joined by another lad of about his own size. McInnes was going, then, after all. With a heavy feeling at her heart, and a little shiver, as from a chill of some impending sorrow, she went into the house.

* * *

Father Stewart had finished his thanksgiving, delayed by several visitors after the late Sunday Mass, and was just sitting down to his well-earned

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ON THE OLD SEA WALL JUST BELOW THEIR COTTAGE DOOR, AND THEIR TALK WAS MOSTLY OF ADVENTURE AND TRAVEL.

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breakfast, when the door opened, and a tall, broad-shouldered young man entered, and took a chair at the table beside him. This was his old friend and college chum, though younger than himself by many years, who was spending a brief holiday in the pretty little country Presbytery. Charles Lindsey was an orphan, with a small private income, and a very large ambition to become a great artist, and write R. A. after his name.

"Are you too tired to talk, Father? If so, send me away," he said.

"I'm not too tired to listen, anyway, which will suit your purpose just as well, I expect."

"Yes, I deserve that. I fear I have victimized you with my chatter since I came here. That comes of having a sympathetic listener; but you had your turn this morning. Twenty-five and a half minutes your sermon lasted. I timed you by the town clock; I could just see it through the window," whereupon they both laughed heartily.

"No, no, Lindsey," said Father Stewart, "you're wrong there; my congregation would never stand that. Not even the best orator in the Church could keep their interest up after a quarter of an hour. They are wise people, and they know when they have had enough. They like a discourse, plain and to the point, and no nonsense about it."

"Take it straight, without sugar," quoted the young man, irreverently, "but, Father, what I wanted to tell you was this: I saw an angel in church at Mass this morning."

"You may be sure there were many angels there, Charlie; no doubt of it."

"Who is she, then, Father? Do you think I could get her to sit for me? I must sketch her."

"Softly, softly," said the Father, "you forget I may not have been so favored as yourself. I saw no angel, laddie, except with the eyes of faith. Are you sure you won't have some coffee?"

"No, thank you. Now tell me, did you notice any stranger in your congregation this morning?"

"Not one, besides your illustrious self."

"Then you know perfectly well the girl I mean. You were something of an artist yourself in the old days, and you will not have lost your sense of the beautiful. So who is my angel with the golden hair?"

"*My* angel with the golden hair! Bless my soul, that's quite thrilling, Lindsey. I see now the cause of your inaccurate statement with regard to the length of my sermon. It wasn't the town clock you were watching, it seems."

"Well, I plead guilty. Now tell me all about her."

"It's little Mary Stephenson you mean, I expect," said the Father; "and you are right; it is an angel's face, and not far off an angel's mind too, I imagine."

"She is one of your poor?"

"Yes, the daughter of a poor widow, and you can sketch her any day; but," he went on in a bantering tone, "how long is it since you have taken to painting angels? I thought your genius lay in quite another direction—'The Dying Gladiator,' 'Grown Old in Sin'—man, yon was a fearsome bit of coloring. If I could only make my sermons half as terrifying, all the inns in the place would soon have to put their shutters up."

"Oh, don't spare me, Father," said Lindsey, laughing. "I'm used to hard hitting. Perhaps amongst the angels I may take heart of grace, and do better."

"Why not? But Mary has been painted many times. Why, Nesbitt was here last year and sketched her, and Crawley, and several others."

"Well, never mind," the young man answered. "I may discover some new beauty in the fair face; we don't all see with the same eyes."

"No, you're right, Lindsey," Father Stewart answered seriously. "The chief beauty of that face is its expression, and

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expression comes from the soul. Mary's mind has ever dwelt amongst things good and beautiful, and she has always been very near to God; it is a pure spirit that shines in that face, an unsullied soul that gives it its rare beauty, and I fancy that it takes a Catholic as well as an artist to understand this, and that how, even in this life, the clean of heart may see God in some mysterious way, and catch some faint reflex of His beauty."

"Do you remember the story, Father, of St. Elizabeth of Hungary and the roses?" Lindsey asked after a pause.

"No, tell me about it."

"I heard it when I was abroad last year: you know St. Elizabeth had a husband, a prince, he was, or something of that sort, and he did not share his wife's broad ideas of charity. One day when she was coming down from the castle with her apron full of loaves for the poor at the gate, she met her husband, and he asked her what she had under her cloak. She answered by opening her cloak and lo, she had a lapful of exquisite roses. I spent nearly a week sketching at the glorious old castle where this is supposed to have happened, and I seemed to know by heart every stone in those stately terraces down which the saintly princess used to walk on her errands of mercy. At last I was able to picture the beautiful saint herself so vividly in my mind, that there were times when I could not be sure that I did not actually behold her, young, gracious, and shining, with a chastened beauty that cannot be described, though I never really pictured her face, even in imagination. I shall paint her now, Father, and give her little Mary's face, roses and all, and send her forth to make my fortune and win me my R. A."

"Well done, it's quite a prophetic instinct, may the saint herself help you; now, I have a sick call up the Braes, and if you like to come with me I'll show you the Stephenson's cottage, and you can arrange for a sitting for to-morrow."

Next day Charles Lindsey sat busily sketching at Mrs. Stephenson's cottage door, Mary before him in her accustomed seat with her knitting in her lap, her eyes dreamily fixed on the boats far out at sea.

"So it does not trouble you at all to sit for me," he said, "you are quite sure?"

"Oh no, sir, I'm aye sitting here, you see; I get wearied in the house; there's more to see out here, and the sea is bonnie."

"You must love the sea living so near to it all your life," he wished to make her talk. When speaking her eyes lost their usually dreamy look, and beamed with intelligence and her whole countenance brightened. It pleased him to hear her soft musical voice as well. She and her brother did not talk broad Scotch like their mother. The rising generation must needs know a fair amount of the Queen's English—and such can adjust their phraseology to their circumstances; when out of school however, the idiom generally prevailed.

"Yes, I love the sea," said Mary, "I should think everybody did."

"Well, no; I believe there are people who even hate it, who look upon it as a remorseless monster that takes so much. Don't you think you would hate it too, if it had taken all your dear ones from you?"

"Folks die anywhere," said Mary, simply, and it would be better to be buried in the sea than up in Cowie kirkyard; its gye lone and fearsome up there, while the sea's aye speakin' and croonin'; it's company like."

"There's something in that certainly, but let me tell you a story. There was a little boy once who stood on the seashore one morning, and watched a yacht sail out into the bay. All who belonged to him were in that yacht, father, mother and sister, and they never came back again—the cruel sea took them all. I was that boy, Mary, and for years and years I could not bear to look at the sea.

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But come, you must not look quite so sad, or I shall have to go off and look for another model. I dont want to paint a Niobe all in tears. Do you know who Niobe was?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I must tell you all about her," and so he chatted on, now of things grave, now gay, watching with the keenest delight the play of expression on the exquisite sensitive face, which a word could ripple into smiles, or move to the most wistful sadness.

They became great friends before they parted, after a good many sittings, and Mary cried when they said good-bye.

He gave her a little sketch of herself in remembrance of him, and he said: "I'm going to put you into a big picture, Mary, and such a picture! It is going to make my fortune, and then Mary we'll go shares, and you will be able to go to Lourdes, or Holywell, or somewhere, and get cured of your lameness."

"That would be fine, but anyway, I should like to make your fortune—and I hope you will come back some day and see us again." When he bade good-bye to Mrs. Stephenson, he gave her five sovereigns "for his little model,"—all he could spare then, but quite a mine of wealth to the poor widow. Mary had presents of money given her from artists who had sketched her, from time to time, and it was all carefully hoarded up in an old stocking in a box in her mother's room. When the five pounds were added they found they had just ten pounds. They counted it over with great satisfaction and said it was something worth having against a rainy day.

"If more folks came here, mother, I should be able to earn nearly as much as John. I'm glad I'm some little bit of use to you."

"Dinna say that, bairn, use or no use you're ma ain, and mair to me than a' the gowd in the banks o' Scotland."

Presently when the stocking had been returned to the place of safety, Mary said:

"I'm fearin', mother, that John's no' very settled."

"Aweel, it's been a bad season for the fishin' and no' muckle demand in trade. He maun just hae patience and trust in Providence; things micht be waur." Mrs. Stephenson always took a hopeful view of things.

"He's no' one of the patient sort," said Mary dryly; she was more anxious about her brother than her mother had any idea of, and to-day she was tempted to share her fears with her. "John's no' like you and me, mother, he's restless. It's just his spirit—he's full of spirit, and we're more contented like."

"He's a good lad and a steady," said the mother with conviction, "and he'll be nineteen year old, come the twenty-fifth o' September."

"Oh there's no' a lad like him, mother, that's sure—but I'm fearing for him while its aye McInnes this, and McInnes that, and McInnes has got a new boat, and McInnes is talkin' of going to America, till I'm fair mad with him."

Mrs. Stephenson roused herself considerably; "John's no' goin' wi' McInnes noo, Mary?"

"Isn't he! He fair worships that lad."

"Idle feckless young cuddy? I'll awa' to Father Stewart this instant moment, and gaur him speak to John."

"No, don't, mother, speak to him yourself, he'll mind you as much as Father Stewart—tell him it's no' right to go stravagin' about with a lad like that, he'll be getting a bad name and losin' his place maybe." This was not the danger that Mary feared from the influence of McInnes, but it might do duty as well as any other plea to rouse her mother to a stricter watch on the matter of John's comings and goings in his leisure time.

For the rest of that day Mary could hear her mother talking to herself under her breath, in a quick excited way, as

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she went about her work. She was evidently preparing a bad quarter of an hour for John, when he would be home for his tea. The girl smiled to herself a little wearily, as she reflected how it would probably go off. There would be a few words from her mother, a disclaimer from John, then tears, which would presently be dried upon a few consoling promises from the boy.

Meanwhile, there was no doubt about the matter, her brother was certainly being led away, through his companionship with an idle and vicious young man. There were many nights when he stayed out much later than a respectable lad ought to do; her mother never heard him come home. She slept sound after her hard day's work. But Mary did not sleep well, and she often lay awake and listened for the stealthy footsteps in the silent night.

Last Sunday he had missed his monthly Communion, on the plea of not feeling well, he had lost all his bright cheery ways too, and he was impatient and discontented with his work, and his life generally. Mary felt very bad about it all. She was sorry, too, that Mr. Lindsey had gone away, he was so kind to her, and talked so nicely; two large tears splashed down upon her knitting, the first heavy drops of a gathering storm of grief.

John came home looking very wrathful and rebellious, he had had some words with his master in the work yard, and was inwardly fuming at being taken to task for some piece of work negligently done.

"I'm no' goin' to stand it, mother," he said, when he had told the story, but there was no sympathy forthcoming. His mother had "screwed her courage to the sticking point," poor woman, and John should have his "lecture" there and then. It was an unfortunate moment. John answered her sharply, and seizing his cap, he left the house and swung off towards the quay. Presently McInnes joined him, and before they parted that night, the devil had chuckled over a fine piece of business, and their angels had wept.

These two restless spirits decided that they needed a wider field for their energies than sleepy little Rockhaven; that they must see life and make their fortunes. They could not go far without money. John could easily get at the little store in his mother's room, and McInnes had found his way to his father's till many a time before this. They would take all they could get, walk to the nearest town the following night, then take train to Glasgow. There they would find a ship, then off they would go for a new world, and a full free life.

And yet, but yesterday, John did not know, but that his faith, his honesty, his love for his mother and sister, would have "stood against the world." Persecution might, even then, have made of him a martyr and a hero. But sometimes the soul which has possibilities for the highest, has capabilities, too, for the lowest. The even tenor of a virtuous, uneventful life will suddenly at times grow distasteful to such a one, and unless patience possess him, or higher aims allure him, he is at the mercy of the tempter.

John was outwardly very quiet during the following day. It was Thursday and in the evening his mother and Mary would go to Benediction. He would make his preparations then, and be gone before they returned. He kissed them both before they started for church, saying he was not going out, whereat his mother thought to herself that he had taken her words to heart, and meant to keep to himself for the future. Not a thought of the grief or woe he was about to bring upon those he loved ever crossed John's mind. That he was about to act the part of a coward and a villain did not occur to him. On the contrary, he was feeling quite manly and heroic, quite justified in striking out for himself and putting an end to such an unprofitable way of living.

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Three days after he stood on the deck of a great ocean steamer, which was slowly steaming down the Clyde. By and bye there was a breeze, then the faint "caller" smell of the sea; so smelt the weed on the rocks at home when the tide was low, and the wind freshening. The boy's heart turned sick for a moment and a feeling of dismay fell upon him. Well; it was done, and he could never go back again now. More and worse things than distance separated him from home: all written in the black record of a few evil days. His conscience awoke and cried, for the first time since his flight, but only to be stifled to a long enduring silence of many years.

(*To be continued.*)

THE POPE AND ANGLICAN ORDERS.

FOR the past two years no religious topic has so engrossed the interest of the Christian world at large as the Reunion of Christendom. This movement, it may be said, proceeded largely from without, while the Catholic Church looked on with keen interest and prayerful sympathy. No one, who has attentively observed this movement, can fail to see in it the working of the Holy Ghost. The feeling of insecurity and dissatisfaction which called forth the movement is the first step towards conversion and a very signal supernatural grace, which, if corresponded with, cannot fail to result in the reunion of thousands of erring souls with the true fold of Christ.

This grace is, doubtless, the fruit of the humble and persevering prayers of the faithful throughout the world. Many years ago a league of prayer was formed for the conversion of England, which was encouraged and blessed by Pius IX. When the movement of Reunion was recently started, the first act of Leo XIII. was to exhort all—Catholics and Protestants—to pray for its happy result, in a letter addressed to "the English seeking the kingdom of Christ in the unity of faith." The Pope's appeal has been zealously responded to by all Catholics, and doubtless also by many outside the Church, who received his utterances with the utmost reverence.

The movement went on increasing, and some of the most distinguished Anglicans, both clergymen and laymen, took the most lively and active interest in it. As was natural on the part of those who sail without compass or rudder, and without the infallible steersman at the helm, their interests soon clustered around certain side-issues, while they overlooked the main point, *viz.*, that unity of organization established by Christ on St. Peter and the Apostles—one body under one head, one fold under one shepherd. To dissipate any illusions that existed within or without the Church on this matter, the Pope issued his luminous encyclical on "Christian Unity." (See MESSENGER, September, 1896, page 720).

Among those side issues, the one most emphasized was that of the validity of Anglican orders, which from time immemorial have been practically regarded by the Church as absolutely invalid. If the validity of Anglican orders could be established, and acknowledged by Rome, they thought, the chief barrier to reunion would be removed. In this illusion they were confirmed by certain French divines (chiefly the Reverend Abbés Portal and Duchesne). This, as will be remembered, led to the appointment of a committee of divines representing both sides of the question, presided over by a Cardinal of the Roman Church. The question was examined and discussed for six weeks. All the arguments *for* and *against* the validity were carefully weighed. The result of

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the deliberations was submitted to the Holy Father and a committee of Cardinals. After long and careful consideration, in a special meeting at which the Pope himself presided, on Thursday, the sixteenth day of July, the absolute nullity of Anglican orders was unanimously decided by the judges of the Supreme Council or the Holy Office. It was not, however, until September 13, that, after much prayer and deliberation, the Holy Father, in the form of a Bull, solemnly pronounced the decision.

The wording of the defining portion of the decree is as follows:

"*Wherefore, strictly adhering in this matter to the decrees of the Pontiffs, our predecessors, and confirming them most fully, and, as it were, renewing them by our authority, of our own motion and certain knowledge we pronounce and declare that ordinations carried out according to the Anglican rite, have been, and are, absolutely null and utterly void.*"

Thus, after mature deliberation, Rome has spoken, and the case is ended once for all. The result is what every sound Catholic theologian anticipated. It is only insufficient knowledge or misguided zeal that could have prompted divines ever to hold the contrary opinion.

These Letters Apostolic of Leo XIII., apart from the definition they contain, are most interesting and instructive, as they convey the result of the close and patient investigation of the learned body of divines who were charged with the inquiry into the validity of the Anglican orders. Particularly interesting is the plain and candid statement of the facts that led up to the decision. The Pope says:

"We have now determined to turn our consideration to a matter of no less importance, which is closely connected with the same subject and with our desires. For an opinion already prevalent, confirmed more than once by the action and constant practice of the Church, maintained that when in England, shortly after it was rent from the centre of Christian unity, a new rite for conferring holy orders was publicly introduced under Edward VI, the true sacrament of orders as instituted by Christ lapsed and with it the hierarchical succession. For some time, however, and in these last years especially, a controversy has sprung up as to whether the sacred orders conferred according to the Edwardine ordinal possessed the nature and effect of a sacrament; those in favor of the absolute validity, or of a doubtful validity, being not only certain Anglican writers, but some few Catholics, chiefly non-English. The consideration of the excellency of the Christian priesthood moved Anglican writers in this matter, desirous as they were that their own people should not lack the twofold power over the body of Christ. Catholic writers were impelled by a wish to smooth the way for the return of Anglicans to holy unity. Both, indeed, thought that in view of studies brought up to the level of recent research and of new documents rescued from oblivion it was not inopportune to re-examine the question by our authority. And we, not disregarding such desires and opinions, and, above all, obeying the dictates of apostolic charity, have considered that nothing should be left untried that might in any way tend to preserve souls from injury or procure their advantage.

"It has, therefore, pleased us to graciously permit the cause to be re-examined, so that through the extreme care taken in the new examination, all doubt, or even shadow of doubt, should be removed for the future. To this end we commissioned a certain number of men noted for their learning and ability, whose opinions in this matter were known to be divergent, to state the grounds of their judgments in writing. We, then, having summoned them to our person, directed them to interchange writings and further to investigate and discuss all that was necessary for a full knowledge of the matter. We were careful also that they should be able to re-

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examine all documents bearing on this question which were known to exist in the Vatican archives, to search for new ones, and even to have at their disposal all acts relating to this subject which are preserved by the Holy Office, or, as it is called, the Supreme Council, and to consider whatever had, up to this time, been adduced by learned men on both sides. We ordered them, when prepared in this way, to meet together in special sessions. These, to the number of twelve, were held under the presidency of one of the Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, appointed by ourselves, and all were invited to free discussion. Finally we directed that the acts of these meetings, together with all other documents, should be submitted to our venerable brethren, the Cardinals of the same Council, so that when all had studied the whole subject and discussed it in our presence, each might give his opinion."

The Holy Father then goes on to review and discuss the decisions of Popes Julius III. and Paul VI., in the reign of Queen Mary, in regard to those bishops and priests who had been ordained according to the Ordinal of Edward VI., and concluded his argument with the following interesting paragraph, which contains the most striking and convincing proof for any one who is capable of understanding the force of a theological argument:

"The authority of Julius III. and Paul IV., which we have quoted, clearly shows the origin of that practice which has been observed without interruption for more than three centuries, that ordinations conferred according to the Edwardine rite should be considered null and void. This practice is fully proved by the numerous cases of absolute reordination according to the Catholic rite even in Rome. In the observance of this practice we have a proof directly affecting the matter in hand. For if by any chance doubt should remain as to the true sense in which these Pontifical documents are to be understood, the principle holds good that "custom is the best interpreter of law." Since in the Church it has ever been a constant and established rule that it is sacrilegious to repeat the sacrament of orders, it never could have come to pass that the Apostolic See should have silently acquiesced and tolerated such a custom. But not only did the Apostolic See tolerate this practice, but approved and sanctioned it as often as any particular case arose which called for its judgment in the matter.

"We adduce two facts of this kind out of many which have from time to time been submitted to the Supreme Council of the Holy Office. The first was in 1684 of a certain French Calvinist, and the other in 1704 of John Clement Gordon, both of whom had received their orders according to the Edwardine ritual. In the first case, after a searching investigation, the consultors, not a few in number, gave in writing their answers—or as they may call it, their *vota*—and the rest unanimously agreed with their conclusion, "for the invalidity of the ordination," and only on account of reasons of opportuneness did the Cardinals deem it well to answer by a "dilata" [*viz.*, not to formulate the conclusion at the moment]. The same documents were called into use and considered again in the examination of the second case, and additional written statements of opinion were also obtained from consultors, and the most eminent doctors of the Sorbonne and of Douai were likewise asked for their opinion. No safeguard which wisdom and prudence could suggest to insure the thorough sifting of the question was neglected."

From these facts His Holiness concludes: "Hence it must be clear to every one that the controversy lately revived, had been already definitely settled by the Apostolic See, and that it is to the insufficient knowledge of these documents that we must, perhaps, at-

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tribute the fact that any Catholic writer should have considered it still an open question."

The next thing that comes into consideration is the Anglican Ordinal. The Sacraments of the New Law as sensible and efficient signs of invisible grace should signify the grace which they effect, and effect the grace which they signify. This signification is contained particularly in the *form* of the Sacrament. Now, according to the Anglican ordinal the form of the Sacrament of Orders is: "Receive the Holy Ghost." But this form of itself does not signify the specific grace of the priesthood, which consists chiefly in the power "of consecrating and offering the true body and blood of our Lord." This holds good for episcopal consecration as well as for priestly ordination. Hence it follows that neither priestly nor Episcopal orders can be conferred according to the Anglican ordinal, as it was in use in the Anglican Church for a century after the Reformation.

True, the form was subsequently supplemented by the words: "for the office and work of priest (or bishop);" but that was long after the succession had been interrupted. In any case, the "office and work of priest" in the sense of the Anglican ordinal is not that intended by Christ, namely, "the consecrating and offering of His true body," since every reference to consecration, sacrifice and priesthood was studiously eliminated from the ordinal to suit the taste of the Reformers, who rejected the dogma of transubstantiation and the holy sacrifice of the Mass. The "office and work of priest," in the Anglican sense, is, therefore, something very different from the true Catholic meaning of these words, and consequently could not signify the conferring of the power to consecrate and offer sacrifice. The form of Anglican ordination, therefore, lacks that significance which is necessary, according to the institution of Christ, to effect the sacramental grace of orders.

But not only is the form insufficient, but also the necessary *intention* is wanting. The Pope treats this point so clearly and concisely that we cannot do better than insert the whole passage for the instruction of our readers.

"With this inherent defect of form is joined the defect of intention, which is equally essential to the sacrament. The Church does not judge about the mind and intention in so far as it is something by its nature internal; but in so far as it is manifested externally she is bound to judge concerning it. When any one has rightly and seriously made use of the due form and the matter requisite for effecting or conferring the sacrament, he is considered by the very fact to do what the Church does. On this principle rests the doctrine that a sacrament is truly conferred by the ministry of one who is a heretic or unbaptized, provided the Catholic rite be employed. On the other hand, if the rite be changed with the manifest intention of introducing another rite not approved by the Church and of rejecting what the Church does, and what, by the institution of Christ, belongs to the nature of the sacrament, then it is clear that not only is the necessary intention wanting to the sacrament, but that the intention is adverse to and destructive of the sacrament."

These are briefly the arguments on which Leo XIII. bases his decision. It rests simply on the nature of the sacrament of orders as instituted by Christ, not on the historical question, whether Barlow, who is the first link of the Anglican succession, was a duly consecrated Bishop or not. This is a merely historical question, which does not lie within the competency of the Church to decide. Independently of this question —even supposing Barlow to have been a true bishop, Anglican Orders are invalid *from the defect of form and intention*. This is the Pope's contention; and on this his final judgment is based.

Most pathetic is the Pope's appeal to Anglicans, and particularly to the Angli-

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can clergy who are of good will, to return to the true fold. It is an object lesson of apostolic zeal and the most touching expression of paternal tenderness. Our readers will doubtless re-echo the Holy Father's sentiments as they peruse his inspiring words.

"It remains for us to say that even as we have entered upon the elucidation of this grave question in the name and in the love of the Great Shepherd, in the same we appeal to those who desire and seek with a sincere heart the possession of a hierarchy and of orders. Perhaps until now aiming at the greater perfection of Christian virtue, and searching more devoutly the divine Scriptures, and redoubling the fervor of their prayers, they have, nevertheless, hesitated in doubt and anxiety to follow the voice of Christ, which so long has interiorly admonished them. Now they see clearly whither He in His goodness invites them and wills them to come. In returning to His one only fold they will obtain the blessings which they seek, and the consequent helps to salvation of which He has made the Church the dispenser, and, as it were, the constant guardian and promoter of His redemption among the nations. Then indeed 'they shall draw waters in joy from the fountains of the Saviour.' His wondrous sacraments, whereby his faithful souls have their sins truly remitted, and are restored to the friendship of God, are nourished and strengthened by the heavenly bread and abound with the most powerful aids for their eternal salvation. May the God of peace, the God of all salvation, in His infinite tenderness enrich and fill with all these blessings those who truly yearn for them.

"We wish to direct our exhortation and our desires in a special way to those who are ministers of religion in their respective communities. They are men who, from their very office, take precedence in learning and authority, and who have at heart the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Let them be the first in joyfully submitting to the divine call, and obey it and furnish a glorious example to others. Assuredly with an exceeding great joy their mother, the Church, will welcome them and will cherish with all her love and care those whom the strength of their generous souls has amid many trials and difficulties led back to her bosom. Nor could words express the recognition which this devoted courage will win for them from the assemblies of the brethren throughout the Catholic world, or what hope or confidence it will merit for them before Christ as their judge, or what reward it will obtain from Him in the heavenly kingdom! And we ourselves in every lawful way shall continue to promote their reconciliation with the Church, in which individuals and masses as we ardently desire, may find so much for their imitation. In the meantime, by the tender mercy of the Lord our God, we ask and beseech all to strive faithfully to follow in the open path of divine grace and truth."

Such an appeal cannot fail of its effect. True, we cannot, such are human weakness and prejudice, expect large masses to return to the Church at once; but we have grounds to hope that many individuals will hear and follow the voice of the supreme shepherd to whom Christ has entrusted His flock. Now their illusions are dissipated they know exactly where they stand; they see that there can be no compromise; they fully realize that the only way to reunion is complete submission to the Church's teaching and guidance, that there is no sanctification except through the ministry of her priesthood.

Some will say that by this definition the efforts for reunion have received the death-blow. In our opinion, this has been the most efficacious step yet taken towards reunion—not "corporate reunion," in the sense of Lord Halifax, but union by the individual accession of those who earnestly "seek the kingdom of God in the unity of faith."

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THE TEST OF NAGASAKI.

By M. F. M. Nixon.

An early missionary to the Island of Nagasaki (Japan), found there a whole tribe of natives, thoroughly Christianized. The people refused to believe he was a true priest until he had answered satisfactorily three questions, as a test.—*From the Life of Blessed Charles Spinola, S.J.*

A holy priest—his life attuned to God,
His whole soul burning with the fervent love
Of Him, who on our weary earth once trod
The narrow path that leads us all above—
Treading, with tired but eager feet the road
Of faithful service for his Lord most dear,
Unto a foreign island came. Here flowed
A rapid stream. Its limpid waters clear,
Shone brilliant in the vivid Eastern light.
Almost its golden shimmering depths had seemed,
As if they flowed from paradise, so bright,
So sparkling, and so wondrous fair they gleamed.
Far in the distance rose the mighty hills,
Frowning in still and snow-clad grandeur there
Upon the childish gambols of the rills—
A dusky background for that picture fair.
And sunny meadows, starred with flowers gay,
Which glowed like gems upon a monarch's crown.
The sapphire sky—(no cloud from day to day
E'er marr'd its perfect beauty with a frown)—
Rose over all. Upon the distant strand
The mighty ocean's troubled waters rolled,
And foamed and tossed. In requiem o'er the land
The deep and solemn sea-bells sadly tolled.
To where a distant hamlet snugly lay
Upon a hillside decked with leafy trees,
The holy priest toiled slowly on his way.
The fragrant flowers perfumed the summer breeze
And o'er the emerald grass, a carpet white
Of snowy petals of the cherries' bloom
Was softly spread, as if by fairies light.
Alas! methinks this sight foretold the doom
Of every flower-soul in all the earth;
To live, to bloom, to scent the air, and then,
To die! In death far sweeter than at birth
They make the haunts and homes of weary men.

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The priest a moment on his staff took rest,
And silent gazed upon the varied scene;
He felt a shadow that his heart oppressed
As if a low'ring cloud o'er him had been.
He raised his eyes. No shadowy cloud was there,
But, looking up, he started to behold
Upon that hill encrowned with flowers fair,
An ancient cross, with carvings quaint and old,
And close beside it, in the bright sunshine
A statue of the Virgin Mother placed
For shelter in a weather-beaten shrine,
Its beauty by relentless time defaced.
He knelt, and lifting up his soul in prayer
Forgot the heavy burdens on him laid.
With him, he felt no other presence there
But hers—his Mother's—unto whom he prayed
To give him of her bounteous grace and light,
That he might lead unto her Son each darkened soul—
Those sinful ones he found in deepest night,
O'er whom the fearful storms of passion roll.
Absorbed in ardent prayer, he silent knelt
Before the image of his Mother dear,
Upon his arm a timid touch he felt,
A deep voice, slowly, sounding in his ear,
"Do you love *her?*" was asked in accents low.
The startled priest looked quickly up and saw
A form with native dignity replete.
So answered he: "I know no other law
But love of God, and of His Mother Bless'd."
Within the dusky native's eyes there leaped
A light of joy at faith so clear expressed;
His dark skin seemed with deepest crimson steeped,
His bosom heaved, his breath came fast, and then—
As if the stranger's inmost soul to pierce
Gazing with searching eyes—he asked again
Another question, earnest, almost fierce:
"Tell me, O stranger, whether high or low,
In all the countless lands your feet have pressed
Where'er you've roved, oh! tell me if you know
Our Chief, the Great White Father in the West?"
Surprised, the priest made answer: "If you mean
My Father of the Holy Roman See,
I know him well, indeed. 'Tis he, who e'en,
Sends messages of love to you, by me."

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Again the light shone on the native's face;
Again his new-found joy he quick controlled.
"One question more;" he said, "I beg for grace.
How many children have you? Am I bold?"
Smiling, the priest replied: "My son, *you* are
My child, and also all who dwell with you:
All, all God's children, be they near or far,
All call me 'Father.' 'Tis a title due
Unto my holy calling; and the name
To prove a child's affection and to show
A sense of God's own fatherhood! The same,
Surely, dear son, you very well must know
It is forbidden to our priests to wed."
The stranger smiled in fervent gladness then,
And kneeling swift, he bowed his haughty head,
And cried: "Indeed! you are my Father, when
You answer 'yes' to these my questions three.
In truth, I know you are a teacher sent
From God above, and so I beg, give me
Your blessing! Long, long years we've sorrowing spent,
In praying God that He again would send
Another like that pure departed one,
Who taught us at God's name, our knees to bend
To love our Mother and her Blessed Son.
And since you've answered to the test he left,
I know full well *you* are our master too.
Come! Save the flock of shepherd's care bereft,
And teach us how His holy will to do."
"My God, I thank Thee," and the priest bowed low,
"That Thou to me this wondrous grace has given
To seek and find Thine own, that they may know
Thou art the only way that leads to heaven."

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GOD IN THE TROPICS.

By Rev. J. J. Collins, S.J.

IT was nine o'clock on a Sunday in June, 1895, and two miles south of me on the road that leads to Kingston, lay Stony Hill Reformatory for boys, where I had said Mass at seven o'clock and given an instruction of half an hour to the sixteen Catholic inmates. Almost three miles due north, at an elevation of over 1,000 feet above the sea level, stands a small church, called "Friendship," where I was to say my second Mass at eleven o'clock. The road over which I was riding winds along up the eastern side of a steep hill, for a distance of three miles, till it meets a ridge which runs out across the valley and joins the two neighboring ranges of hills.

Right on top of this ridge, overlooking the valley on either side of it, is the little church of "Friendship," a true type of the church seated on the mountains. The road which leads up to it is a driving road except in rainy seasons, when landslips prevent the passage of a buggy. I, however, always ride over this part of the road, as it is very steep, and I wish to save my horse for a fifteen miles journey to Kingston in the later afternoon.

The morning scenery along this road is enrapturing to one who has come out from the dust and glare of the streets of Kingston. The mind is coaxed away from its busy haunts, and soothed with the oil of gladness by the refreshing beauty of the scene. The eye wanders down over the orange trees, banana plants, and coffee bushes to the Jamaica river below, a softly murmuring mountain stream that is innocent enough, so long as the rains do not trouble it. And again, one looks up on the other side, over the yam vines, that have climbed out beyond the tall bamboo poles to which they cling, and now seem to wish to pierce through the rich deep blue of this tropical sky with their tender streamers, as if, like the rider, they crave to know something more of Him who lives beyond.

It was my first visit to "Friendship," and I was feasting on the splendid beauty of the scene, when I suddenly turned a sharp corner in the road and came upon a peasant woman.

She courtesied, and said, "Marnin, Fader."

I returned her salute, and remarked: "You are going to Mass, my good woman."

She looked mystified, and to make myself plainer, I said, "You are going up to the church, yonder."

"Yes," she answered promptly and with evident pleasure. "Fader, I'se goin' to de French," the name given by some of the natives to the Catholics, owing, I believe, to the influence of Father Dupont, S.J., a Frenchman, who labored for forty years on this island with marvellous success, and became, in the minds of some, greater than the Church to which he belonged. "I'se goin' to de French," she continued, "to tek sacrament and to jine."

It was now my turn to look puzzled, and I asked: "Are you a Catholic?"

She answered, "I tek sacrament and jine to-day, and mek I a full member."

"But have you been baptized?" I asked.

"Not in de French, Fader," she replied.

"And you say you are going to Holy Communion this morning?"

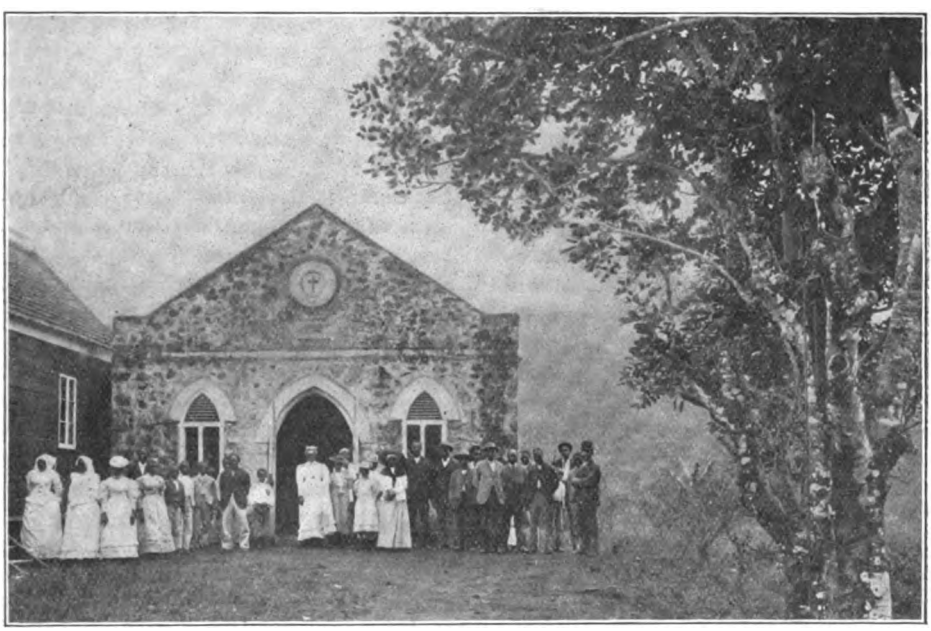
"Yes, Fader."

In good Jamaican English, she then told me her story. She had long desired to join the Church, and it seemed to her as if the opportunity would never come.

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She was in earnest, and God gave her the opportunity. It had been announced in "Friendship" church that the last Sunday in June would be First Communion day. A dozen children and half a dozen grown people were told that they would be allowed this great privilege.

The girls must have their snow-white frocks, and veils, and boots, and beads of shining glass for necklaces. And the boys, too, must be decently clad. These preparations put the whole locality in a ferment.



FRIENDSHIP CHURCH.

This poor woman, a good twelve miles away, heard of the preparations and their cause. Her mind was at once made up. She would go to "Friendship," "take sacrament" with the others, join the Church and become a full member, and then she could sing holy Simeon's song.

The Saturday before the last Sunday in June she had to go to Kingston, a distance of eighteen miles, to sell fruits —bananas and pines from her own "ground." She carried a basket of these fruits, weighing eighty pounds, all the eighteen miles. While in the Solas market, trying to sell them, she was taken ill with a fever; so ill that some of her country women had to carry her out to a place of quiet, near the "Parade." There she took some "bush" medicine, and recovered enough to be able to undertake the journey home in the late afternoon. She reached her poor hut on the hill about 10 o'clock P. M., and, finding everybody in bed, threw herself on a mat for a few hours of broken rest.

Early the next morning she was up, and having got a little lunch ready, for she had been told that she must be fasting to "take sacrament" in the Church, she set out for "Friendship." She had come about nine miles, when I overtook her.

As she finished her story I noticed an expression of pain on her face, and I asked, "but are you ill now?" and she replied, "Yes, Fader, I feel faint." I said to her, "sit down at once in the shade, there, and take your little repast, and

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come to me after you have had a good rest, and I shall tell you what to do; but do not go to Holy Communion to-day, for I must baptize you first." She obeyed like a child, and came to me first before Holy Mass. I found her wonderfully intelligent, and clearly instructed by a better teacher than I.

On my second visit I found her well prepared, and hungry for the Bread of Angels. She approached the Holy Table with a recollection and fervor that could not but move the stoniest heart. Even nature seemed for the occasion to have borrowed some of the joy of the angels, the morning was so radiant with the mingled beauty of heaven and earth.

On my return to "Friendship," one of the first and happiest faces to greet me, was my first visit acquaintance, who is now a "full member." As I rode down the hill in the heat of the afternoon the fresh morning beauty of the scene was gone, but the dawn of another morning in the soul of a fellow-creature haunted me, and dispelled the heat of the day.

INTERMEDIATE AND HIGHER EDUCATION IN GERMANY BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

By Rev. James Conway, S.J.

IN a recent issue of the MESSENGER, following in the footprints of the illustrious historian of the German People, the late Rt. Rev. Mgr. Janssen, we gave a brief sketch of the condition of popular education in Germany immediately before the Reformation. In the present issue we may be allowed from the same reliable source to submit a similar sketch of the state of higher education in the German Empire at this same period.

In this period falls that revival of classical learning generally known as the *Renaissance*. This great movement had its origin in Italy, gradually passed into Germany, France and England, and produced such refined scholars as Erasmus and Blessed Sir Thomas More. True, it gradually degenerated into formalism and a fanatic veneration for pagan models in art and literature, which became intolerable to Christian taste. Yet it cannot be denied that at the time of which we write the movement was productive of the most excellent fruits in the field of education.

One of the most remarkable figures of those times was Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa. He was born in 1407, studied under the direction of the Brothers of the Common Life in Deventer, and subsequently at the universities of Heidelberg and Bologna. He was thoroughly conversant with all the science and learning of his time.

Abbot Trithemius, a writer of great authority, towards the end of the sixteenth century, says of Cardinal Nicholas: "He appeared in Germany as an angel of light and peace in the midst of darkness and confusion, restored union in the Church, strengthened the authority of her supreme head, and sowed the seed of new life. . . . He was a man of faith and love, an apostle of piety and learning. His mind compassed all the branches of human science; but all his knowledge proceeded from God, and had for its end the glory of God and the edification and betterment of mankind. From his learning, then, we may draw true wisdom."

Of him, Dr. Janssen says: "Nicholas of Cusa was for Germany one of the first promoters of a thorough and intelligent study of the master-works of classical antiquity, which combined in such wonderful harmony freedom and restraint, genius and nature. That love of the classics, which he had diligently

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read in the school of the Brothers of the Common Life at Deventer, developed into enthusiasm in Italy, where he made a careful study of the Greek language and devoted himself particularly to the works of Plato and Aristotle. 'This enthusiasm,' says a contemporary writer, 'could not rest until it communicated itself to as many as possible of his surroundings.' He used every effort to introduce the study of these philosophers, wherever he could, as a medium of mental training and as a means to illustrate the sublimity of the Christian doctrine. With winning kindness and affability he moved in a circle of studious disciples, to whom he was always ready to communicate instruction and guidance, notwithstanding the multifarious duties of his position. Trithemius relates that he had just given a valuable treasure of Greek manuscripts, which he had collected on a journey in Constantinople, to the recently discovered printing press to be made the common property of the learned world."

While the Cardinal of Cusa was a universal genius and scholar, equally conversant with theology, canon law, philosophy, science and polite literature, Rudolf Agricola distinguished himself as a classical scholar. He spoke and wrote the Latin tongue with great ease, purity and elegance. The classic finish of his Latin verse earned for him the title of the "Second Virgil," yet he diligently cultivated his mother tongue, and wrote elegant verse in it. It was his purpose to create a German literature by translating the best classical models into that language.

Agricola was for Germany what Petrarch was for Italy—the inspirer to classical studies both by encouragement and example. But he was superior to the Italian poet and humanist in that he was profoundly religious and moral both in his life and writings. Of him Wimpheling says, that all science and learning had for him but one purpose, to cleanse him from inordinate passions, that by faith and prayer he might cooperate in the designs of God, the great architect of the world's history.

In his pedagogic writings, which are very numerous, Agricola insists on nothing more than on faith and morality, union of piety with learning. He earnestly recommends the study of the ancient philosophers, historians, orators and poets; but no one, he says, should confine himself to the study of the ancients, for they "either were altogether ignorant of the purpose of life, or had only an obscure conception of it, as if looking at it through a cloud, so that their discussions regarding it are rather talk than conviction." Hence, he maintained, it was necessary to have recourse to the sacred writings which dispel all darkness, and secure us against illusions and error. According to their teaching life is to be regulated; according to their blessed guidance salvation is to be sought. The study of the classics should lead the way to the right understanding of the sacred Scriptures.

Another scholar of this age who deserved well of education, not only by his numerous writings, but also by his practical work as teacher in the schools of Wesel, Emmerich, and Deventer, was Alexander Hegius, who was equally master of the Greek and Latin languages.

"To Hegius," says Janssen, "belongs the undisputed merit of improving and simplifying the method of instruction. He either suppressed or improved the old text-books; he made the classics the basis of instruction, and made education productive of new intellectual life. From far and near the studious youth flocked by hundreds to hear him; and countless were those whom he inspired, not only with a love of study, but also with an unselfish enthusiasm for the noble, but arduous, vocation of teaching."

We might introduce to our readers many other great scholars of that age, patrons and promoters of higher education by word and deed. Among them

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prominence would be due to Rudolf von Langen, Ludwig Dringenberg, the Abbot Trithemius, and Wimpheling already cited. But let us rather ask ourselves who was the leading spirit in this great intellectual movement.

It was not one man but a body of men animated by the same spirit—the ardent desire to improve and elevate the religious and intellectual condition of their countrymen. This body of educators was the Brotherhood of the Common Life, a religious order, whose ascetical spirit has been handed down to us in the immortal writings of Thomas à Kempis, who, by the way, exerted a personal influence over most of the great scholars of his day.

On the influence of the Brothers of the Common Life, Dr. Janssen writes as follows: "The School Brothers of the Common Life, founded in the Netherlands by Gerhard Groot, exercised a most salutary influence on education in Germany. Their institutions extended gradually up the Rhine, as far as Suabia, and at the end of the fifteenth century from the Schelde to the Vistula, from Cambrai in the Netherlands, to the whole of North Germany, to Culm in West Prussia. In the Brothers' Schools Christian education was more highly prized than mere knowledge. The practical religious development of the youth, the fostering and strengthening of active piety was regarded as the chief object of education. The entire training was quickened with a religious spirit. The student was taught to regard religion as the basis of human life and the foundation of true culture.

"At the same time he appropriated a large amount of knowledge and a sound method of study, and was inspired with an ardent love for spontaneous scientific pursuits. From all quarters the studious youth flocked to these institutions of learning. Some estimate of their extensive literary influence may be formed from the fact that the school of Zwolle numbered between 800 and 1,000 pupils, that of Alkmaar 900, that of Bois-le-duc 1,200; and that of Deventer in the year 1500 arose to the number of 2,200. The instruction was given free of charge, and consequently those institutions were open to the poorest. Even in those towns in which the Brothers themselves did not establish schools, they were active in the work of education—supplying teachers for the municipal schools, and providing school fees, books and board for poor students."

Considering the number of these schools, and the large attendance of pupils in proportion to the population, we are warranted in the conclusion that secondary or intermediate education was as widespread in Germany in those days as it is even at the present day—with all its *gymnasiums* and "*real*" *schools*.

The higher education of women in Germany in those days, was by no means neglected. It was conducted on the same plan as that of men—based on the study of the classical languages and literatures. The number of learned and literary women in Germany at that epoch is very remarkable. These not only conducted extensive correspondence on religious, scientific, and literary subjects in elegant Latin style, but were the authors of learned works and poems in Latin and in German. Many of the most learned works of the time were dedicated to ladies, who were evidently fit to appreciate them. Nor was this high culture of women confined to the cloister. Among those women who were distinguished for learning and culture were also secular ladies, particularly of the nobility.

The most remarkable among those scholarly women were probably Charity Pirkheimer, Abbess of Nürnberg, and her sister Clara, some of whose beautiful poems are still preserved as true gems of German literature. Of the former a contemporary writes: "It is a matter of fact in Nürnberg, that all those who excel in genius and authority are full of admiration for the ability,

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learning, and noble virtues of the Abbess."

The excellent intermediate schools of the Brothers of the Common Life were feeders for the great universities. They created a demand, a taste and a capacity for still higher studies; and this craving of the studious youth was amply satisfied at the universities.

Seven great universities already flourished in as many large centres in Germany before the time we speak of. These were Heidelberg, Prague, Vienna, Cologne, Erfurt, Leipzig and Rostock. Yet these were found insufficient for the demand. Therefore, within a period of fifty years preceding the Reformation, nine more universities were established in the German Empire. These were Grieswald 1456, Basel and Freiberg 1460, Ingolstadt and Trier 1472, Tübingen and Mainz 1477, Wittemberg 1502, Frankfort-on-the-Oder 1506.

Though these universities enjoyed high civil privileges and immunities, yet they were strictly ecclesiastical institutions. All of them except Wittenberg (famous as being the cradle of Luther) were chartered by the Popes. It was only the papal institution that could confer on them the highest prerogatives as teaching corporations. It was only the representation of the Sacred Sciences in their curriculum that could give them the title to be considered and called universities (*studia generalia*).

"According to the teaching of those times," says Professor Janssen, and this, let us add, is the only sound view, "there were two orders of sciences: the natural order, comprising those truths and objects within the range of natural reason; the supernatural order, comprising the truths of revelation. Both these orders of sciences were to be cultivated in the universities. As the Church is a living unit, compassing the entire man, so also science should have for its end the living unity, the centre of all higher life—it should be directed to God, the source of all truth. The student of science should not seek his own advantage; science is not to be cultivated for its own sake: it is the servant of truth, a handmaid in the sanctuary of faith; it cannot thrive in the company of pride and impiety. The four faculties of the university—theology, law, medicine and philosophy—were compared with the four rivers that watered the earthly Paradise, which had no other purpose than to pour out the blessing of fruitfulness and plenty on all the nations of the earth, for the happiness of all men and the glory of God."

In this conviction Archduke Albrecht of Austria, in the charter of the University of Freiberg, calls these schools "the well-springs of life, from which the waters of salutary and comforting wisdom flow to the ends of the earth, to allay the destructive feuds of human ignorance and passion."

In like manner, Duke Ludwig of Bavaria in the charter of endowment of the university of Ingolstadt says: "Among the blessings granted by God's goodness to man in this transient life, science and art are one of the first. For by these means the way to a holy and righteous life is taught, human reason is enlightened with true knowledge, trained to an honorable life and good morals; Christian faith is strengthened, justice and the common weal are secured."

Eberhard of Würtemberg in the deed of endowment of the University of Tübingen says: "I am convinced that I can do nothing better and more efficacious for the salvation of my soul, or more pleasing to Almighty God, than to provide with particular care and zeal, that good and studious young men may be instructed in the fine arts and sciences, and thus be enabled to know God, and to honor and serve Him alone."

Pope Pius II., in the Bull of institution of the University of Basel, very appropriately expresses the idea and the end of university education. "Among the many blessings which God confers on

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mortal men here below," he says, "this one occupies a high place, that he is enabled by persevering study to win the costly pearl of knowledge, which directs man on the way to a good and happy life, and which, by its excellence, raises the possessor far above the level of the unlearned. It, moreover, makes the scholar more like to his Maker and introduces him into the secrets of nature. It aids the ignorant man and raises him from the lowest estate to the highest dignity." His object in this foundation, continues the Pope, is "to enable men to obtain this greatest of human acquirements, and after having obtained it to communicate the same boon to others." It was his desire, he adds, "to open in the city of Basel a fountain of science from whose fulness all those might drink who were eager to become conversant with the monuments of learned literature."

Dr. Janssen sums up his opinion on the mediæval universities in the following words: "They were the grandest creations of Christianity, while still buoyant in its youthful strength. They were the representatives of higher intellectual culture, the most powerful instruments of progress, centres of intellectual life for the people. They were the most favorite and cherished daughters of the Church, and by their loyalty and love they endeavored to requite her for her bounty towards them. Hence the twofold fact, so commonly ignored—first, that, as long as the unity of the church and of the faith remained intact, the universities attained to their highest glory; and, secondly, that in the great defection all, except Wittenberg and Erfurt, remained true to the Church. It was only after their original ecclesiastical constitutions had been violently impaired, after their liberty had been curtailed, after they had degenerated into state institutions, that they were brought over to the new doctrines."

The number of students frequenting these mediæval universities is almost incredible. Not only young men, but also men of ripe age—also Church dignitaries, magistrates, and even princes, were among the students. The most intimate relation existed between pupils and teachers. Those who were masters in one branch were often pupils in some higher science or art.

These institutions had an international character. Students migrated from one university to another, from one country to another. The only passport they required was studiousness and good behavior. Saxons, Scandinavians, Italians, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen sat side by side, and entered the lists against each other in scientific disputes. This circumstance tended to broaden their views and, at the same time, to arouse a healthy competition.

The records of matriculations which are still extant, give a clue to the number of students in attendance at the universities. The average yearly number of matriculations, between 1450 and 1490, at the University of Leipzig, was 347 and a fraction; at Erfurt, 385; at Cologne, 370. The total number of students at the University of Cologne, at the end of the fifteenth century, was estimated at 2,000. In the very first year of its existence, 800 students were entered in the University of Ingolstadt. In the year 1492 the faculty of philosophy alone at that university consisted of thirty-three active teachers. The philosophical faculty of the University of Vienna numbered, in 1453, eighty-two, and, in 1476, 104 doctors actually engaged in lecturing. In the reign of King Maximilian, the number of students at the University of Vienna was estimated at 7,000. At Cracow, in Poland, in 1496, according to the testimony of an Italian writer, there were 15,000 students.

It is curious enough that, during this intellectual awakening in Germany, the Prussians, who later were to gain the ascendancy in the empire, lagged far

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behind in the race for culture. At the foundation of the University of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Joachim of Brandenburg declared that "in his Mark a scholar was as rare as a white raven." That may explain why his father, in a public proclamation, could have asserted that "in no other German country were feud and murder and violence in such vogue as in our Mark." Abbot Trithemius, before cited, bears testimony to the low state of culture in the future Prussian realm. He writes from the Court of Brandenburg, 1505: "Rarely do you here meet a man who has any interest in the sciences. From want of education and culture, people prefer to live in feasting and idleness and debauchery." It was not till 1539 that the first printing-office was opened in Berlin; and it was more than a century after that the first publishing house was established there. Prussia, then, owes little of its greatness to the muses.

It would be a pleasant task to enter more fully into the details of university life in Germany at this epoch, to sketch the courses of studies, the methods, the results achieved, the great men who occupied their chairs, and the distinguished scholars who went forth from their halls into the various departments of life. But this would lead us too far. What we have said is sufficient to show that the Reformation in Germany was preceded by an era of unprecedented culture, and consequently that a regeneration was uncalled for. We may yet have occasion to show that the so-called Reformation was for Germany the beginning of its intellectual decline.

AN AFTERNOON IN CHOLULA.

By A. Mignerez.

ABOUT seven miles distant from Puebla de los Angeles lies the quaint old city of Cholula, famous alike for its ancient pyramid and odd miraculous shrines. Few pilgrimages are made there save by the Indians, therefore, I fancy the *cerros santos* (holy hills) are but little known even to the Mexicans themselves.

Some years ago, while convalescing in Puebla from a serious illness, I heard of Cholula's miraculous statue of *Nuestra Señora de los Remedios* (Our Lady of Remedies), and forthwith promised the Blessed Mother to visit that sacred shrine with the hope of obtaining the full recovery of my health. So, accompanied by my travelling companion, I set out from Puebla one glorious day in October, and after a two hours' trip on the tramway, we found ourselves in sight of Cholula, and alighted at the foot of the pyramid. It is 204 feet high, measures 1,060 feet at the base, and its summit is a platform 165 feet square. The sides are overgrown with grass, shrubs, and even trees, and to this day terraces can be distinctly discerned. At one corner of the pyramid the tramway was cut through, and at several places excavations have been made, but the pyramid has remained nearly in its original form. A winding road paved with stones, leads up to the top of the pyramid, and here, nestling on a stone-browed hill, made by loving hands, stands the quaint little shrine of *Nuestra Señora de los Remedios*. An odd combination, verily, for the little structure is made up of irregular stones, piled one upon the other, irrespective of symmetry, and charmingly picturesque.

It seemed to me as though this wee bit of a chapel had been made just to hold the miraculous statue and nothing

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more, yet the number of people that managed to crowd in while we were there, made me realize that Indian life can compress itself into almost infinitesimal space. Ah, the sight that met our gaze as we crossed the threshold of that quaint spot! There, with outstretched arms, knelt the poor, the sick and the infirm, imploring aid from the Health of the Sick, and rending the very air with their tearful cries for help. As I, too, mingled with those children of faith at the foot of the dear Mother's shrine, I could not help feeling that her loving, outstretched hands would give me back my strength.

Countless were the tapers flickering about and around the miraculous statue of *Nuestra Señora de los Remedios*, which, like all Mexican statues, was heavily draped and bedecked with jewels. A stiff, gold-colored brocade ornamented this statue, and the jewels, poor but showy, gave it a gala appearance. The numerous ex-voto offerings which filled every nook and cranny of the little chapel, testified to the wondrous gratitude felt by Cholula's sons and daughters to the Mother of God.

After availing myself of all a pilgrim's privileges—lighting tapers before the altar, leaving my little offerings for God's poor and saying my prayers, I threaded my way out of the maze of Indian life that crowded every inch of ground in the little chapel. I say ground, for the floor boasted no other covering than the smooth and well-trampled clay. This ill corresponded with the seemingly rich appearance of the statue and its adornments, but it is quite evident that all the spare *centavos* of the poor little town were spent upon the statue alone.

Down the uneven and rough-hewn stone steps we descended, making little progress for here a group of women selling pictures of the miraculous statue stopped us, and in their coaxing, singsong voices called out: "*Niñas, para el amor del buen Dios, no quieren ustedes comprar estampitas de la Virgen de los Remedios?*" Children, for the love of the good God, do you not wish to buy pictures of the Virgin of Remedies? Such an appeal, of course, could not be left unheeded, so the "children," as it is the wont of the Mexican Indians to designate strangers, though their years may be three score and ten, purchased the *estampitas*. A little further away a knot of half-clad boys, displaying pretty colored shells and stones which they solemnly declared were miraculous, gave us no peace until we threw them a few *centavos* for the articles they thrust upon us.

From the platform of the curious old pyramid our eyes feasted upon a most wonderfully beautiful view. It was now late in the afternoon. The sun was slowly sinking and bathing with its gorgeous light, Popocatapetl from its wooded base to its snow-capped summit, while dark and black in the opposite direction, rose ominously stern, the huge mass of Malinche, Puebla's historic and far-famed mountain. Such is the scene that has remained indelibly engraved upon my mind.

Coming down the steep descent, we again found ourselves in the quaint little town which now numbers barely a few thousand inhabitants, the majority of whom are Indians. Could it be possible, I asked myself, as I mentally turned over the pages of history, that, in the days of Cortez, if chroniclers tell aright, Cholula contained 20,000 houses and 400 temples? It certainly required a wide stretch of my imagination to believe that fact of the miniature town that lay spread out before me at the foot of the pyramid.

Dotted here and there over the fair plain we saw tiny mounds of earth and stone which we learned were "artificial hills." These were surmounted by rude little chapels and contained statues of the Blessed Mother, of St. Joseph and of the Angel Guardian, and, though ill-treated by the elements, seemed to be

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most lovingly cared for by the passers-by who vie with one another in decorating these wayside shrines with the sweet wild flowers of the wood.

Not far from one of these "stepping-stones of the soul," as I have heard them so prettily called, we came upon a crumbling edifice over whose head a century or two might easily have passed. It was the church of *Nuestra Señora de la Asuncion*, Our Lady of the Assumption, and contained a miraculous picture of the Blessed Virgin venerated under that title. There, too, were innumerable proofs of gratitude to Mary given by her simple clients of that pious little town.



STATUE OF OUR LADY OF REMEDIES AT CHOLULA.

Hung up near the altar were the usual canes and crutches such as one frequently sees in our own American churches, but unlike most ex-voto offerings there were small glass cases that lined the walls near the altar and that contained miniature arms, legs and heads in wax, a few in silver and one or two in gold. Lastly there were the ever interesting though shockingly crude paintings representing miraculous cures, providential escapes from danger and so forth. Again in this church there seemed to be myriads of tapers gleaming from every nook and corner near the miraculous picture, and many Indians, though it was not a day of pilgrimage, kneeling with outstretched arms in the form of a cross before the altar. This we were told was the oldest of Cholula's three churches; but indeed, as we looked upon the other two and saw the ravages of time recorded in the mouldering walls, there seemed to me to be but little difference in their respective ages.

As we emerged from the last of the churches, we were met by a venerable and saintly looking priest, Padre Juan de la Caridad, who seemed to be the very embodiment of his name—charity. He saw that we were strangers; that was sufficient to call forth all the kindliness, hospitality and courtesy of his nature. We were entertained as royal guests in his poor though scrupulously neat little adobe house, and, as we sat in the almost miniature garden beneath the shady and fragrant lime-tree, and listened to the good Padre's simple story of his life and work, our hearts went out to him in fullest sympathy.

The shadows of night had now fallen upon us; so, taking leave of good Padre de la Caridad and breathing a last grateful prayer at one of the wayside shrines, we hastened our steps towards the little station and bade a tender though reluctant adieu to Cholula and her quaint *Cerros Santos*.

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IN HIS NAME.

By L. W. Reilly.

THE day that Mr. and Mrs. Brefny went out from Baltimore to Hanover to inspect the property that subsequently became their home, they noticed, as the train sped along, about a mile from their destination, a cottage, painted white, perched on the crest of a hillock that sloped downward to the track. It was a frame building, small and plain. It stood about a quarter of a mile from the railroad, remote from other dwellings, and was conspicuous by reason of its color, its isolation, and its situation on the top of an elevation. It had about it an air of gloom that was little relieved by a row of sunflowers, that flaunted their yellow heads all along its west side, and by clumps of geraniums that bloomed in two little mounds before its door. It had no barn anywhere near it, but only a mean shed a short distance back of it, and it had no fence of any kind to guard it from intrusion. As it flashed out of view, Mr. Brefny said:

"They must be lonesome folk that live in yon cot!"

"Or poor and friendless," replied his wife.

In another minute they were at their station and the white hut was forgotten for the time.

But it was remembered a week later, when, the purchase of "Rose Hill" having been made and the *penates* of the family having been moved to their new hearth, the prosaic question of where a supply of milk could be procured until a cow was bought, had to be laid before the housemaid who was to the manor born.

"Yo' kin git some ober to Mrs. Mills," was Mandy's answer.

"And where does Mrs. Mills live?"

"'Bout a mile east o' yere, in a little white house by de railroad."

"Has it a line of sunflowers growing all along one side of it?"

"Yas'um, dat's it."

So Mandy was sent to get some milk and to notify Mrs. Mills to deliver a gallon a day till further orders.

Thenceforward the owner of the white cottage came to the house of Brefny every morning for several weeks. Within that period she had become devotedly attached to the children, as if the affection pent up in her solitary heart had at last found objects on which to be lavished, and so she herself had unconsciously found grace and favor with the mother, to whose good-will there was no straighter road than via kindness to her offspring.

At that time Mrs. Mills was somewhere on the wintry side of sixty, spare, tall, and active for her years. Although her face was wrinkled, it still showed traces of the beauty that must have been hers when young. Her hands, rough, furrowed and calloused as they were by work and years, were yet shapely. In spite of her age she had no use for spectacles, for her sight was still fairly keen, especially as she did little sewing and no reading. A twinge of rheumatism in the knee, which made her carry a cane, was her only ailment.

Her ordinary outer dress consisted of a black sateen-quilted petticoat, a gingham apron, a striped woolen jacket, a large silk kerchief about her shoulders, and pinned under her chin; a loose woolen hood, and, under it, a linen band covering her forehead, to hide the scantiness of her hair and to keep her head warm, that looked like the upper part of a nun's wimple.

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One quality that recommended the milk-woman to Mrs. Brefny, was that she was not a gossip. She apparently knew little of her neighbors, and never spoke of them. She was extremely reticent, but she was also sympathetic, like a person who, having seen much sorrow, has learned through it to feel for the sufferings of others.

Her daily visits to the Brefny household came to an end when she sold her "bossy" to them; but after that she appeared regularly every Monday morning with a basket of eggs as an excuse to be a child again with the children for an hour, and to talk with the mother. Once she found the little ones poring over an old black-letter volume, full of quaint pictures of holy subjects and extracts from the Fathers, and, being slow to read herself, from want of practice, and because of the s's that looked like f's, she herself persuaded Mrs. Brefny to read out to her and them the passages that went with some of the most graceful of the illustrations. The one that pleased her most was this quotation from St. Bernard:

"It is not idly that the Holy Ghost likeneth the name of the Bridegroom to oil when He maketh the bride say to the Bridegroom: 'Thy name is as oil poured forth.' Oil, indeed, giveth light, meat and unction. It feedeth fire, it nourisheth the flesh, it sootheth pain—it is light, food and healing.

"Behold thus also is the name of the Bridegroom. To preach it is to give light; to think of it is to feed the soul; to call on it is to win grace and unction. Let us take it point by point. What, thinkest thou, hath made the light of faith so suddenly and so brightly to shine in the whole world, but the preaching of the name of Jesus? Is it not in the light of this name that God hath called us in His marvellous light, even that light wherewith we, being enlightened, and in this seeing light? Paul saith truly to us: 'Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord.'

"The name of Jesus is not a name of light only, but it is meat also. Dost thou ever call it to mind and remain unstrengthened? Is there anything like it to enrich the soul of him that thinketh of it? What is there like it to restore the fagged senses, to fortify strength, to give birth to good lives and pure affections? The soul is fed on husks if that whereon it feedeth lack seasoning with this salt. If thou writest, thou hast no meaning for me if I read not of Jesus there. If thou preachest or disputest, thou hast no meaning for me if I hear not of Jesus there. The mention of Jesus is honey in my mouth, music in my ear, and gladness in my heart.

"It is our healing, too. Is any sorrowful among us? Let the thought of Jesus come into his heart and spring to his mouth.

"Behold, when the day of that name beginneth to break, every cloud will flee away and there will be a great calm."

As Mrs. Brefny looked up from the book preparatory to closing it, she was surprised to see Mrs. Mills softly weeping, her head buried in her hands. Evidently the words of the great Cistercian monk had touched a tender chord in her heart. What had affected her, the reader could not imagine, and not wishing to intrude into her grief, she judged that the truest kindness would be to take no notice of her emotion.

Ever after that day, whenever Mrs. Mills visited the Brefny homestead, she would ask to see that ancient volume, and often, when the weather was fine, she would sit out doors for hours, with the book on her lap and the children playing around her.

* * *

In the fall of that same year, Mrs. Mills fell sick. Her malady for a while baffled Dr. Harrison who was called in to attend her. At length he came to the correct conclusion, that in addition to the complication of old age, cold and derangement of the digestive power, there was a spiritual disorder that was

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preying on her physical well-being and preventing its recuperation.

"You've got some trouble on your mind, Mrs. Mills," he said to her, "and until you get rid of that you're not likely to get well."

"We all have our cross," she said evasively, "an' ef I'm to get rid o' mine first, I guess I'll not get well."

Some days she was too ill to get up, and then Mrs. Brefny, Mandy, or some of the other neighbors or their servants, attended to her few wants. At other times, she felt strong enough to sit up, and then nothing would do but she must have the black-letter book in her lap and the passage on the Holy Name must be read to her.

"It comforts me," she was wont to say.

There came a day when, even on her sick-bed, that touch of nature that shows us all what vain things we mortals be, asserted itself. Mrs. Brefny was alone with her in the white cottage, and while doing her the service of washing her face, said cheerily:

"You must have been pretty, Mrs. Mills, when you were a girl."

A smile of pleasure lighted the wrinkled countenance. The woman back of it seemed to grow radiant again and to be about to cast off the withered mask at the bidding of her latent vanity. For answer she said:

"Will you please go to that trunk, ma'am, an' raise the lid, an' take off the cover o' that compartment in the corner?"

Mrs. Brefny did as requested and there in that leather-covered trunk she found the daguerrotype of a lovely child of nine.

"That's me, ma'am!" complacently said the invalid.

Hard was it to believe that that plump and bright, and fair, and tender maid was the same person as this scrawny, blear-eyed dame; yet, on closer scrutiny, a strong resemblance in contour and expression was apparent.

The sight of the likeness of herself in childhood brought a flood of memories to the old woman, and so softened her that at last she said:

"Ma'am, I'd like to tell you my story. It's to no one else I'd tell it, but I feel that I can trust you, an' it would do me good to open my heart to some one I could let peer into the inside of it. May I, ma'am?"

"If to confide in me would do you any good or help me to help you, then certainly tell me. But I do not ask it. I would not pry into your secrets for all the world."

"O, ma'am, please don't say anythin' o' pryin', you that are the lady, an' that has been so good to me," and the wasted hands were stretched out above the coverlet in appeal.

For answer, Mrs. Brefny went over to the bedside, and, taking the sick woman's hands in hers, she patted them fondly, and then sat down, so as to be near the teller of the story, in order to spare her the strain of talking loud.

After a moment or two of silence, Mrs. Mills began:

"My name isn't Mrs. Mills. You won't ask me what it is. I took that name when I came here from the mill-towns o' New England, where I spent the best part of my life, so that my own name mightn't remind none o' the people hereabout o' me.

"I was born in this neighborhood, the only daughter of my parents, who had, besides me, an only son. I can see from a spot in front of this house the farm where I was raised in Ann Arundel county.

"When I grew up to be a lass of eight, I was sent to the Elkridge school. Among the boys, there was one called—well, never mind his name. His parents lived near mine, an' his three sisters an' two brothers an' him, used to go together with my brother an' me, to an' from school, every day.

"As the years went by, that boy an' me became attached to one another, until he called me his sweetheart.

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"Later he was sent to Baltimore to school, an' there he learned how to draw an' to paint. If you will look again in the trunk, you will find a picture, made by him, of him an' me at the bridge over the Patapsco."

Mrs. Brefny got up, went over to the trunk, found the sketch, and returned with it to the seat by the bed.

"When I was seventeen," continued Mrs. Mills, "we became engaged. He was then employed in a photograph gallery in town, an' makin' good wages. We got married secretly. But a few days after the marriage he disappeared, an' no one that knew him has never saw him since."

Here the poor creature broke down, and wailed hysterically. Mrs. Brefny tried to soothe her, and entreated her not to recall the unhappy past; but she, making a brave effort to control her feelings, declared that it solaced her to tell to a friendly heart the grief that obscured her life.

"Some months after his disappearance I ran away from home. You can imagine why. I first fled to Baltimore, to hunt for him. After two weeks of fruitless search, I went to Philadelphia. There I stayed in an institution until my first and only child was born."

Again she broke down and cried until she had her cry out.

"As soon as I was strong enough to work," she went on, "I got a situation with a nice Quaker family. But when *it* died, I couldn't stay in that place no more, an' so I hurried to New York. I found employment there at once as house-maid, but I was restless, an' homesick, an' unhappy. Yet I had not the courage to return, nor to let my people know where I was. To get the better o' the cravin' fer home, I determind to go farther away; so I went to Boston, an' to Lowell, an' Fall River, an' Providence, an' Willimantic, an' Rockville, an' other places. I liked factory work better nor service, an' I wanted to live right, an' to save money.

"My folks at home had never joined no religion an' I grew up the same way. An' when my trouble came upon me, my mind was too black an' my heart too bitter fer anythin' o' that sort. So I had no use fer God. But one chilly night in Providence, I was passin' a church which I afterwards learned was the Church o' the Holy Name, an' it was all lighted up, an' it was full o' people, an' they were havin' a revival there, what you Catholics call a mission, an' I thought I'd go in fer a moment to get warm an' to see what they were a-doin'.

"Just as I got in, the music came to an end, an' a preacher got up into the pulpit an' began to preach. My, but he spoke beautiful! I didn't intend to stay but a minute, but I did stay, standing all the while just inside the door, for an hour an' a quarter. He spoke on the name of Jesus. When I got out I couldn't remember but one sentence of all he said, I was that confused an' stirred with a new hope in the midst o' my darkness an' despair. That sentence he repeated a dozen times. It fixed itself in my mind for ever. It was—'Amen, amen, I say to you: if you ask the Father anything in my name, he will give it to you.'

"From that night I began to say every day, an' a hundred times every day—'Father, I ask Thee in the name of Jesus, bring him back to me.'

"From that night, too, I began to long to return to the home o' my childhood. But I fought against that yearnin', as I resisted it before, by goin' among new people in strange places. Yet I couldn't conquer it. Day an' night it was urgin' me. Awake or asleep it gave me no peace.

"Finally, three years ago I came back here, forty-five years to a day from the time I had left it. I put my savings in the Metropolitan Bank in Baltimore, all but enough to buy this place, the only one that I found for sale in the neighborhood that was small, an' off to itself, an' near the old farm.

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"My people are all dead. My brother was carried off by typhoid fever the year after I left home and sorrow broke the hearts of my father and mother. O, ef the young would only think before they do wrong, of the other hearts that must bleed because o' their folly! A relative somehow got possession o' their property, sold it, went into business, failed an' died. It has passed to two other parties since. I don't want to trouble them, even ef I had a title to it, which I don't know that I have. I wouldn't make myself known for all Howard and Ann Arundel counties put together. Besides, I have enough to last me to the end.

"His people, too, are all dead or moved away, except one sister, who is married and lives over near St. Denis. She learned that he had gone to Chicago, an' from there to Denver, an' from there to Los Angeles, but she couldn't trace him further. I found that out in a quiet way.

"So, although I sometimes think he must be dead, I can't get over the impression made on me by that sermon, an' I still say many times a day: 'Father, I ask Thee in the name of Jesus, bring him back to me!'

"I need not beg you to keep my secret," said she in conclusion," because my heart tells me that it can trust yours. And now, ef I'm called away, you will see that I'm put to rest decently, an' I'll notify the bank to give what's left o' my money to your little Louise."

"Pray, Mrs. Mills, don't speak of dying yet, nor say anything that will make my visits to you seem sordid. Your story has left a strange feeling with me that in His own time and in His own way, the Father will bring your husband back to you for Jesus' sake and for His name's sake. But meanwhile, should you not see some minister of your denomination to ——"

"No, no!" broke in the sick woman impetuously, and she shook her head from side to side on the pillow. Then more slowly: "I did think that ef he was brought back to me, I'd become a church member; but what's the use of wishin' an' talkin'? Yet I can't help it; I will hope; I will say: "Father, I ask Thee in the name of Jesus, bring him back to me!"

* * *

In the next three months Mrs. Mills so far recovered her health as to be up and about. But she was not strong. Her vitality was going down. Hope deferred was helping to undermine her sturdy constitution. She went about her household tasks without zest. To live was an effort. Her sole pleasure was to walk over to the house of Brefny and have the children around her, especially the youngest, bonny Louise.

She never referred, in her talks with Mrs. Brefny, to the disclosures that she had made concerning herself, but there was a tacit understanding between them. Confidence had begotten sympathy, even as love begets love.

Without mentioning the deed to any one, she had procured a visit from the bank's lawyer and had bequeathed and devised all her property, amounting in value to about $7,500, in equal shares to the four Brefny children, changing her former purpose to give it all to Louise, for she said to herself: "It's not good for girls to be dowerless, nor is it well for one sister to have more than the others."

And so she lived on, hoping against hope, trusting and doubting, and trusting again the solemn promise of the Holy Name.

One bitterly cold night, shortly after Mrs. Mills had retired, a knock came to the front door of the white house. She arose and dressed herself hurriedly and going to the door, asked, before she unlocked it, lest her visitor should be a tramp: "Who's there?"

"Open in the name of Christ," was the response; "there's been an accident on the railroad, the train is ditched and wrecked and on fire; one man has been injured and we've brought him here."

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The door was instantly opened. There, accompanied by six other men, was the chief victim of the accident, lying on a rude stretcher, made of part of the side of a car on which the cushions from two seats had been placed. He was unconscious and was covered with overcoats. As soon as he was brought in and laid on the bed, one train-hand went one way for Dr. Harrison, and the other went the other way for Dr. Eric.

"Was no one killed?" curiously inquired Mrs. Mills.

"Not one," said one of the passengers, "and no one was badly injured except this unfortunate man here. It was a miracle!"

"It certainly is the most wonderful accident I ever heard of," said another passenger.

"Me, too, boss!" exclaimed the colored porter who had been one of the stretcher-bearers.

Presently the three passengers went back to the wreck, leaving the colored porter to act as nurse. When Dr. Harrison came, he found the sufferer still unconscious. He made a hurried examination but discovered no fractures.

"He must be injured internally," was his comment.

After doing all that could be done, the doctor went away, promising to be back at dawn.

A trained nurse took the place of the negro when the wrecking train arrived, for the doctor had given orders that on no account must the man be moved again to take him to the hospital in the city.

Very little sleep did Mrs. Mills get that night, sitting in the big arm-chair by the fire. At the break of day she went into the bedroom to smooth the pillow of her unexpected guest. As she tucked the covers lightly in about him, he awoke, and, looking dazedly about him, asked her: "Where am I?"

The sound of his voice thrilled her to the marrow. She was spellbound for an instant. Then instinctively she averted her face.

"What has happened?"

She tried to answer, but she was too far mastered by emotion to utter a word. But her mind and heart had speech. "O Heavenly Father," she seemed to herself to say, "I thank Thee in the name of Jesus for having brought him back to me!"

The man tried to rise but gave up the attempt with a groan. The cry of anguish made her turn around towards him. He looked at her long and scrutinizingly and then he gasped:

"My God, Alice, is that you?"

Not if the wealth of the world had been offered her for a word, could she have said it. Her heart seemed to be bursting in her bosom. A faintness came over her and she would have fallen had not her outstrethed hand found a chair.

"Alice, Alice!" called the man, "for Christ's sake tell me is it you!"

Then tears poured into her eyes—tears of grief for the wrong of the past, tears of contrition for the sin, tears of sorrow for the pains of a long and hard life, tears of regret for what might have been, tears of joy that the lost had been found, tears of gratitude for the answered prayer. And then the church in Providence came before her mind, all lighted up and crowded with people, and the priest went up into the pulpit and said: "Amen, amen, I say to you—if you ask the Father anything in my name, he will give it to you!"

"Alice, for the love of God, if it be you, answer me."

Now, at last, her tongue was loosened and she answered:

"Yes, Robert, it's Alice!"

"O, thanks be to God," he cried faintly, "that, at last——"

"Come now," said a quiet voice of command, "you musn't talk and get excited this way." It was the trained nurse, who, having dozed off in his chair by the fire in the dining-room, had been awakened by the sound of the sick man's appeal and had hurried in to put a stop to the conversation.

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"Who are you?" inquired the man.

"I am the nurse, sent by the railroad to take care of you."

"Well, you please go out of here. You have done your duty by notifying me not to talk. Now I choose to take the risk. So go!"

What passed between the two when they were again alone, will never be revealed. Certain it is, however, that when the doctor came shortly afterwards, he found them hand in hand and unconscious, the one from acute pain, the other from debility, and both from emotion.

With the aid of the nurse the doctor brought them to, and then he forbade any further conversation. But when he was asked whether or not there was room for hope, he shook his head, dubiously. The injured man then said:

"Thanks be to God! No power on earth can put us apart for one minute of the few that are left for us to be together."

"Well, I'm telling you, sir, for your own good," replied the doctor. "I don't know what— "

"That's all right, doctor, and I'm obliged to you; but we know the whys and wherefores, so let us have our way in peace."

Thereupon the doctor and the nurse left the room, the former saying outside to the latter:

"I must go now, as I have an urgent case on the Pike. Give them five or ten minutes, and then call her out, and persuade her, for his sake, to let him rest."

But the "five or ten minutes" were changed into two hours, since Mrs. Mills refused, at the entreaty of the man, to leave his bedside, and then she went into the next room only to request the nurse to go for the Rev. Father Drury, whose directions she gave him.

The priest responded to the summons promptly. On the way to the white cottage, he called at "Rose Hill," and requested Mrs. Brefny to follow him in about half an hour to the house of Mrs. Mills. There he gave the necessary instructions, administered conditional baptism and the last sacraments to the victim of the accident.

That night Robert died. With a look of ineffable peace on his countenance, his right hand holding a crucifix, his left clasping a blessed candle, and clasped by the hand of his wife, hoping, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to find mercy with God, he calmly breathed his last.

His property, consisting of a photographic studio in Honolulu, and a sugar plantation on another island of Hawaii, went to his married sister in St. Denis. Even she, so he had requested, does not know the manner, or the place, or the date of his death.

In less than a month his wife followed him. To the last she was exuberant in gratitude to the Father who so wonderfully—if, indeed, so strictly in accordance with the strangeness of His ways that are not as the ways of man—had granted her persistent prayer, had accepted the repentance of her sad life, and had so multiplied His mercies at the end.

Side by side they lie in the hillside graveyard of St. Augustine's Church, near Elkridge Landing, and over them is a small stone with this inscription:

R. I. P.

ROBERT AND ALICE

"*Amen, amen, I say to you: if you ask the Father anything in My name, He will give it to you.*"



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FOR MY LADY'S DAY.

By W. F. Ennis, S.J.

Beneath no ivied tower I stand,
With song on lip and lute in hand
To greet my Lady's day.
No fickle hand opes lattice pane
To wave in love—mayhap, disdain,
At me, her knight so gay.

Apart from city's crowded street,
Where pain and pleasure voiceless meet,
I find my Lady's throne.
Expectant are her eyes for mine,
Her yearning arms would me entwine
And claim me all her own.

She leans adown most lovingly
To hear my heart make melody
In sweet yet wordless song.
What words my Lady's love can tell!
She reads my tangled heart songs well;
My heart hath been hers long.

My Lady dwelt far o'er the sea
In times agone in Galilee
Where roller-birds flash bright.
But now—deep mystery of love,
Though Queen of royal courts above,
She's near me day and night.

I trow you know this Lady mine,
Not mine alone, but also thine,
Is Lady Mary fair.
What birthday gift for Mary blest?
A blameless life she prizeth best,
And simple childlike prayer.

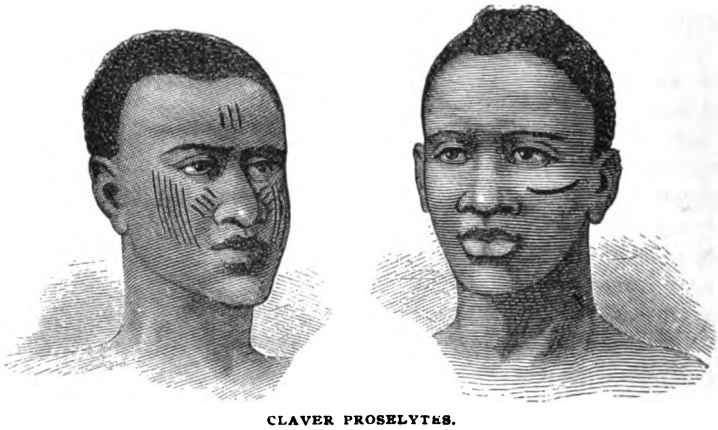
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THE SLAVE OF THE SLAVES.

I.

"IF THOU WILT BE PERFECT."

THE grave, tender voice of the Master counselling the young man in the Gospel is still heard through the ages, and some who hear "leave their nets" and follow Him, and some find it a hard saying, and with bowed head and faltering step turn from the Master's inviting presence and walk with Him no more. The call is not heard in all places nor at all times; but the invitation heeded has given to the Church, saints, and to the world, heroes.



CLAVER PROSELYTES.

All of God's saints are heroes, but the world that sees not the heroism of self-conquest in the hidden lives of most of the saints passes them by unnoticed. It looks rather for the glory of Tabor than the obscurity of Nazareth. Hence it is that God in His providence raises up visible signs that even an unbelieving world must recognize; men whose work, judged even by the shortsighted standard of the world, must be acknowledged as heroes. Among such is Peter Claver, the apostle of the negroes, who signed himself "the slave of the slaves forever."

He was born at Verdu, in the principality of Catalonia, Spain, on June 26, 1580. His parents, Peter Claver and Anna Sabocano, both of illustrious Catalonian families, were distinguished for their virtues. They watched carefully over the first happy years of Peter's simple village life, and their pious solicitude was rewarded by his docility and sweetness of manner.

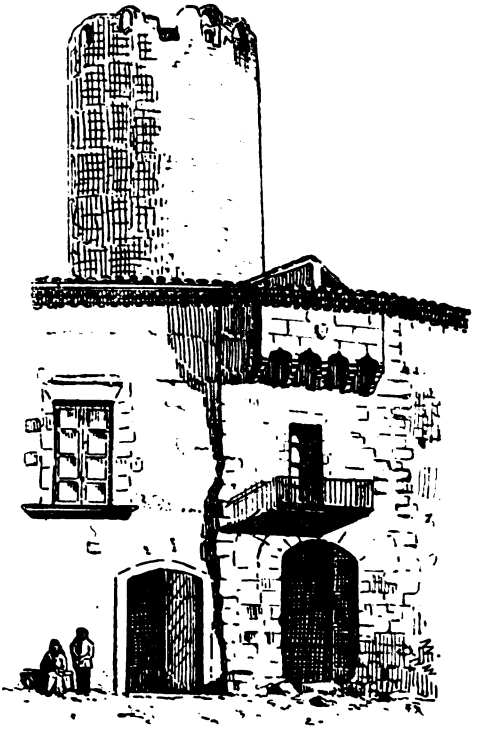
He was early sent to Solsona, where one of his uncles was a canon of the cathedral. Under the tutelage of this pious priest he laid the solid foundation of a good education, and made rapid progress in piety. By the advice of this uncle he was sent to Barcelona, where he could find facilities to secure an education that would fit him for the ecclesiastical state for which his pious parents had destined him from his infancy.

Barcelona at this time was a great seat of learning, and the Fathers of the Society of Jesus were laboring in the College of Belen, in that city, to introduce the practice of frequent Communion. It was here he first met the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. He joined the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, and was soon recognized as one of the most devout sodalists. Devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Mother of God were his chief devotions at this period. His only

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recreation was to hold pious conversation with the Jesuit Fathers of the college. These talks gave him an insight into the spirit of the Order, and laid the foundation of the vocation which was soon to be developed.

His desire to enter the new order was at first kept secret, and it was not until the University of Barcelona had conferred on him his degrees with marked distinction, not until he had received tonsure and the four minor orders, on which occasion the bishop publicly commended him for his learning and virtue, that a flood of divine grace banished all hesitation, and he resolved to seek admission into the Society of Jesus. Having secured his father's permission and blessing, he was received as a novice into the Society, and on the morning of August 7, 1602, in his twenty-third year, dressed in a poor travelling garb, he knocked at the door of the Jesuit novitiate in Tarragona.



WHERE CLAVER WAS BORN.

There are no incidents recorded of Peter's noviceship that would single him out from his companions. He was exact in the observance of all the rules, obedient, industrious and humble. That he grasped the full import of his call to the way of the counsels, may be gathered from the following extract, taken from a diary which he kept at this time. It is the fourth rule of conduct which he marks down for himself, "to seek nothing in this world but what Christ, our Lord, sought there. As He came on earth to save souls and died for them on the Cross, we should try to gain them for Him, for this joyfully offering ourselves to any labor, and to death itself; receiving with contentment and joy of heart for the love of Christ, any insult that may be offered us, and desiring that they may be many, yet so that we give no cause for them on our part, and that there be no offence to God."

Among the experiments to which the young Jesuit novice is subjected, is what is known as the month of pilgrimage. The novices are sent two by two, to visit some shrine. They must travel on foot, live on alms, and lodge in the hospitals. The shrine assigned to Peter was that of Montserrat. It was at this shrine that St. Ignatius had prayed, and hung his sword in testimony of his devotion to the Queen of Heaven. While here the novice loved to spend hours in prayer before the miraculous statue of our Lady and many were the favors he received. In after life the memory of these days brought tears of joy to his eyes.

On August 8, 1604, he took his vows. He wrote at that time: "I consecrate myself to God till death, looking on myself henceforth as a slave, whose whole office lies in being at the service of his Master, and working with all my soul, body and mind, to please and satisfy Him in all and by all."

Most of the following year was spent

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in the Jesuit seminary at Gerona, where he so distinguished himself as to be employed as professor. At this time a college of the society had been opened in Majorca, and thither he was sent to make his course of philosophy. This appointment was the source of much consolation to Claver, for he had heard of the sanctity of Brother Alphonsus Rodriguez, and rejoiced that he was to live for a time under the same roof with this holy lay brother. Brother Rodriguez, the college porter, led a life of heroic virtue, and as his life was drawing to a close God gave him the glorious task of moulding the heart of the apostle of the negroes. The heart of Alphonsus was consumed with apostolic zeal, and as a reward for his years of humble patience he was to find Claver's young and ardent heart the right material in which to enkindle the consuming fire.

The will of God in regard to Peter Claver was revealed to Alphonsus, and with this assurance he spoke to him of the Indies : told him of the souls perishing, of the plentiful harvest, and of the dearth of laborers. He spoke of the sufferings to be undergone, and the reward to be reaped.

The appeal of the holy brother was in accord with Claver's own holy ambition, and as the time of his philosophical studies drew to a close, he wrote to his superiors, asking to be sent to the mission of the West Indies. He was recalled to Barcelona, to study theology, with the promise that his vocation to the Indies would be examined. During the next two years he frequently renewed his request for the foreign missions, and, when, in 1609, Father Claudius Acquaviva, the General of the Society, ordered that each of the Spanish provinces should send a missionary to the recently founded province of the New World, Peter Claver was selected for the province of Aragon. Thus was his ever-increasing desire for the missions gratified, and in April, 1610, he sailed with his companions from the port of Seville.

During the voyage, which was long and tedious, Claver devoted himself to the care of the sick, and at an appointed hour he assembled the passengers and crew for catechetical instruction and the recitation of the beads. His apostolate had begun, and he had left all to follow Christ, for, although his parents lived within a few miles of Barcelona, he did not, on passing through that city, go to see them, or notify them of his coming. It is moreover said that as the shores of Spain vanished from the gaze of those on board, all memory of the land of his birth seemed to fade from his mind and heart. He never asked for news from Spain, and never alluded to the past, except in a few instances when he recalled incidents of his religious life.

When leaving Seville Peter Claver had not received holy orders. This was at his own request, for he pleaded his unworthiness, and asked for more time to prepare. Hence on his arrival at Cartagena he was sent to Santa Fé de Bogota, to complete his studies. This house was newly founded, and was extremely poor, and Claver was called on to do the greater part of the domestic work. He was porter, sacristan and cook. The dexterity with which he combined these different occupations with the study of theology, was truly marvellous. In fact he hoped in his humility that his superiors, seeing his aptitude for domestic work, might permit him to carry out his holy desire of spending his life as a lay brother in the Society.

His superiors, however, thought otherwise, and at the end of his third year of noviceship, which was made in the novitiate at Tunja, he pronounced his last vows, to which he added a special vow, "to devote himself forever to the salvation of the negroes."

II.

"GO FORTH."

He was sent at once to Cartagena, where he was ordained priest in March, 1616.

At this time Cartagena was the scene

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of that struggle in which the nations of Europe were engaged for the wealth of the New World. It was the market for the treasures of Mexico, Peru and the islands of the West Indies. Every Spanish vessel was compelled by law to touch at Cartagena on its outward voyage to the Western hemisphere. Spanish sailors and merchants and sea captains and soldiers crowded its quays. Avarice, corruption, greed and cruelty were the characteristics of the motley crowd that



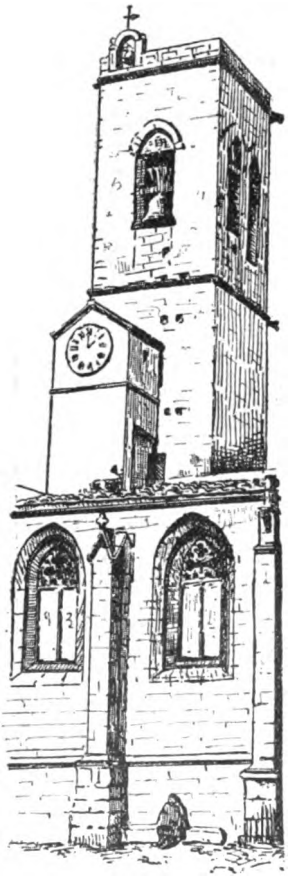
CLAVER'S SPECIAL VOCATION.

thronged that tropical city. Almost every vessel that entered that harbor brought a living, or rather a dying, cargo of negro slaves. These unfortunate human beings had suffered great hardships during the slave hunt. Then the cruel march to the sea left them starved and worn out on the African coast, where they were crowded 800 and 900 at a time, into the tomb-like holds of the vessels that were to bring them to Cartagena. When at length after the long passage through the torrid heats they were brought on shore from their dark and fetid prisons, they were a reeking mass of corrupting humanity. Here they met with as little pity from their white purchaser as they did from the slave-catcher, who had bartered them for some trifle. It is estimated that 10,000 or 12,000 negroes were landed yearly at Cartagena, to be transported to the West Indian islands or to the mines of Peru. It was in the midst of such cruelty that God raised up a living witness of His providence over these abandoned creatures, a witness who brought a message of peace and pardon to their souls. This witness was St. Peter Claver, who, recognizing that his mission was from above, had offered himself to labor for the salvation of these outcasts.

Up to the present his life had been but a preparation ; he had but received, now he is to give. He is to be a witness of God's mercy in the midst of misery, a vindication of God's providence in face of man's oppression, a channel of God's

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grace to hundreds of thousands of abandoned souls. He was not a great preacher or reformer. He was an apostle. He took no interest in the social question; he was not interested in slavery but in the slaves. Yet it must be admitted that men like Claver are true reformers. By laboring to improve the individual slaves, they improved the class, and by compelling the slave owners to look upon the slaves as human beings they truly paved the way for emancipation.



THE CAMPANILE.

The first year of labor among the slaves was spent in company with, and under the guidance of, Father Alphonso de Sandoval of the Society of Jesus, who for some years had devoted himself to the salvation of the slaves. It is said that during the course of his ministry Father de Sandoval baptized more than 30,000 negroes. Father de Sandoval had four maxims which were readily adopted by Claver: (1) that the missionary must not wait to be summoned, but must trust to his own watchfulness alone; (2) that he must attend immediately to each case that arises, for every succeeding day is too full for anything to be left to the morrow; (3) that he must keep on the best terms with doctors, overseers and others, that they may send for him when occasion demands; (4) that he must do all for the love of God, and leave the result to Him.

Our saint's work, during the forty years he devoted himself to the slaves of Cartagena, might be divided under four heads: first, the teaching and conversion of the slaves newly arrived; secondly, the care of those settled in Cartagena; thirdly, the constant visiting of hospitals and prisons; fourthly, the country missions.

St. Peter Claver saw in the cruel slave trade the hand of divine Providence guiding these poor creatures to the light of faith which they would never have beheld in their own idolatrous country, and he looked on himself as an instrument in the hands of God to spread this light. His was a work of love prompted by faith and so well known was his love for the work that the principal authorities would vie with each other in their endeavor to be the first to bring him the news of the arrival of a slave ship. On receiving the news his face lighted up, his eyes sparkled, and the enthusiasm of youth showed itself in every movement. His first act was to kneel and thank God that he had another opportunity to break the bread of life to hungry souls.

Then came the preparation, and what a preparation! He loaded himself with refreshing drinks, fruit, preserves, lemons, brandy and tobacco. Strange arms for a soldier of the cross! But they were the "bait," for he often said these poor people must first be spoken to by the hand with gifts. He next inquired of what race they were that he might secure the right interpreters. The multiplied variety of language and dialect among the different races would have deterred most men from undertaking the task Claver set himself. It is related that on one ship there were slaves speaking forty different dialects. Claver had seven interpreters, one of whom spoke four different languages. At times it was neces-

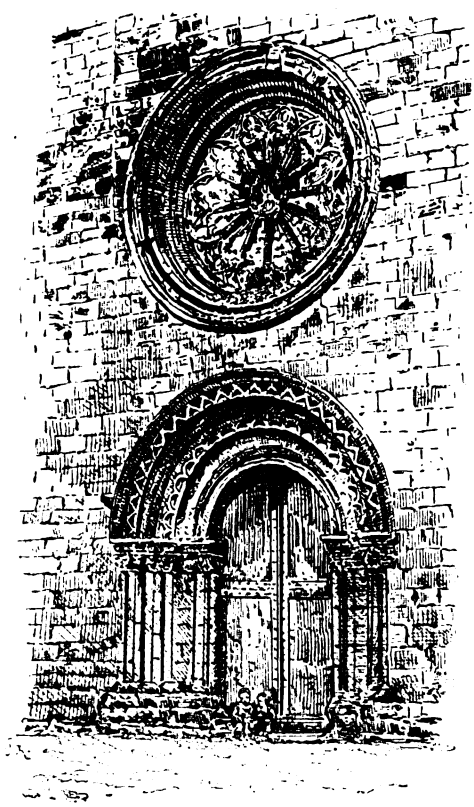
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sary to employ five different interpreters in one case, thus forming a chain of communication by means of the different dialects. Surrounded by his interpreters and loaded with his "bait" he would stand at the dock awaiting the first opportunity to go on board.

To these poor slaves Claver's presence was like a ray of light athwart a lowering sky. Almost crazed by their past sufferings they looked forward to new atrocities, but the genuine love that shone in Claver's eyes as he embraced them and ministered to their bodily wants won their hearts. They had reached an oasis in their lives of misery, barren of kindly deeds and acts of charity. After distributing the provisions he inquired if any children had been born on the voyage. These he immediately baptized. His next care were the sick and dying. If they were Christians he heard their confessions and prepared them for death; if they were not Christians he instructed and baptized them. He loved to remain as long as possible with the sick, feeding them and showing them every attention their condition and his charity could suggest. Thus he won their hearts and those of the bystanders who beheld his tenderness towards the sick.

When the day of disembarkation dawned Claver was again on the quay with his provisions and interpreters as before. The poor slaves crowded forward to catch a sight of him and greeted him with clapping of hands in token of their gratitude. He helped them to descend from the vessel and received them with the kiss of peace. He provided conveyances for the sick and saw them safely lodged in their new quarters, the slave pens. These were little better than the hold of the vessel from which they were taken, but at least they would not remain here so long.

Early the next morning after saying Mass, laden with provisions for the sick, he hurried so rapidly towards the slave quarters that his interpreters could scarcely keep pace with him. He first inquired for the sick and attended to their wants. He then assembled the slaves in the large courtyard where he erected an altar and decorated it with pictures suited to convey to their dull minds some idea of the truths he was about to teach them. When the altar was decorated the work of classification of his pupils began. To accomplish this he was obliged to question each



PARISH CHURCH AT VERDU.

negro separately. If this precaution was not taken they would all answer alike. He then divided the negroes into three classes, those who had been baptized, those who had not, and those whose baptism was doubtful. He distinguished them by medals which he hung around their necks. Then he began the characteristic work of his life —the teaching of the Christian doctrine.

His method of catechizing was some-

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thing akin to our modern kindergarten system. He employed both pictures and gestures largely in his instructions. The necessity and efficacy of the sacrament of baptism was portrayed by the central picture that hung over the altar. It was a picture of the crucifixion. Streams of blood flowed from the five wounds and were collected in a precious vase, by a priest who was about to baptize therefrom a negro who knelt in deep devotion awaiting that grace. Cardinals and kings in costly robes assisted at the ceremony. To one side of this group were shown, in shining light, the negroes who had received baptism; on the other, hideous and deformed, those who had rejected it. Such pictures were a powerful help in impressing the truths of faith on the minds of the negroes.

He began his instructions by making very solemnly a very large sign of the cross, saying at the same time the usual words. This was repeated several times, and then he went to each negro in the audience and made him sign himself with the same holy sign. He rewarded with fruit and candy those who did well, but he never passed on to another until the one he was instructing had learned the lesson. The prayers were taught by the same laborious process. His instructions were simple and brightened by comparisons and illustrations. To impress on them that they should give up idolatry and be baptized, he would say: "See, my children, you must do like the serpent who shakes off his old skin that he may have another and far more beautiful one." When they were prepared by a series of such instructions, he baptized them with all possible solemnity. It is estimated that the number he thus baptized was 400,000.

St. Peter Claver's method of dealing with these miserable members of the human family conveys a wholesome lesson to many, who, in our own day, pose as defenders of the poor. These seem to have lost sight of that which alone can alleviate the misery of the lower classes. They take a wrong starting point. Instead of bringing peace and consolation to the unfortunate, they strive by their speeches, and they contribute nothing but talk, to influence the worst passions of corrupt nature, to engender hatred towards the more fortunate, to sow discontent where they should engraft hope and cultivate peace.

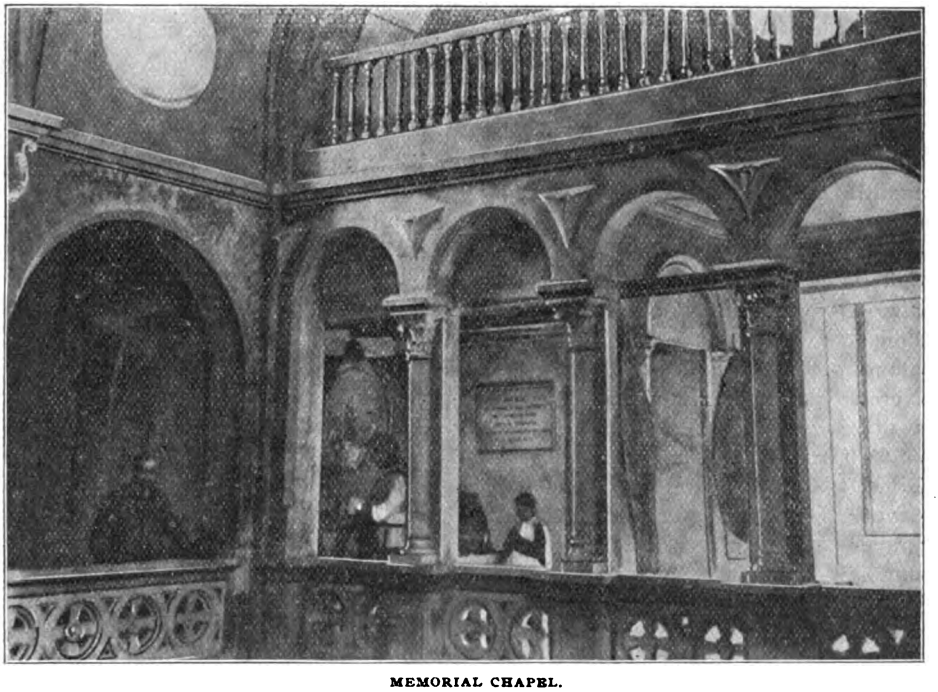
Claver, crucifix in hand, spoke to them of the sufferings of Christ, and the great love of the Redeemer for each one of them. He rebuked them for their sins instead of pitying them for their misfortunes. He exhorted them to suffer still more in proportion as he aroused in them a deeper sense of their own guilt, and they forgot the wrongs inflicted on them in the face of the evil they themselves had done. He taught them the infinite love of God for each one of them, and held out to them the hope of an eternal reward which was within the reach of all, and a sweet peace and holy resignation diffused itself into their unfortunate lives. They became conscious of an individual responsibility; they realized that they had duties as well as rights. In that moment they rose above fallen human nature their condition had improved. But while Claver thus labored to elevate the oppressed he was not silent in the presence of the oppressor. He openly rebuked the masters for their cruelty, and fearlessly conceded to the slaves those rights and privileges which were theirs, despite the indignation and opposition of the slave owner.

Our saint was not satisfied when he had baptized the negroes; he would have them good Christians, and hence followed them up when they were within his reach, advising, instructing and rebuking them as occasion required. The sick slaves were special objects of his zealous care. No case was so loathsome that it could deter Claver in his ministry of love. To show the high degree of heroic self-conquest reached by this lover of the Cross, we need recall but one instance of his heroic charity.

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A messenger from the house of a rich trader once called him to confess a negro who was covered all over with sores. The stench exhaled from his putrid body was so fetid that he was placed apart in an outhouse. No one went near the sufferer; so horrible was his very appearance. Even Claver, when he beheld him, was seized with a repugnance which made him recoil. But the recoil of nature was met and mastered, as the trader, who, having heard of the charity of Claver and anxious to witness it, had, unknown to the saint, followed him and testified to the way he conquered the weakness of human nature. At the first recoil of nature Claver withdrew and gave himself a severe discipline, saying to himself: "Is this the way that you refuse to touch a brother redeemed by the Precious Blood? But you shall pay for it, and learn charity!" He then returned, knelt by the side of the sick man, tenderly kissed the loathsome sores, and cleansed them with his tongue. He gave refreshments to the sufferer, heard his confession, spoke to him a long while of heavenly things, and left him much consoled.

Such an instance gives us an insight into the self-conquest which enabled him to labor so long and cheerfully in a field so abhorrent to human nature. The outcast slaves, the poor in the hospitals, the lepers, the prisoners, the soldiers, the merchants, all classes in short, were objects of his zeal. He was not only the apostle of the negroes, but of all Cartagena. His zeal for the slaves was not confined to Cartagena, for every year he undertook long and laborious missions into the surrounding country. He travelled over arid wastes of country, from village to village, baptizing, hearing confessions, catechizing and preaching from morning until late at night. When he returned, worn out by these excursions, it was only to resume his customary round of duties in Cartagena. The scorching sun, drenching rain, or biting wind could not prevent him from making a single charitable visit.



MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

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God's work was to be done at the cost of any sacrifice, and Peter Claver worked with an energy, a love, and a devotedness that won the hearts of the most obdurate. After his day's work in the city he returned home, not to a well-merited rest, but to go to the confessional to hear the motley crowd that always surrounded it. And when at length the day is done, he retires to his room in the College of Cartagena. Let us see how he rests after his day of almost superhuman labor. In his room we do not find the most simple contrivances for comfort, which even the poor have. His bed was the hide of an ox, his pillow a block of wood. But poor as this bed was, he used it little, preferring to sleep on the bare floor. That room often became a hospital for months at a time, where Claver would nurse, with the tenderness of a mother, one of his negro interpreters, who was suffering from some disease that made it almost intolerable to be near him. But how does Claver spend the night when alone in his room? He first takes out a crown of very sharp thorns and places it upon his head; he then scourges himself with a severe discipline. He allows himself at most three hours of sleep, devoting the remainder of the night to prayer and penance. The passion of our Lord had the strongest attraction for him, and in imitation of his divine Master he labored that no part of his body should be without suffering. He bound his limbs with horsehair cords studded with iron points, and these he always wore. He never brushed away mosquitoes or other stinging insects, and his face was often covered with blood from their bites. If any one remarked it, he would laughingly say: "They are very useful, they bleed me without the need of a lancet."

He was often in his confessional as early as three o'clock in the morning. He heard confessions every day up to one hour before the last Mass, which he always said. This hour he spent in prayer, to prepare for the proper celebration of the holy sacrifice. He spoke to no one from the beginning of this hour until after the thanksgiving which followed the Mass.

He ate little, never taking more at a meal than those who fast take at a collation. This food was of the poorest kind, and frequently taken with the beggars, at the door of the house.

These are but a few instances of the many ways in which this holy man labored to mortify himself, and they give an insight into the source whence flowed that heroic charity and zeal which characterized his apostolate.

III.

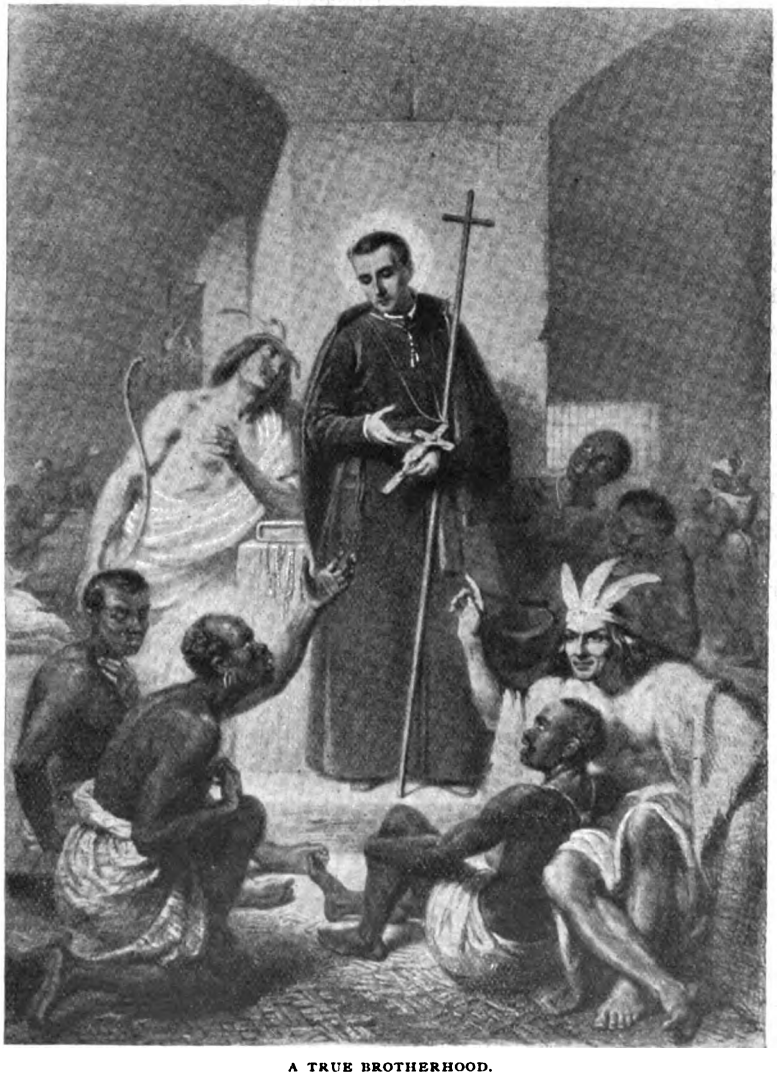
"WELL DONE."

What reward did our Lord grant His faithful follower? In this life he gave him a larger share in His cross. Claver had learned two maxims from his saintly master, Aphonsus Rodriguez and he found plenty of opportunity to practise them as his life work drew to a close. These maxims were, first: "When I am persecuted or calumniated I have either deserved it or not. If I have, why do I complain? Ought I not rather to correct my fault and seek pardon from God? If I have not deserved it, I should rejoice at it, and be grateful to God for this opportunity of suffering something for His love, and for the rest I must be silent." The second maxim was, "when crosses or opposition come, why do I not imitate the ass? When he is ill-treated he is silent; when he is neglected, over-laden, starved, despised, he is silent; whatever is said of him, whatever is done to him, he is still silent and makes no complaint. So likewise, should a true servant of God act and say with David: 'I am become like a beast of burden before Thee.'"

There was a storm raised against the Jesuits at Cartagena and it fell with all its violence upon Claver. He was accused of re-baptizing those who had already received the sacrament. His

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superior forbade him to baptize and we can imagine how keenly he felt this order which prevented him from opening the way of salvation to his beloved slaves. He submitted without a murmur and never asked to baptize until the order was rescinded. He was frequently misunderstood by his own superiors and brethren and bore patiently much suffering on that account.



A TRUE BROTHERHOOD.

The last four years of his life were spent in almost total solitude. Until 1650 when he was seventy years old he labored with unremitting ardor. He was then attacked by a very severe illness from which he never fully recovered. He was confined almost entirely to his room. The plague had visited Cartagena and many of the Fathers had succumbed to it. The few who remained were overburdened with work and unable to give the sick man the attention they would have wished. He was placed in the care of some negroes,

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especially one awkward boy whose attendance, instead of being a source of comfort to him, only made his life a martyrdom. For days together he would be left without food or drink. His room was uncared for, and when the negro did come it was only to inflict savage treatment even going so far as to strike the poor invalid. During all this time Claver never uttered a word of complaint. "My sins," he would say, "deserve infinitely more."

During this long sickness he was abandoned by almost all. He seemed to be forgotten. On Sunday, September 6, 1654, he was assisted to the church for the last time, where he heard Mass and received Holy Communion. On his return he said to the brother "I am going to die, do you want anything for the next life?" He spent that day in prayer and towards evening was attacked by a violent fever. Early next morning he received Extreme Unction and his soul, purified by suffering, passed to its reward.



COLLEGE OF ST. PETER CLAVER.

No sooner was he dead than the city which had so forgotten and neglected him, seemed to realize its loss, and citizens of every class flocked to do honor to the holy missionary. Children went through the streets crying out "The saint is dead, the saint is dead." The slaves gathered from all quarters to do honor to their benefactor and the authorities vied with each other in their public expressions of esteem. Numerous miracles performed during life and after his death testified to the sanctity of the servant of God. He was declared blessed by Pope Pius IX., on September 21, 1851, and our Holy Father Leo XIII. during his year of jubilee solemnly proclaimed him a saint.

We have recently received from Rome the following authentic declaration in regard to the new honor conferred by the Holy See on the Apostle of the Negroes: "As St. Peter Claver, illustrious Confessor of the Society of Jesus, among the other priestly offices which he so admirably performed, was especially devoted for six and forty years in Cartagena to converting negroes and instructing them in the Catholic faith, he is not undeservedly considered the apostle of that race. Moreover, there is evidence that, even after his death, the holy confessor rendered missions to the negroes glorious by miracles, besides giving other proofs of his special patronage.

"Wherefore very many priests and especially Superiors and Bishops, having charge of negro missions in Africa, in North and South America, in Australia, and in various other parts of the world have, under the lead of Very Reverend Father Louis Martin, General of the Society of Jesus, besought by written petitions His Holiness, Leo XIII., in virtue of his supreme authority, to deign to declare St.

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Peter Claver the special patron of all missions undertaken to bring the negroes to the knowledge of the Gospel, as well as to preserve in the faith those who have already been converted.

"His Holiness graciously received their petition and referred it to the Sacred Congregation of Rites to have their opinion on the matter. At a meeting of the Cardinals, composing this Congregation, held May 23 in the Vatican, Cardinal Camillus Mazzella, Promoter of this Cause, and Rev. Father Gustavus Persiani, Promoter of the Holy Faith, spoke upon the subject. After weighing well what they had to say and the petition itself, signed by so great a number of Bishops and Superiors, the Congregation declared in its favor, provided His Holiness were of the same opinion.



CANONIZED TOGETHER—ST. BERCHMANS, ST. CLAVER, ST. ALPHONSUS RODRIGUEZ.

"Cardinal Aloisi-Masella, Prefect of the Congregation of Rites, then reported their decision to His Holiness, which he deigned to approve and confirm. Thus he declared and appointed, by his supreme authority, St. Peter Claver, Confessor of the Society of Jesus, to be the special Patron with God of Missions to the Negroes. This took place July 7, 1896."

Thus has the "slave of the slaves" become their universal patron and a model for all apostolic men.

WHAT ANSWER?

By P. J. Coleman.

A million plumes are tossing in the grass,
The dandelions lift their shields of gold;
Is it the fairy chivalry that pass
To tourney with the spirits of the world?

Nay, each within himself the answer hath,
And reads the riddle as his mood may chance.
One paces, purblind, in a barren path,
One finds th' enchanted meadows of romance.

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FOR DECEMBER, 1896.

Recommended by His Holiness, Leo XIII., with His Blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

THE WORK OF TEACHING CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

SELDOM since the origin of the Apostleship of Prayer has a more important matter been proposed for the prayers of the Associates than the present—the Work of Christian Instruction. This is the foundation of all Christian life, and of the work of salvation. It is necessary as faith itself, without which "it is impossible to please God." "For faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of Christ." "How shall they believe him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher?" So says the Apostle St. Paul. Without Christian instruction, then, salvation is simply impossible.

The most brilliant minds in ancient and modern times have devoted their attention to the work of catechizing. The Holy Fathers and the great bishops of the Church were, without exception, indefatigable in imparting Christian instruction themselves and promoting this work in the Church. The greatest merit is probably due to St. Augustine, who was the first to compose a complete and systematized method of Christian instruction, the object of which was, as he himself writes, that the person under instruction "might believe by hearing, hope by believing, and love by hoping." In the Middle Ages, Rabanus Maurus, in Germany, and Gerson, in France, distinguished themselves by important works on the excellence, necessity and method of catechizing. During the Middle Ages, and since, religious orders were founded with a special view to teaching the Christian doctrine.

St. Ignatius of Loyola never omitted an opportunity of instructing the ignorant in the streets and highways, in hospitals and prisons. He made this also a special duty of the professed Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and insisted that those Fathers who governed colleges and universities, and those who occupied high chairs of learning and the pulpits of great churches, should at the same time exercise their zeal in teaching the catechism to the poor, lowly and ignorant. The followers of St. Ignatius have taken up this work with very special zeal, not only practically in the churches, schools and institutions, and in the public streets, but also theoretically in composing catechisms of the Christian doctrine, and works on the best methods of catechizing. In this latter department have distinguished themselves, shortly after the Reformation, Fathers Diego Ledesma and Anthony Possevin, both scholars of great note. As the authors of summaries of the Christian doctrine, which have served as the basis of most subsequent catechisms, are known B. Father Peter Canisius and Venerable Cardinal Robert Bellarmine. Canisius' catechism has

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been largely instrumental in the preservation of the faith in Germany, and has been translated into all written languages. Bellarmine's catechism has done similar service in Italy. The learned author declared that he bestowed more labor on this little book than on any of his famous controversial works. Father Joseph Deharbe devoted nearly a lifetime to the composition of his catechisms.

B. Benedict Labre lived with the poor and ignorant to teach them their catechism; St. Liguori and his followers have always devoted themselves to this special ministry; the pious founder of the Sulpicians, M. Olier, has left his brethren the legacy of his example in this work, which they have been scrupulously faithful in imitating. B. Leonard of Port Maurice, the Ven. Grignon de Montfort, B. John Baptist de Rossi, in a word, every distinguished lover of Christ's Church has made the teaching of catechism a labor of love.

We could mention many others who deserved well of the Church in promoting the work of Christian instruction, as St. Thomas Aquinas and Peter de Soto, of the Order of St. Dominic, the late Mgr. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. St. Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, deserves special mention not only as a practical catechist, but as the first organizer of an extensive system of Sunday Schools in his vast archdiocese.

But we must not pass over in silence what the Church has officially done in her legislation for the teaching of the Christian doctrine. From time immemorial it was sanctioned by local laws and customs that the Christian doctrine should be taught publicly in the churches on all Sundays and feast days of obligation. The Council of Trent made this a universal law of the Church by enacting that "the bishops should provide that the children of each parish, at least on Sundays and other feast days, be carefully instructed by those whom it concerns, in the rudiments of the faith and in the duty of obedience to God and their parents; and that they should enforce this law, if necessary, under pain of ecclesiastical censures." To facilitate the execution of this law, the Council ordered a summary of the Christian doctrine to be published, which is known as the *Roman Catechism*.

But the Church has encouraged this work not only by salutary legislation, but also by granting indulgences to teachers and students of the Christian doctrine. Besides various very liberal partial indulgences, a plenary indulgence is granted to teachers and pupils on the feast of the Nativity, on Easter Sunday, and on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul, on the usual conditions, provided they have diligently attended the catechism classes during the year, whether as teachers or as pupils.

The Church herself, then, and the most distinguished of her children have always considered the teaching of the Christian doctrine of the highest importance. But certainly if ever there was a time when the importance of this work has reached its highest point, it is now and here, in our own country. Now, when infidelity, indifference and irreligion are rampant, when faith and morals are beset with the greatest dangers on all sides, our young people, on entering upon the stage of life, need to be well equipped with solid religious instruction and practical piety, in order to withstand successfully the assaults which they are sure to encounter. In our country, where secular education is in the ascendancy, where religion is being slowly, but surely, eliminated from life, and religious indifference is, with the same pace, taking its place, the work of Christian instruction, becomes of paramount importance. The religious instinct which has saved our forefathers from apostasy is fast dying out. Nothing but a thorough and rational knowledge of our holy religion can save the present and the coming

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generations. We can no longer content ourselves with the knowledge of those things that are barely necessary to lead a Christian life under favorable circumstances.

When we speak of teaching the Christian doctrine in this country we have to consider several classes of children. First, there is a numerous class who have the good fortune to be brought up in Catholic schools, of whose education religion forms an organic part. With regard even to those who are brought up in such enviable circumstances, we cannot be altogether without concern. Religion should be taught them according to their respective grades, whether in parochial school, academy or college, with the same thoroughness, the same care, the same perfection of methods and means, as the other branches of learning. The young man or woman who knows the Constitution of the United States, and can name the presidents, ought to know something about the constitution of the Church and the names of the twelve apostles, if not exactly the list of the popes. The boy or girl who is required to know and give an account of the works of some hundred authors, who figure in our English and American literature, ought to know something of the books of the Old and New Testament and the inspired authors. The student who is supposed to demonstrate the law of universal gravitation ought to be able to prove the divinity of Christ, and the mystery of the Incarnation. The young graduate who discourses learnedly on the Silver Question or the Income Tax should be able to treat with equal erudition the question of divorce, religious freedom, or the rights of education. And if the student is expected to know profane history, both ancient and modern, he ought to be required to have a comparative knowledge of the history of his religion and his Church.

How far this result is achieved we shall not here stop to inquire. Yet, after all, this is but the foundation of a religious education. Education, as all agree, does not consist merely in *knowing*, but in the power and facility of *doing*. The result of a genuine religious education, then, is not merely the knowledge, however thorough, of the Christian doctrine; it is the perfect Christian man or woman, who loves the Christian religion and makes it part and portion of life. Our young people, therefore, should, above all, be taught to esteem their religion and make it the leading element in their daily lives. Religion should never be allowed to dwindle down to a side-issue in the education of our young people. Now, everybody knows that this result cannot be achieved by any one power taken separately. It must be brought about by the combined efforts of parent, priest, and educator.

But there is another class of children, alas! too numerous, in this country who are being educated in secular schools, which are entirely divorced from religious influence. It is this class that presents the greatest difficulty, and causes the greatest anxiety to the Church. It is particularly for the religious instruction of these unfortunate children of the Church that our interest and our prayers are solicited. Can these be reached, or is theirs a lost cause? Their case is certainly a doleful one, and it is only by great efforts on the part of priest and parents, and others concerned in their religious education, that they can be rescued from the danger of proximate or remote perversion. But the greater their danger, the greater should be our zeal, and the more constant our efforts to aid them.

First, their parents should be made to understand that the only conditions on which they can send their children to secular schools, with the consent or connivance of ecclesiastical authority, are that their religious instruction is sufficiently provided for, and that they are carefully guarded against the dangers incident to a purely secular education with all its

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attendant circumstances. Therefore they should see that such children attend regularly at religious instruction, at least on Sundays, and, if possible, on some one day in the week besides. They should see that they are not only carefully prepared for the sacraments—confession, First Communion, and confirmation—but they should continue to send them to the Catechism of Perseverance for several years after confirmation. If this is necessary for all it is most urgently necessary for public school children, whose religious education must, in most cases, of necessity be very defective. Such parents must, moreover, see that their children go regularly to the sacraments on the days appointed by the pastor. Finally, they must exercise great vigilance over their children, and keep them aloof from the corrupting influence of their school companions, many of whom have no religion, and consequently no conscience. Parents who are prepared to do all this may, with the consent of competent authority, send their children to public schools.

But of those parents who send their children to secular schools, how few there are who take all these precautions! As a rule, such parents are the very ones least likely to take the necessary precautions for the Catholic education of their children. Our prayers should be offered particularly for this class of parents, that they may see their responsibilities, and either send their children to Catholic schools, or at least make provision for their instruction in the Christian doctrine and for their practical training in the exercises of Christian piety.

Besides those two classes, there is a large class of Catholic children both in our cities and in country places for whose religious education no provision is made, whose parents have either lost the faith or given up the practice of their religion, and some who have been abandoned by their parents. These either grow up without any religion or fall an easy prey to the propagandism of Protestant Missionary Societies.

The question arises, how are these to be saved, and brought under Christian instruction? These can best be reached by the exertion of the laity. Prayer alone will not save them. For their rescue we should take a lesson from those who seek to pervert them and lead them away from the Church. What efforts are being made by Protestant missionary workers to capture such abandoned children! Should we be less active in our zeal for their salvation? We should bear in mind that these abandoned boys and girls are purchased at the price of the blood of Jesus Christ; and that "the most divine of divine works is to co-operate with God for the salvation of souls." Here is a great field for our zeal as apostles of the Sacred Heart. We can all do much in this field by our prayers; and most of us can do something, at least, by word and deed for the rescue of these unfortunate and helpless weaklings of the flock.

We trust that this General Intention, so appropriately chosen, and coming to us with the sanction of the Holy Father, will awaken our Promoters and Associates to the importance of Christian instruction, and encourage them to devote their energies as well as their prayers to a work which is so meritorious for themselves, so fruitful for others, and sanctified by the example of the Saints and the favors of the Church.

PRAYER FOR THE INTENTION OF THE MONTH.

O Jesus, through the immaculate heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, works, and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation for all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer; in particular, for the work of teaching Christian Doctrine.

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THE·READER·

AS early as October this year we have read very elaborate and pretty definite programmes for the magazines of 1897. Not only are the topics and authors named, but even some specimen illustrations given. In these days of hasty reading one may gather almost enough from the advertisements of books oftentimes without waiting for their appearance. It ought to be a practice of publishers to draw up a table of contents only when a book is ready. It is, at any rate, an accepted principle of rhetoric to keep one's readers or hearers in suspense, to reserve some topics of interest in order to give them by way of a pleasant surprise now and then, instead of thrusting them upon the attention too profusely or too soon. But the book market, like every other, must be forestalled nowadays by enterprising bookmakers, and, unfortunately, neither the writer's quality nor the reader's benefit is so important in the view of the publisher as the attractive make-up of a publication, or, what is often as effective for his sales, the natty form of his advertisement.

* * *

The trick of advertising future publications with so much cunning, disposes one to ask the serious question, since we are continually being called upon to look forward for so much merit in the books and magazines about to appear, how comes it that we do not look back to many of them with any sense of profit, but rather with regret at having lost so much time over them, or even with pain at having had our literary taste displeased, or, what is irreparably worse, at having our moral sense shocked by them? Of what use is it to read and to be always desiring to read more, instead of stopping at times to reflect upon our reading? Why crave so eagerly to see and hear what we shall never care to recall or ponder over? All the devices of latter-day advertising, and they seem to be beyond reckoning, cannot invest with lasting interest a thing that is fleeting in its nature, or make the human mind give more than passing attention to events of trivial importance. But what advertising can do is to magnify the commonest thing, placard the most obscure event in such a way as to crowd out from our gaze, and consequently from our thoughts and our interests, things most worth knowing and events most worth recording. Advertising can resort to every secret art of what Scripture calls the witchery of nonsense, and so fascinate us with its promise to make what is commonplace and transitory solidly enjoyable as to blind us to the benefit we might derive from higher and more enduring things. "The witchery of nonsense obscures good things."

* * *

What is the MESSENGER to do for 1897? What has it been doing in 1896? From the very nature of the interests it advocates, its pages will bear perusal long after the months for which they are printed. The work of prayer and the great devotion of the Church in these latter times are topics of permanent interest to men, no matter when or under what aspect they are treated. Current events of importance to our religion, great works and consoling results of Catholic zeal, questions that concern the welfare of the different classes of Christians, the vitality and progress of the

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Church at home and abroad, prominent movements of piety, lessons from Catholic history, edifying narratives of saintly men and women, and the story of great centres of faith and of devotion, are topics that never cease to interest or benefit the reader who is looking for good things. By their very nature they cannot be cried up like the wares of our market stalls, but by their very nature also, and by the careful treatment they receive in the MESSENGER, they influence our readers to spread abroad a knowledge of them, and thus to make our magazine not a mere medium of pleasure or of sensational interest to the vain minded, but an organ of influence for all that is best in human life: for faith, for piety, for devotion, in a word, for religion at its best, with all the help it can derive from literature and art.

* * *

The Director's Review is largely occupied this month with an announcement of the changes and additions to be made in the MESSENGER the coming year. According to that programme the Reader is to be combined with Book Notices next year, and in its stead an editorial department opened with a view to giving solid Catholic opinions on questions of serious import to our holy religion. The MESSENGER has not failed to express such opinions in the past, because they are part of its mission, which, it should be borne in mind, is not simply to be an organ of piety, but of intelligent Catholic devotion. How well its opinions have been received is clear from the frequent demands for reprints of them. We trust they will prove no less acceptable in the future; so far as we are concerned we hope to treat in this department more timely and varied topics than ever before.

* * *

In due time our chief pastors will make known to us how they propose to make up for the withdrawal of government funds from the schools of our Indian Mission. The *Ave Maria* makes a very pathetic appeal for these poor members of Christ, and suggests a line of thought that St. Francis Xavier used to follow in his letters when he bade his missionaries give less time to the construction of material temples and more time as well as money to the more pressing needs of their spiritual charges among the Indian neophytes. We who build and support costly churches should not overlook the needs of those who for lack of means must often worship God in thatched huts and hovels. That is not the worst of it; the Indian children are crying for the bread of the word, and without our alms, there will soon be no one to break it unto them. It is somewhat of a natural motive, but it is a good motive, and it can be supernaturalized to help them, because they are the victims of anti-Catholic politicians, or rather, of the bitter sectarians who, in this instance, make the politicians do their bidding. When the great ones of the world league together "against God and against His Christ," we should be actuated by the high motive of loyalty to Him and of sympathy with His suffering members, and hasten with succor to their relief.

* * *

In spite of all the Rev. Father Barry writes in a late pamphlet for the London Truth Society, the disposition of the great masses of non-Catholics has not been changed. There have been and will always be a number of fair-minded Protestants and their number is growing of late; but the masses are too much under the control of sectarian ministers who keep alive the spirit of bigotry. Individuals among them crave for unity with the true Church. The heresy transmitted through the centuries has not eradicated from their hearts the instinct which makes them long to come back to the bosom of the Mother from which they have been perverted by the wolves in sheep's clothing. Like sheep astray without their shepherd, they recognize

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from afar the fold which is united with the chief pastor, and they long to come to him but they are hindered by the plausible deceits of their leaders. Prayer can do wonders for them, much more than controversy, which nowadays, Father Barry says very truly, should be replaced by explanation and instruction. Argument is not needed when we can appeal to the living, lasting, and organic unity which everywhere marks the true Church of Christ. "It is the connection of the whole body which makes one soundness and one beauty," wrote St. Leo the Great. The Catholic who does no more than remain loyal to his faith is a living argument for its truth, because the soundness and beauty of his life point infallibly to the Head of the whole body from whom he derives both.

* * *

The sentence from St. Leo just quoted has been very aptly used by His Grace, the Archbishop of New York, in his late circular to the reverend rectors of his diocese appealing for Peter's Pence. His eloquent exposition of the unity of the Episcopate very happily anticipates the malicious newspaper rumors about dissensions among our bishops and clergy. The very eagerness of an irreligious press not only to report, but, so far as they could, to foment discord among our venerable chief pastors, shows how valuable our Catholic unity is just now, since it is made the object of such insidious attacks. Fortunately, to fair-minded men, whose favorable opinion is worth having, mere differences of opinion or sentiment among the members of the hierarchy in this country serve only to emphasize their unity in faith and morals and discipline. How truly the Holy Father can plead with non-Catholics who are looking for real union with the Church of Christ and point to such unmistakable signs of unity! The prayer of Christ has been heard: "That they may be one." By our prayers may it be more fully heard: "as thou and I are one." Even those outside the fold are praying, and unwittingly they pray for what Christ prayed: "the one fold and the one Shepherd."

* * *

The *Sacred Heart Review* has done a meritorious work in "writing up" our higher educational institutions. If there is anything that our Catholics need information on it is the fact that some, at least, of our Catholic colleges are entirely on a par with the best Protestant and secular universities in literary and scientific efficiency, while the faith and morals of the young men who are educated in them are safeguarded against the dangers attendant on secular or Protestant education. This fact should be insisted on in season and out of season. Parents who have boys ripe for college, and all Catholics interested in education, should also be impressed with the unique educational advantage of a solid course of religion and philosophy as given in our better Catholic colleges. Apart from the practical religious and moral aspect of the case, this opens a new intellectual field for the student, which for the pupils of non-Catholic colleges must remain forever an unexplored territory.

* * *

The paper of J. N. Larned, superintendent of the Buffalo Public Library, entitled "The Perverted Press," recently read at a meeting of librarians in Cleveland, deserves wider attention than it has received. The flippancy of our modern newspapers has seldom been better exposed. The money quest of the news bureau and editor alike, is at the root of this perversion. The instinct of economy in the owners, as well as in the publishers of our so-called great dailies, puts us all at the mercy of the cheap and irresponsible reporter. Mr. Larned's words are so true, that we must reprint some of them:

"Here and there we may still bow with respect before a newspaper over which the responsible editor has kept his sovereignty. In most instances he has

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been deposed, and the irresponsible reporter reigns in his place—master of the awful power of the press—chief educator of his generation—pervading genius of the civilization of his time. Trained to look at all things in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, with an eye single to the glory of big type, he sees them in one common aspect. The great and the little, the good and the bad, the sweet and the foul, the momentous and the trivial, the tragic and the comic, the public and the sacredly private, are of one stuff in his eyes—mere colorings of a coarse fabric of life which time weaves for him to slit and to slash with his merciless, indifferent shears. And so, with little prejudice and small partiality between things high and things low, he makes the daily literature on which most of us feed and tincture our minds. It is a monotoned literature, and its one note is flippancy; the flippant head line, the flippant paragraph, the flippant narrative, the flippant comment. To jest at public calamity, to be jocular with crime, to cap private misfortune with a slang phrase or sting it with a smart impertinence; to be respectful and serious towards nothing else so much as towards the gaieties and the gaming of the world of fashion and the world of sport appear to be perfections of the art to which he is trained."

The writer is deploring the perversion of the press from its true object, which should be, he says, a continuation of the common school education. It was not within his scope to ask, but the question suggests itself very obviously: If greed for money has perverted the press, is not the same greed debasing the system of public school education, whose strongest supporters are those who thrive most by it?

* * *

The Holy Father has issued a document on Anglican Orders which is, humanly speaking, perfect. It is scholarly in form, elegant in expression, thorough in the research shown, masterly in doctrine, definite in decision, and most sympathetic for those whose opinions truth forces him to condemn. The condemnation was invited, not to say provoked by themselves. He knew that few of his petitioners would prove sincere in their petitions; he understood better than they can ever understand how impossible and how unsatisfactory would be the religious unity which they crave for. Still to remove even the semblance of an obstacle to their pretended good faith, he has gone to all the labor and anxiety his decision cost him, and those who, under his direction, investigated the question, and to prove how sincere are his expressions of sympathy for all who may wish to act on his invitation, he urges Cardinal Vaughan to provide means of support if possible for such as would lose their living by a conversion to our holy faith. Whatever flaw his enemies might have found in his encyclical, one would think they should feel compelled at least to attribute to him generous motives. On the contrary his historical and doctrinal statements are almost conceded, or at least their force and importance are not noticed in the eagerness of Anglican bishops and clergymen generally to impute to him motives of policy and selfishness. All this reminds one of the men who used to try to take Christ in His words, whose questions were so framed that He must needs answer to suit the questions, and thus yield His own doctrine, or else so as to displease them and thus justify in a way their enmity. Nor does the Holy Father's answer less remind us of the answers that Christ our Lord used to give, so couched as to confound His evil minded interrogators, but enlighten and attract to Him all well disposed hearers.

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Catholic Congresses in Italy.—The Catholics of Italy are at length awaking to the necessity of making strenuous efforts to counteract the baneful influence of the revolutionary and Masonic party that has been so long dominating their country. As an outcome of this reaction three great Catholic congresses have been held this past Summer in Italy. One in Padua, which held its sessions from August 26 to 29, was for the discussion of the social questions from an abstract point of view. Another in Fiesole, from August 31 to September 5, was the fourteenth general congress of Italian Catholics to consider Christian work in society. The third at Orvieto, from September 5 to 8, was a Eucharistic congress, and was entirely of a religious character. It closed with a magnificent procession of the Blessed Sacrament. It is estimated that there were 20,000 visitors present.

Anti-Masonic Congress at Trent.—Far more important and wide-reaching in its effects was the anti-Masonic congress, which took place in Trent during September. It was composed of representatives of different nations, to study and deliberate on the best method of combating the Masonic sect. Leo XIII., in a letter to Commendatore Alliata, President of the Directing Council of the Anti-Masonic Union, says that such a congress "clearly indicates the growth in people's minds of the intimate persuasion that the gravest evils to civilization and religion are prepared by the secret societies." He then refers to his encyclical letters on the subject. "Nor," he continues, "is there any doubt, as we have formerly declared, that the dogmas propounded with the most audacious impiety by the sect, and the nefarious devices practised by it, will effect less mischief, and will spontaneously drop away, in case Catholics endeavor to unmask Masonry with more diligent care, since it derives all its strength from secrecy and falsehood, "and it will be easy for the well-meaning to recognize and detest its iniquitous malice, as soon as its deceptive disguise is torn off."

As an antidote to the anti-Masonic Congress held in Trent, Signor Nathan, the Grand Orient, has issued a circular address to the Masonic Lodges, by which he convokes a Masonic Congress to be held in Rome during the year 1897. It is sufficient proof that they are, to say the least, uneasy at the steps Catholics are taking to resist and overcome their now open enemy, although the Italian Grand Master states in a circular letter in regard to the Trent Congress that he "notes the fact with profound calm." In another manifesto he hopes that the "day may be near when consciences shall have penetrated the truth," so that "the honorable secret may be abandoned." What this *honorable secret* is may be gathered from the instructions of the late Albert Pike to Mazzini, for "the double work of the destruction of the temple of Adonai and the building of the temple of Lucifer," that is to dethrone God and enthrone the devil, whom Pike calls "our divine Master, God-King."

Congresses in France.—During the month of August there were three congresses held in France. One was a sort of ecclesiastical pilgrimage held at *Rheims*. It was composed exclusively of *priests*, and the object was to encourage, edify and instruct one another by discussing the methods employed and to be employed in works of zeal, especially in carrying on the works for the benefit of the working classes.

Another was held at *Lyons*, and its members were all Catholic *lawyers*, assembled to express their opinions on the critical questions of the day, in which a hostile legislation is striving to destroy faith and religion, particularly as manifested in religious communities. As they were men of talent, learning and eloquence, their discussions and resolutions are of great value.

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The third, held at *Versailles*, was a pedagogic congress. There were over 200 Catholic *teachers* present. They represented faculties of universities, colleges, and schools of various grades. Their deliberations, of course, concerned the manner and the matter of teaching, and how to combat anti-Christian educational establishments.

B. Thaddeus McCarthy.—A great celebration in honor of the newly beatified Thaddeus McCarthy took place in September at Ivrea in Italy, where his remains have lain in the cathedral for four centuries, honored by the inhabitants of the town, but comparatively unknown elsewhere. This distinguished Irishman of the family of Machar or McCarthy was so highly esteemed at Rome for his learning and piety that the reigning Pontiff, Xystus IV. appointed him Bishop of Ross. But he lived in the troublous times of the fifteenth century. The Catholic Bishop's mitre was a thorny one to wear. He was driven from his See and even accusations were brought against him at Rome. His sanctity so impressed the reigning Pope, Innocent IV., that he was not only restored to his bishopric, but the additional ones of Cork and Cloyne were confided to his pastoral care. His endeavors to put down abuses aroused a fresh persecution, and he sought Rome. Again he completely vindicated himself before the Vicar of Christ. On his return journey he fell ill at Ivrea in Italy. He lay in the public hospital quite unknown, except as a poor pilgrim. He died in the flower of his age, being only in his thirty-seventh year. After his death an extraordinary light from heaven shone around his body. The Bishop, his clergy, and a multitude of the faithful were witnesses, and on examining his effects they found his pectoral cross; in consequence the remains of the saintly Machar were buried most honorably beneath the high altar of the cathedral. Many miracles and the devotion of centuries have obtained the declaration of his beatification.

At the celebration lately held at Ivrea the successors of B. Thaddeus in the Sees of Ross, Cork and Cloyne were present, as well as many other prelates.

B. Thomas Percy.—The first solemn celebration of the feast of B. Thomas Percy, "The good Earl of Northumberland," as he was styled even in his own day, took place on September 13. He was a martyr for the faith under Queen Elizabeth. Every effort was made to induce him to renounce his *obscure* religion, as they called it, and embrace the new one, but he remained firm. To all their arguments he replied: "You may call my religion obscure if you will yet it is the faith of that Church which throughout the whole Christian world is knit and bound together, but as for this new Church of England, I do not acknowledge it." His blood was the price of his faith. It is interesting to note that this first celebration of the feast took place in St. Mary's Abbey, Bergholt, Northampton, the home of Benedictine nuns, whose Community descends from a foundation in Brussels started by the martyr's daughter, Lady Mary Percy.

A Syrian Archbishop Abjures Schism.—The first distinguished convert among the ranks of the schismatical clergy, since the Pope's recent appeal to the Eastern Churches, is Mgr. Gregorios Abdallah, lately Syrian Archbishop at Diarbekir, and a candidate for the Patriarchal Chair. He had long been considering the step but on account of opposition delayed making it. Finally, on the feast of St. Ignatius, in the Jesuit church at Homs, the ancient Phœnician Emesa, he made his submission to the See of Peter. The occasion illustrated the unity in essentials and the diversity in accidentals, for there were present representatives of the Syrian Catholic, the Uniate Greek, the Maronite and the Latin rites.

Losses in Madagascar.—Mgr. Cazet, Vicar Apostolic of Madagascar, reports that 150 mission stations, founded by the Jesuits have been destroyed. We may here fitly give the following details of the murder of Père Berthieu, the French Jesuit missionary, by the Fahavalos. The Father was first bound to a tree and left there without nourishment for twenty-four hours. The next day, after he had been stripped of his clothes, the Fahavalos cut off his nose and ears, both eyes being torn out by red hot irons. Then followed a mutilation too horrible to be described. The wretches then filed before their victim, each one planting with careful skill an assegai in the quivering flesh. The dreadful scene was put an end to after two hours by Father Berthieu's native servant, who, on being forced by the Fahavalos to follow their example, took the opportunity it afforded him of putting an end to the dreadful sufferings of his master by inflicting two fatal wounds.

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APOSTOLIC WORKS

A CATHOLIC PRESS CHAMPION.—

It is wonderful what one man can accomplish either for good or evil. Unfortunately the champions of the good are much more apt to hold back for fear of failure than the champions of the evil. Fifty years ago the Catholics of Holland had no privileges, to say nothing of rights. They were thankful to be let live without asserting any claims for their faith Just then Providence inspired a priest, the Rev. J. A. Smits, to become an apostle. How was he to carry on his apostolate? Through the press. So in 1845, in the town of Bois-le-duc, he started the first Catholic newspaper, and called it the *Tijd*—the *Times*. Its golden jubilee has lately been celebrated.

Father Smits began the *Tijd* with scanty resources, and with opposition from Catholics as well as Protestants. But he had taken for his principles: *God en mijn recht*—"God and my right"; and he faced all difficulties boldly. When he had worked a year at Bois-le-duc he transferred his office to Amsterdam, not heeding the new alarm which this move excited. The circulation every day increased, and little by little he bound the Catholics together, instructed them on their rights and how to make the best use of them, and in a short time he made them feel that, though a minority, they were a power in the country.

In 1866 Pius IX. made an appeal to his children all over the world. Amongst newspapers the *Tijd* was one of the first to plead for the Holy Father. And with what result? It collected for him in that very year 192,500 florins. This was followed in 1867 by 117,000, and in 1868 when the needs of the Holy Father became greater the *Tijd* sent him 185,000 florins. And it must be remembered that the number of Catholics in Holland is comparatively small. But Pius IX. wanted something more precious than money; he wanted men. And who led the way? Holland. And why? Because the *Tijd* had burned into the hearts of her sons a love for the Church and the Vicar of our Lord stronger than death, Holland sent the largest number of Zouaves to fight for Pius IX; the largest not simply comparatively, but absolutely. They fought like heroes, and when, notwithstanding their efforts, Rome was taken, the *Tijd* organized one of the finest assemblies of Catholics which ever met in Amsterdam. Bishops, priests and people from every part of the country came to publicly protest against the invasion of Rome. And this has had its effect. For, when a bigoted Government refused, in the discussion of the *Budget*, to pass the allowance for an ambassador to the Holy See, the king himself retained his representative to Pius IX., admiring in his Catholic subjects their fidelity to their spiritual head.

There was a very violent outburst of Protestant feeling in Holland when Pius IX. established the hierarchy there. This time the *Tijd* played the part of pacificator, throwing oil on the troubled waters. This was needed, for a revolution seemed inevitable.

The jubilee number describes the fight which the Catholics made for Catholic schools. It was the *Tijd* that brought the teaching of the Bishops into every home and united the Catholics into one compact mass, which, moving as one man, won the complete liberty which the Dutch Catholics enjoy to-day.

Where Catholics feared the publication of one newspaper fifty years ago, now every district has its own organ. Where fifty years ago Catholics were afraid to lift up their heads, they are now the freest of the free; where they were then despised, there they are now honored. Father Smits had a vocation, and no man could have been more faithful to his call. The Vicar of Christ recognized it and raised him to the Prelacy. God blessed him and his work, and a faithful people bless his name to-day. If we seek for the secret of his success we shall find it in his fidelity to his principle, "*God en mijn recht.*"

POPE LEO XIII. AND THE TABERNACLE SOCIETY.—

The following extract is taken from

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the October number of the *Annals of the Tabernacle Society* of Philadelphia:

"On May 30, 1896, the Pope received in special audience a delegation composed of Religious of Perpetual Adoration and lady members of the Association, who presented themselves to lay at the feet of the Holy Father the annual offerings of vestments and sacred vessels which he distributes with his own hands to poor churches." The Association of Philadelphia was represented on that occasion, as the venerable foundress Mme. de Méeus explains in a letter, a part of which we reprint. "Your kind offering arrived just in time to permit us to add a humeral veil to the presents already prepared. Attached to the veil was a card which bore the name of Philadelphia, at the exposition held in the audience chamber. Moreover, your beloved Association figured on the list which I presented to the Holy Father as having contributed to the offering made him, and for which Associations I asked the benediction of His Holiness.

"The Holy Father was very grateful for the gifts and said that he bad been expecting them, and needed them very much to answer the many calls that were made upon him. He then addressed the delegation as follows:

"'Woman,' said the venerable Pontiff, 'is by divine counsel and decree of Holy Church, formally excluded from what directly regards the Adorable Body of Christ, in the offering of Holy Mass, the custody of the Blessed Sacrament, the celebration of the Holy Mysteries. She may not serve at the altar the priest who celebrates; she may not touch the vessels intended for the Holy Sacrifice; she may not pass the limits of the Holy of Holies; she may not extend her hand over the Eucharistic Bread, which she receives only from the priest; she has no part in the act, by which, enveloped in a mysterious cloud of faith and love, the Man-God daily renews upon the altar the divine holocaust of Calvary; but her industrious, her happy piety has, in a certain way, broken down the barriers which separated her from the altar; it is her generous offerings, her apostolic zeal, the labor of her hands, which have prepared the sacred vestment and linens and provided all that appertains to the divine sacrifice, to the august Prisoner of the Tabernacle. Such, my daughters, is the holy, happy, sublime ministry, which you have found for yourselves, you, who respectfully prepare and labor upon the linens upon which Jesus will be laid; you who fashion the adornments of the altar upon which Jesus will descend; you who so lovingly prepare the veil covering the ciborium where Jesus does not merely pass by, as formerly in Palestine, but where He dwells, loading with blessings those who have recourse to Him. It is you, finally, who prepare the vestments with which Jesus Himself will be clothed, for, as St. John Chrysostom has said, the priest who extends his hand and immolates the Victim and whom you have vested with linen and silk and silver and gold is Jesus Himself: Jesus, who offers Himself, sacrifices Himself to His Father in the mystery of redemption and renewal of the bloody and infinite sacrifice of Golgotha.

"'Here is a new horizon opening out before you, pious ladies; a new dignity which elevates you, withdraws you from the crowd, consecrates you more intimately to our Lord, associates you with the grandeur of the Catholic priesthood. You are more fortunate than the pious women of the Gospel, who once only, and then for Jesus dead, prepared upon Calvary the spices, ointment and winding-sheet for His burial. As many times as there are priests whom you can assist; as often as they offer the unbloody Victim, you have the joy and the honor of doing all this for Jesus living in the Holy Eucharist.

"'Thought truly sublime, and well calculated to stir up hearts like yours, in which faith and love for the Holy Eucharist are already speaking loudly. Sublime thought, which may also be extended to the chief aim of our work and which shows that it is also possible for you to participate in the magnificent and triumphant apostolate of the priest of the Lord. It belongs to him to extend the knowledge, love, adoration of Jesus, and to that you are also called. It is his to repair the outrages to which that God is subject in the Holy Eucharist; you should do the same. It is his to cause Jesus—true King—to reign in all minds, all hearts; in individuals, in the family, in society; and you, too, with the zeal and advantages which a more sensitive heart and more delicate nature afford you can do the same work. You will accomplish all this in fulfilling the office of a true member of the Tabernacle Society."

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NOTES FROM HEAD CENTRES

EGYPT.—The devotion to the Sacred Heart is taking deep root among the united Copts of Egypt. At Minieh, a short time ago, fifty children, of whom forty were of schismatic parents, were solemnly admitted to First Communion, after careful preparation. They were all invested with the Badge of the Sacred Heart, which they will henceforth wear on their breast every First Friday. The schismatic parents were so delighted and edified at the devotion of the little ones that they came to thank the Sisters, who had prepared their children for First Communion, and offered them full and unlimited control of their children, saying: "Take all our children and make Catholics, and even religious, of them, if you wish; we put them without reserve in your hands."

The newly converted schismatics show such zeal and piety in frequenting the sacraments that the missionaries find it necessary to restrain their ardor. A community of native religious women has been formed under the title of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, of whom three have already been invested with the religious habit. They are doing excellent work in the education of the Christian girls, and even the Mussulmans are eager to put their daughters under their instruction. Father Rolland, S.J., missionary in Egypt, in writing to the Director-General of the Apostleship of Prayer, asks the prayers of the League for the increase of religious vocations among the Copts.

CROATIA.—The work of the Apostleship of Prayer is spreading rapidly in these parts. The missionaries of the Society of Jesus made it a point to start the League wherever they went. But there were no books or popular prints on the devotion to the Sacred Heart, except the work of Father Crasset, which had been translated from the French by Mgr. Stadler. The Director of the Apostleship of Prayer, the Rev. Father Gattin, therefore, decided, to some extent, to supply this want. He had 40,000 pictures of the Sacred Heart printed, with prayers in Croatian, and 20,000 tracts on the devotion to the Sacred Heart, and the First Friday, and leaflets with the Twelve Promises of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary. These were spread rapidly among the people and with them was spread the devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Of late the League was established in the cathedral of Parenzo, in Istria, on which occasion a magnificent banner of the Sacred Heart, valued at 1,000 francs, was added to its treasures. A Centre has also been formed in the Convent of the Sisters of Providence in the same city, where the Communion of Reparation was organized, and a Catholic library established, known as the Library of the Sacred Heart.

At Ravigno there is a Centre numbering 600 members. The spirit of the League there may be concluded from the fact that nearly all the young women of the place, at the carnival, formed themselves into a union for the Three Days' adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, to atone for the sins committed against our Lord at that season. For three days the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in the Convent Chapel, and all that time, without interruption, bands of young women alternately sang and prayed aloud before the altar.

The young women of the League showed a similar spirit when the anniversary of the taking of Rome was celebrated, September 20, 1895. The day fell on a Friday, and a banquet was announced, at which, of course, there was no abstinence. The young women who belonged to the League bluntly refused to go, notwithstanding the pressure that was brought to bear upon them by their families and friends.

The League has even reached places into which the missionaries have not yet been able to penetrate. In one district, Klana, of the Diocese of Trieste, two simple farmers have proved themselves true apostles of the Sacred Heart, and returned long lists of Associates to headquarters. A young man of that place who had been long sick and was on the

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brink of despair wrote to the Central Director for advice. He was advised to make a Novena to the Sacred Heart. He did so; and after a few days he wrote again saying: "Since I began to pray to the Sacred Heart, morning and night, not only have my temptations entirely vanished, but I am, moreover, fully resigned to the will of God; nay, I assure you that I am happy to suffer in atonement for my sins.

The Communion of Reparation is also gaining ground, so that in places where even the best people went only once a year to Communion, there are now from fifty to 100 Communions on the First Friday.

A special feature of the spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart in Croatia is the introduction of paintings or statues of the Sacred Heart in the churches. Six copies of the great painting of the Sacred Heart by Brother Hamann, of Rheims, have been solemnly unveiled in as many churches. Such a solemnity is an event which is celebrated w ith a *triduum* or a mission and attended with remarkable conversions.

CANADA.—The *Canadian Messenger* continues to publish the statistics of the League in the Dioceses of the Dominion. The Diocese of Nicolet numbered January 1, 1896, 21 Centres, 12,440 Associates, of whom 8,538 belonged to the 1st Degree, 1,755 to the 2d, and 2,871 to the 3d, with 145 Promoters.

The Diocese of Three Rivers reports 28 Centres, 30,452 Associates, 19,661 belonging to the 1st Degree, 6,270 to the 2d, and 1,738 to the 3d, and 464 Promoters.

The summary of the Province of Quebec (one Archdiocese, four Dioceses and one Prefecture Apostolic) is: Local Centres, 294; Associates, 267,006; 1st Degree, 130,838; 2d Degree, 57,667; 3d Degree, 57,584; Promoters, 2,630.

The *Messenger* gives the following very interesting items on the history of the devotion to the Sacred Heart in Quebec:

"Quebec is undoubtedly the cradle of the heaven-sent devotion to the Sacred Heart on this continent. The venerable Foundress of the Ursuline Monastery, Mother Mary of the Incarnation, would seem to have had a foreknowledge of the worship which was to be given, in later years, to the Heart of Jesus. In several places in her writings she speaks of the divine Heart. She composed in its honor an admirable prayer, which she recited herself and had recited daily in her community.

"A comparatively recent letter, written by His Grace, Archbishop Begin, to the Ursulines of that city, brings to light certain historical facts that will be interesting to the readers of the *Messenger*. The Archbishop writes:

"'Shortly after the revelations made to the Blessed Margaret Mary, when very few religious houses in Europe knew of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, it had, through the Ursulines of Quebec, already become popular in these countries peopled with savages. In the year 1700 the Bishop of Quebec was solicited by the community to authorize the celebration of the feast of the Sacred Heart in the Ursuline chapel. His lordship granted the pious request, and permitted his clergy to recite the offices of the feast. The pastoral letter granting this privilege is still kept in the archives of the community. It is assuredly the first official document in the New World on devotion to the Sacred Heart.

"'The annual feast of the Sacred Heart soon failed to suffice for the piety of the faithful. Something more had to be devised, and after the example of the pious associations of Europe, a sodality was organized in the Ursuline chapel, whose members pledged themselves to honor the Heart of Jesus in a special manner. The new sodality was inaugurated the Friday following the octave of Corpus Christi, in the year 1716, and the first name inscribed on the register is that of the bishop who then governed the church at Quebec, Mgr. St. Valier, the same prelate who sixteen years before had permitted the celebration of the feast of the Sacred Heart.

"'Pope Clement XI., in a letter dated March 24, 1718, granted the sodality many indulgences. Every one wanted to join; and notwithstanding the evils of those times—continual wars, invasions, Jansenistic errors—from 1716 to 1800, not less than 5,000 names are inscribed on its register. It would appear, then, to be an undisputed fact that the sodality of the Sacred Heart of Jesus erected in the Ursuline chapel of Quebec is the oldest in America, and that this chapel is the cradle of the devotion on this continent.'

"It is gratifying to learn that the good city of Champlain has another glory to record; for nearly two hundred years the Sacred Heart of our divine Lord has had adorers within its walls."

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Important Announcement.

The announcement printed on the back of our frontispiece in this number will be greeted with pleasure by all who have been reading the MESSENGER for the past eleven years. During all that time the MESSENGER has had for its supplement the *Little Messenger*, or *Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs*. Together, the MESSENGER and the *Pilgrim*, as they have been called, kept publishing all that concerned the Apostleship of Prayer, and the great devotion it advocates, whence its popular title, "League of the Sacred Heart." Although originally established to advance the cause of the Martyrs of Auriesville, the *Pilgrim* soon proved acceptable as a supplement of the MESSENGER, and to its wide circulation much of the activity and thoroughness of League work is due. In most League Centres it was circulated at the Councils of Promoters, who in turn passed it around to their Associates. Treating as it did of League topics in a popular way, it helped all classes to understand the nature and fundamental practices of the League, kept them posted on things of interest to them at home and abroad, and suggested so many ways of advancing in the spirit of the League, and of taking up other means of piety and devotion, that every one could, at some time or other, derive special benefit from it.

Work of the *Pilgrim*.

Acquaintance with the League was not the only benefit to be derived from reading the *Pilgrim*. Through its pages nearly 1,000 pastors have come to know more thoroughly the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, the Bona Mors Association, and the Sanctuary Society of St. John Berchmans for altar boys. True to its original purpose of establishing a Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, the *Pilgrim* spared no effort to encourage devotion to our Lady, and to propagate the confraternity that fosters this devotion best. Hence it was, that, as in many other countries, the *Pilgrim* became so acceptable to Associates of the League, who found in it their favorite devotion to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary so regularly and familiarly explained and recommended.

The *Pilgrim* and Auriesville.

Still, to none of its readers has the *Pilgrim* endeared itself so much as to those who subscribe to it as the organ of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, and of the cause of beatification of those who died for the faith at Auriesville and elsewhere, on the early missions of New France. For twelve years it has been faithfully publishing the Annals of the Shrine and narratives from the lives of these holy servants of God, and during all that time the interest of the patrons of the Shrine has been increasing, as is clear from their letters to us, from their frequent and generous contributions for the Shrine and cause, and from the numerous pilgrimages that are made to Auriesville every August. Founded in a modest and simple way by Rev. Joseph Loyzance, the pious inaugurator of the work in behalf of the Martyrs, in spite of many difficulties it has succeeded in interesting thousands of Catholics in this and other countries, and many Protestants, in the heroic lives and noble deaths of those who first came to preach the Gospel on our soil.

The *Pilgrim* for the Cause.

For the blessed work the *Pilgrim* has been doing, the *Pilgrim* has itself been blessed. Now that the Annals of the Shrine at Auriesville, and the cause of the martyrs who died there, along with the other interests represented by the *Pilgrim* require so much space, that it is no longer possible to publish in its pages matters pertaining to the League, it happened at a very opportune moment that a decision has been reached to publish everything that concerns the League in the MESSENGER, thus constituting the MESSENGER the only League organ for general subscription, and leaving the *Pilgrim* exclusively devoted to the Shrine, the Cause of the Martyrs,

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devotion to Our Lady of Sorrows, Catholic Missions past and present, and news about shrines and pilgrimages in every part of the Catholic world.

One League Periodical.

Accordingly the MESSENGER will henceforth publish all that until now has appeared in the *Pilgrim* under the headings, *League Notes*, *Points for the Council*, *Monthly Patrons*, *News from Local Centres*, *Obituary* and *Calendar*. These departments will be combined with the League departments now conducted in the MESSENGER. For instance, *Points for the Council* will come under *Director's Review; News from Local Centres* will be a continuation of *Notes from Head Centres*. Some slight changes will be made in the MESSENGER departments themselves: thus the *Reader* will be combined with the *Book Notices*, and in its stead an editorial department will be opened, to give sound Catholic opinions on questions that seriously affect our holy religion. *Interests of the Heart of Jesus* will be published as usual, but it will embrace some of the points now published under *Apostolic Works*, the rest of these points appearing in the *Pilgrim*, under the title of *Missions and Missionary Labors*. The *Thanksgivings* will be given as at present, together with an additional page for *Graces Obtained* in a peculiar or striking manner, and described with more detail. The lists of *Letters with Intentions* will no longer be published. Extensive as these lists have grown, and careful as we have been to publish them accurately, we have never been able to do so in such a way as to satisfy all parties. Eventually they would require too much space; too often a blurred post-mark is our only indication of the place the letter comes from; letters noticed in any other way are not recorded in these lists; hence they were never complete, and very often they entailed upon us useless correspondence. Henceforth all who send their intentions may rest assured that if they are received by us in time they will be recorded in the Calendar; those who wish to have them acknowledged need only to enclose a stamp on the new intention blanks we are soon to send to Directors and secretaries for this purpose.

The Messenger Supplement.

We dwell at length on the changes to be made in the departments of the MESSENGER, not because they are the only changes to be made in it, but because with some additional matter these departments are to be printed in the last pages of the MESSENGER, as at present, in such a way that they can be reprinted separately, and used as a supplement or working organ of the League, taking the place of the present *Pilgrim* in Centres that are now taking several copies of this. Hence, taking or subscribing to the MESSENGER henceforth will mean taking and receiving by the fifteenth of the month the full MESSENGER in one and the same mail, not in two parcels and at intervals as at present. The full MESSENGER will still cost $2.00, and it will be much improved in the quality of its paper, in size, and in the matter contained in it. The part that will be reprinted as the MESSENGER Supplement will be issued along with the MESSENGER for all who subscribe to the MESSENGER, or separately and bound in a special cover for those who want it only; but it will be issued at the same time as the MESSENGER itself, *i. e.*, so as to reach subscribers by the fifteenth of each month, and it will cost the same as the present *Pilgrim*, fifty cents yearly; ten copies to one address, forty cents each; twenty copies, thirty-five cents each; thirty copies, thirty cents each.

Renewing Subscriptions.

In accordance with the notices given above, when renewing subscriptions to the MESSENGER it will not be necessary to mind the change just announced. In renewing subscriptions to the *Pilgrim* please state clearly whether it be the MESSENGER Supplement or *Pilgrim* that is wanted or both. Each for single subscription will cost fifty cents yearly, and each will be more than worth the amount. We have decided upon this step after long deliberation as a means of improving the work of the League, and of furthering the cause of the Martyrs. We are sure that our subscribers will justify our hopes not only by continuing to subscribe to MESSENGER and *Pilgrim*, but also by making renewed efforts to secure new subscribers to both.

New Intention Blanks.

We are making some changes in our Intention blanks. 1. With a view to spreading the use of these blanks, we shall issue in the future for general use only the small form of these blanks, like that which is now found on the *Decade Leaflets*. These can be provided so easily and so cheaply that Associates can get one from their Promoter monthly, and

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thus make known their Intentions. These blanks are not to be returned to us, but to Promoters, or to the League Secretary or Local Director, either personally or by depositing them in the Intention box, usually found near the Sacred Heart altar or shrine.

2. With a view to encouraging Associates to mark their Intentions on the Large Calendar, generally hung near the church door, when there is no other way of recommending them, besides the saint's names and the list of Intentions already recommended on these sheets, Associates will hereafter find blank spaces on which to mark down the various objects of their prayers. A Treasury blank will also be found on these Calendars. This juxtaposition of the Intentions and Treasury should make us realize how effectively the League secures prayers and good works for our Intentions.

3. In order to facilitate the count of the increased number of Intentions all this will naturally bring to our office, we have been obliged to issue a special form of blank for Local Directors or Secretaries only. These blanks have both Intention and Treasury lists printed on one side; the sheet folds into an envelope with a gummed edge for closing it. Directors and Secretaries should collect the small Intention and Treasury blanks from their Promoters or from the Intention box every month, about the time of the Promoters' meeting. They should count them, enter the summary on these folding blanks, and then send them to us, before the first of the month. After January none but the Intentions on these blanks will be recommended on our large and small Calendars.

General Intention. Both Directors and Promoters will be glad to have some good reading on the subject of our General Intention this month. An article by Father Lavelle in the *Ecclesiastical Review* for October will be found very useful. The *Propagateur des bons Livres*, for October 15, has an excellent insert of eight pages on it, based entirely on the introduction to Mgr. Dupanloup's famous book on catechism. Father Lambing's practical treatise on Sunday-schools, Rev. W. Whitty's, on Catechistical Work, in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for February, 1893, and an article in the MESSENGER for April, 1895, on this same work as conducted by the Religious of Perpetual Reparation in Belgium, will suggest to active Promoters many ways in which they can help in this important ministry. In Dr. Conaty's *School and Home Magazine* the topic is treated from a practical standpoint monthly by Father McMillan, C.S.P. "Those who instruct others unto justice shall shine like stars for all eternity."

Departed Directors. The late Father McKenna, of Marlboro, Mass., and the Rev. William Butler of St. Monica's, N. Y., are recommended to the prayers of our Associates. Both deserve well of the League: the former for the work done the last six months of his active career, and the latter for his zeal as Local Director before being transferred to his last charge in St. Monica's.

Pilgrimage to Jerusalem. A pilgrimage is a continual prayer, and we may well join with those who are projecting a pilgrimage to the Holy Land in praying for the success of their enterprise, as well for all the Intentions that will be recommended in the Holy Land. Mr. Throop, of Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn, who has so well managed three American pilgrimages to Rome and Lourdes, is making the arrangements for it.

TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Angelus	268,317	11. Masses heard	816,843
2. Beads	315,042	12. Mortifications	193,447
3. Stations of the Cross	40,102	13. Works of Mercy	79,400
4. Holy Communions	114 890	14. Works of Zeal	42,797
5. Spiritual Communions	466 672	15. Prayers	1,739,230
6. Examens of Conscience	148,118	16. Charitable Conversation	38,825
7. Hours of Labor	455 065	17. Sufferings or Afflictions	43,056
8. Hours of Silence	230,386	18. Self-conquest	68,331
9. Pious Reading	90,426	19. Visits to B. Sacrament	221,861
10. Masses Celebrated	8,299	20. Various Good Works	150,769

Special Thanksgivings, 1,125; Total, 5,532,501.

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IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 173,147.

"*In all things give thanks.*" (I. Thes. v, 18.)

Special Thanksgivings.—An Associate of the League returns thanks for favors granted. Five years ago, through his own fault he had brought himself and his family down from the position they should occupy. His health was apparently shattered, and there seemed no prospect of betterment. His position was lost on account of his health. The necessaries of life were wanting. He was crushed. He realized in some sense how the Holy Job must have felt, but he had none of the justification of that holy man. One friend was left, a saint of ninety years, who got him to join the League. After that he never faltered in his duty, and though for five weary years it seemed that perhaps his death was required as a sacrifice, and his mind was troubled continuously, he knew the Sacred Heart would not desert him. The Blessed Sacrament gave him not only health of mind, but of body: not at once, but gradually. His intentions were answered in the same way. He obtained the identical situation he had longed for. He knows all his intentions will be favored, and he gives glory to God, the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and all the other saints to whom he appealed for aid.

A lady was in danger of death, had been anointed and the priest had recited the prayers for the dying. She bethought herself of the League and asked to be enrolled and have the Badge. She recovered and declares that she owes her life "directly to the efficacy of the Badge, as she had at least six different doctors attending her."

A father and mother offer their thanks for the birth of a little girl on the feast of our Lady's Assumption. They had long been childless. They put in an intention asking the Sacred Heart to grant them this favor. They named the child Mary in honor of her heavenly patron.

A family in the country discovered their barn on fire. It was in the height of the dry season and the burning cinders were falling all over the house, so that it was in the greatest danger. They began to move their effects from it, when one, a Promoter, saw her Badge, and she and her sister knelt down before it and prayed the Sacred Heart for protection. The prayer was granted.

Thanks are offered for the recovery of a young man from appendicitis. He had neglected it until it was too late, and the four consulting doctors decided, one evening, that they must perform the usual operation the next morning at nine o'clock. The priest who was called, after attending him and learning that he and all his family were members of the League, applied the Badge. When the doctors came in time for the operation next morning they were surprised to find no need of it. The cure was permanent.

A Promoter gives public thanks for a great favor obtained. Four months ago my sister's eyes became inflamed. She could not bear the light and had to wear a bandage most of the time. She was under the care of a doctor who makes a specialty of the eyes, but he found her case a very obstinate one. About three

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weeks ago she became very much discouraged, and I proposed making a novena in honor of the Sacred Heart, our Lady of Perpetual Help, and the Holy Souls, promising Mass and publication. Within three days after the novena was over, she could go without the bandage, and the next day went to the doctor's office, a distance of about a mile. Since then she has gained steadily, and now you would hardly know her eyes had been sore.

A physician, whose wife and mother are Catholics, was taken so seriously ill that the doctors in the town where he resides deemed it necessary to telegraph to a distant city for a specialist. The man was said to be dying of blood-poisoning. A Badge was used and a number of persons commenced a novena to the Sacred Heart, begging that the doctor's life might be spared. He recovered rapidly. One of the attending physicians said: "I don't know what cured Dr. D———. It was certainly nothing we doctors did!"

Spiritual Favors: A great favor after making a novena to the Sacred Heart through St. John Berchmans, and having a Mass said; reunion of members of a family; several vocations to the religious life; the establishment of the League in several Centres where it was earnestly desired by the faithful; grace to receive Extreme Unction by one suddenly stricken; a father of a family received Holy Communion after many years of neglect; reform of a young man who had given up going to Mass; conversion of a mother after long neglect of her duties; a young man, who had neglected his religion for some time, was brought to his senses by the loss of his wife, the mother of several children; a young man has returned to the practice of religion after 10 years; another after 12; another after 15 years, having been a Free Mason; a father has received the sacraments after a lapse of 30 years; return to the faith of 5 young men and 7 conversions in one Centre; the reformation of several drunkards, especially of one who had been a drinking man for nearly 40 years; and many other spiritual favors not specified.

Temporal Favors: A mother returns thanks for herself and her family, who have been preserved from many accidents, and received many blessings through hearing Mass three times a week and making the Stations; several successful examinations, and the obtaining of teachers' certificates and positions; increase of pupils in many teaching institutions; recovery from a serious accident; success of a dangerous surgical operation; restoration to health of one seriously ill upon promising a Mass for the most forgotten soul; a successful operation in an almost hopeless case, Mass and publication were promised; recovery of a person from a serious illness when all remedies had failed; of a mother who has to work for the support of her family; preservation of 2 farms and a ranch from destruction by fire; safety in an accident; preservation from great danger during a wind storm and a flood; immunity from a contagious disease in an institution; renting of 2 properties that had been without tenants for some time; 2 successful terminations of lawsuits; renting of 2 houses on the Monday after the First Friday when the intention was recommended; return of a lost pocket-book to the owner; many other lost articles found; many positions are acknowledged; means to pay several pressing debts and to meet the payment of interest on mortgages; and many other favors not specified. These were granted by the Sacred Heart through the intercession of our Lady under various titles, St. Joseph, and other saints.

Favors through the Badge and Cross: A child was desperately ill with diphtheria and given up by the doctor, a Badge was placed on the part affected, and a change was seen immediately, the child is now quite well. Recovery of a mother and child dangerously sick, also of 7 religious, 5 of whom were Promoters; of a child hurt in an accident; of an only son of whose life the doctors gave no hope, but who began to improve as soon as the Badge was put on him; of 2 persons, one suffering from rheumatism, the other from appendicitis; of a child dying of pneumonia, but relieved as soon as the Badge was applied to his chest; cessation of hemorrhages; extraordinary improvement of a person in the last stage of consumption; cure of a child suffering from bronchial trouble; relief of one afflicted with liver complaint; recovery from a severe case of croup; recovery of a young girl from nervous prostration by wearing the Promoter's Cross; cure of a child from a dangerous illness by applying the Cross; and many other favors not specified.

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BOOK·NOTICES·

POPE LEO XIII. By Justin McCarthy. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. 12mo. Pages 260. Price $1.25.

A man of such literary attainments, and at the same time such a keen observer of men and things as Justin McCarthy is, could hardly fail to do justice to the character of the great leading spirit of the age. The theme was eminently congenial to the author, and though hampered by the restrictions imposed on him by the character of the book—being one of a uniform series of biographical sketches — he threw himself with his whole soul into his work. "I have tried," he says in his concluding chapter, where he sums up the result of his work, "to tell the story of his [Leo XIII.'s] life as one might that of the life of any other prince or statesman, surrounding it with no halo of mere hero-worship. But it is hard indeed not to grow enthusiastic as one studies the records of such a career. Statesmanship and philanthropy are combined in it, each at its best and highest. Pope Leo loved the working people and the poor, and strove unceasingly with all his power to lighten their burdens and to brighten their lives. He showed to others the best and most practical way to the accomplishment of such objects. He spread the light of education all around him. As a great leader of men, endowed with unrivalled influence, he made it his task to maintain peace among his neighbors. Better praise no man could have earned; a better life no man could have lived."

It is difficult to reach the ideal which the world has already conceived of Leo XIII. in his long and active pontificate, so that almost any estimate of his character is likely to disappoint a large portion of the public. One class particularly will be agreeably disappointed in reading Mr. McCarthy's sketch—those who were accustomed to look upon Leo XIII., not as the common father of the faithful, but as a selfish and scheming diplomat. The work will contribute much towards the better understanding of the Pope's policy, which has been eminently a policy of good will and conciliation, but has been widely misrepresented.

The following passage on the Pope's attitude on the Irish question, as coming from the recent leader of the Nationalist party, is very significant: "There is every reason to believe that as the Pope became more closely acquainted with the realities of the Irish struggle, he came to take a more liberal view of the objects which inspired it and of the men who guided it. The sympathies of the Pope with the Irish Nationalist cause grew and grew as that cause more and more justified itself. Only the other day the Pope sent his blessing to Mr. Dillon, on the wedding morn of the man who had taken so prominent a part in the political and agrarian agitation throughout Ireland."

ALETHEA: At the Parting of the Ways. By Cyril. London: Burns and Oates. New York: Benziger Brothers. Two volumes. 12mo. Pages 270 each.

This is decidedly one of the most powerful historic fictions we have read in a long time. The author is evidently master of every secret of strong novel writing—invention, delineation of character, description of human feeling as well as outward scenery, lively and dramatic style, even when the subject matter seems somewhat heavy.

The present story is an episode from ecclesiastical history — the Photian Schism—and gives a drastic picture of that perfidious defection. The heroine is Alethea, a kinswoman and protégée of Photius; and the hero, Theophylact, a military officer. Both are strong and noble characters, brought into due prominence by their own honorable deeds, and by contrast with the Greek baseness and perfidy which surround them. The saintly patriarch Ignatius and his rival, the schismatic-usurper Photius, Bardas Caesar, the Emperor Michael III. and his successor Basil—all play their part in the action, and are portrayed strictly in accordance with their historic character. The story deserves wide circulation.

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MR. BILLY BUTTONS. By Walter Lecky. 12mo. Pages 285. Price $1.25.

THE VOCATION OF EDWARD CONWAY. By Maurice Francis Egan. 12mo. Pages 322. Price $1.25.

A WOMAN OF FORTUNE. By Christian Reid. New York: Benziger Brothers. 12mo. Pages 274. Price $1.25.

Complaints have been raised by critics that our Catholic publishers were slow to put in the market the productions of our own Catholic novelists. To meet these complaints, and to satisfy the seemingly existing demands, the publication of this series of Catholic novels was undertaken. Two more volumes, *Passing Shadows*, and a *Round Table* (the latter a volume of short stories) are in press and will complete the series.

Billy Buttons is a most interesting story, abounding in clever pen sketches of the magnificent scenery which the Adirondacks, the scene of the plot, are known to present, and full of deft and realistic delineations of the quaint characters indigenous to those mountains. The style is drastic, and there is a healthy humorous tone pervading the story from cover to cover.

Mr. Egan transports us to another scene and introduces us to another phase of society on the banks of the Hudson, strongly suggesting the vicinity of West Point; where the civil and military element, Southern chivalry and Northern matter-of-factness, theosophy, agnosticism, ritualism, and Catholicism are blended in due proportion—the whole presenting an interesting picture of American cultured life. What place this story will occupy among Mr. Egan's works we are not prepared to say; but one thing is certain that it deserves great popularity, and is pretty sure to gain it.

Another very important phase in American cultured life is travel. This phase is presented us in *A Woman of Fortune*. The heroine is a Southern young lady of wealth and beauty, but bereft of the one thing needful—faith. She seeks it, and after many trials and adventures, finds it at the feet of the Vicar of Christ. This charming story is well worthy to rank with the brilliant author's previous productions.

We unhesitatingly recommend this series of American Catholic novels, and trust they will meet with the favor they so highly deserve.

COMPENDIUM THEOLOGIÆ MORALIS. By the Rev. Aloysius Sabetti, S.J. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co. 1896. Twelfth edition.

We congratulate the learned author on the remarkable success of this admirable work. It needs no commendation from us. If there is any American priest's library in which it does not yet occupy a place, we trust that Father Sabetti's moral theology will soon find its way into it.

ETHELRED PRESTON; or, The Adventures of a Newcomer. By Francis J. Finn, S.J. New York. Benziger Brothers. 1896. 12mo. Pages 260. Price 85 cents.

Another book for boys from the prolific pen of Father Finn is sure to meet with a hearty welcome. It is in every way equal to its predecessors in the same line.

ADA MERTON, by the same author. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1896. 16mo. Pages 173. Price 75 cents.

This story is a reprint from the MESSENGER of 1884.

CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1897. Price 25 cents.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE A.P.A. By J. Alex. Edwards. New York: P. J. Kenedy. 1896. Price 25 cents.

HEAVEN ON EARTH; or, Twelve Hours of Adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. By the Rev. D. G. Hubert. London: R. Washbourne. New York: Benziger Brothers.

HOW TO SPEAK LATIN. A series of Latin dialogues, with English translation. By Stephen W. Wilby. Baltimore: John Murphy & Company.

THE FOLLOWING OF CHRIST. Translated by the Right Rev. Richard Challoner. With illustrations. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ST. PETER'S PRIMACY AND THE ROYAL SUPREMACY. By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. (Price 1d.) THE CONVERSION OF CARDINAL NEWMAN. By the Rev. Luke Rivington. (Price 1d.) THE LEGEND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER. (Price 1d.) London: Catholic Truth Society.

DEVOTION TO THE MIRACULOUS INFANT JESUS OF PRAGUE. Containing a history of its origin and propagation. New York: Joseph Schaefer.

THE LIFE OF OUR DIVINE LORD, briefly told for children. By a member of the League of the Sacred Heart. Philadelphia: Happy Home Publishing Company. Price 10 cents.

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PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS

Diplomas and Indulgenced Crosses for the solemn reception of Promoters who have fathfully served the required probation have been sent to the following Local Centres of the League of the Sacred Heart (September 20 to October 20, 1896).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.		Diplomas and Crosses.
Alton	Pittsfield, Ill.	Immaculate Conception	Church	18
Baltimore	Leonardtown, Md.	St. Aloysius'	"	2
"	Washington, D.C.	Georgetown	College	3
"	" "	St. John's	"	4
"	Baltimore, Md.	St. Joseph's	Church	4
"	Washington, D.C.	St. Peter's	"	7
"	Baltimore, Md.	St. Thomas'	"	1
Belleville	Carlyle, Ill.	Immaculate Conception	"	3
Boston	Somerville, Mass.	Patronage of St. Joseph		1
"	Chelsea, Boston, Mass.	St. Rose's	Church	10
Brownsville (V. Apos.)	Beeville, Texas.	St. Joseph's	"	3
Buffalo	Jamestown, N.Y.	SS. Peter and Paul's	"	1
Brooklyn	Huntingdon, "	St. Patrick's	"	9
"	Brooklyn "	Mercy	Convent	4
"	" "	Blessed Sacrament	Church	16
"	" "	St. Vincent de Paul's	"	11
"	" "	St. Michael's	"	1
Chicago	Amboy, Ill.	St. Patrick's	"	5
Cleveland	Cleveland, Ohio.	St. Agnes'	"	22
Columbus	Nelsonville, Ohio	St. Andrew's	"	3
Dallas	Fort Worth, Texas	Fort Worth	Mission	1
Davenport	Brooklyn, Iowa.	St. Patrick's	Church	8
Denver	Denver, Colo	Sacred Heart	"	6
"	" "	Annunciation	"	11
Detroit	Newport, Mich.	St. Charles'	"	13
Dubuque	Odebolt, Iowa.	St. Martin's	"	4
"	Tama, "	St. Patrick's	"	4
Duluth	Duluth, Minn.	St. Clement's	"	1
Helena	Livingston, Mont.	St. Mary's	"	3
Hartford	Thompsonville, Conn.	St. Patrick's	"	47
Louisville	Bowling Green, Ky.	St. Joseph's	"	1
"	Russellville, "	Sacred Heart	"	2
Milwaukee	Watertown, Wis.	St. Bernard's	"	5
Nashville	Jackson, Tenn.	St. Mary's	"	2
Newark	West Hoboken, N.J.	St. Michael's	"	3
"	Elizabeth, "	St. Mary's	"	5
"	Newark. "	St. James'	"	15
New Orleans	New Orleans, La	Holy Name of Jesus	"	2
"	" "	St. Vincent de Paul's	"	2
Nesqually	Spokane, Wash.	Gonzaga	College	2
New York	New York City	St. Ignatius Loyola's	Church	2
"	" "	St. Anthony's	"	2
"	" "	St. Paul the Apostle's	"	6
"	" "	Sacred Heart	"	9
"	" "	Catholic Sailors' Reading Room		1
"	" "	The Nativity	"	8
"	" "	St. Vincent Ferrer's	"	82
"	" "	St. Jerome's	"	9
"	Yonkers, N.Y.	St. Joseph's	School	12
"	Milton, "	St. James'	Church	2
Omaha	O'Neill, Nebr.	St. Patrick's	"	8
Philadelphia	Ashland, Pa.	St. Joseph's	"	10
"	Villa Maria, West Chester, Pa	Immaculate Heart of Mary	Convent	4
Pittsburg	Beatty, Pa.	St. Vincent's	Arch Abbey	2
"	Pittsburg, S.S., Pa.	St. Michael's	Church	3
Richmond	Newport News, Va.	St. Vincent de Paul's	"	1
San Francisco	North Temescal, Cal	Sacred Heart	"	2
St. Louis	Florissant, Mo.	St. Ferdinand's	"	2
"	St. Louis, "	St. Kevin's	"	1
"	" "	St. Leo's	"	14
Springfield	Holyoke, Mass.	St. Jerome's	"	102
Syracuse	Syracuse, N.Y.	Assumption	"	2
"	Oswego, "	St. Peter's	"	15
Vincennes	Richmond, Ind	St. Mary's	"	20
Wheeling	Clarksburg, W. Va.	Immaculate Conception	"	8

Total number of Receptions, 65. Number of Diplomas, 592.

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LETTERS WITH INTENTIONS

Letters received from September 20 to October 20, 1896, and not otherwise acknowledged. The number after the name of the place indicates the date of the letter.

ALABAMA.

Mobile, 25, 28.
Montgomery, 9.

ARIZONA.

Phœnix, 10.
Springerville, 8.

ARKANSAS.

Brinkley, 21.
Fort Smith, 7.
Helena, 13.

CALIFORNIA.

Alameda, 5, 14, GO.
Eureka, 10.
Los Angeles, 25, 29.
Marysville, 24, 14.
Menlo Park, 25.
Oakland, 6, 13 GO.
Riverside, 22.
San Francisco, 22, 23, 25, 26, 2, 6, 11, 14, 15.
San Andreas, 20.
San Jose, 20.
San Mateo, 15.
Santa Barbara, 7.
Santa Clara, 25.
Santa Cruz, 16.
Santa Rosa, 9.
Ventura, 6.
Woodland, 23.

COLORADO.

Animas, 9.
Cripple Creek, 18.
Denver, 20, 21, 23, 27, 5, 17.
Leadville, 17.
Pueblo, 3.
Trinidad, 25.

CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia, 17.
Baltic, 22, 17.
Bethel, 29.
Bridgeport, 15, 19.
Danbury, 25.
Derby, 19.
East Hampton, 9.
Hartford, 30, 13, 18, 19.
Meriden, 23.
Middletown, 25.
New Hartford, 29.
New London, 15, 18.
Newton, 19.
Norwalk, 20, 19.
Norwich, 12
Thomaston, 19.
Thompsonville, 2.
Waterbury, 30, 13.

DELAWARE.

Wilmington, 28, 9, 19.

DIS. OF COLUMBIA.

Washington, 20, 21, 23, 24, 29, 30, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 15, 18, GO. 19.

FLORIDA.

Armstrong, 30.
Fernandina, 5, GO.
Key West, 3, 14.
Orlando, 28.
Pensacola, 17.
Saint Augustine, 15.
Saint Leo, 5.
Tampa, 9.

GEORGIA.

Augusta, 15,GO.
Columbus, 10.
Macon, 21.
Milledgeville, 14.

IDAHO.

Boise, 2.
Wallace, 20.

ILLINOIS.

Alsey, 30.
Alton, 15.
Aurora, 12.
Beardstown, 30.
Belleville, 12.
Belvidere, 23, 17.
Cairo, 17.
Canton, 12.
Carlyle, 14, 18.
Charleston, 16.
Chicago, 24, 2, 5, 6, 7, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19.
Collinsville, 14.
Decatur, 10.
East Saint Louis, 15.
Edwardsville, 17.
Evanston, 18.
Feehanville, 30.
Joliet, 22, 5, 14.
Kidd, 19.
Ladd, 13.
Lincoln, 22.
Lostant, 26.
Mattoon, 5.
Mendota, 12.
Moline, 28.
Morris, 17.
Mount Sterling, 17, GO.
Newton, 15.
Ottawa, 19.
Peoria, 26, 9, 16, 17.
Quincy, 19.
Rockford, 28, 10.
Sainte Marie, 30.
Springfield, 18.
Streator, 29, GO. 16.
Taylorville, 16.
Waukegan, 23.
Wenona, 17.

INDIANA.

Connersville, 25
Evansville, 18.
Frenchtown, 17.
Fort Wayne, 2, 3, 8.
Indianapolis, 28, 1, 15, 19.
Lafayette, 3.

INDIANA (con'd.)

Laporte, 14.
Notre Dame, 21, 26.
Saint Mary's. 17.
Saint Meinrad, 1.
Terre Haute, 20.
Valparaiso, 17.

IOWA.

Cedar Falls, 10.
Connor, 15.
Council Bluffs, 23, 29, 5, GO.
Danbury, 5.
Davenport, 22, 28.
Des Moines, 5, 16.
Dubuque, 23, 26, 17, 19.
Eagle Grove, 12.
Fort Madison, 18.
Independence, 1.
Iowa City, 23, GO. 27.
Keokuk, 17.
Lawler, 20.
Le Mars, 21, 30, GO.
Marcus, 5.
Odebolt, 15.
Parnell, 17.
Tama, 8.
Vinton, 29.
Webster City, 14.
Williamsburg, 16.

KANSAS.

Abilene, 7.
Atchison, 7.
Hays, 9 GO.
Leavenworth, 24, 16, GO.
McPherson, 21
Osawatomie, 5.
Topeka, 10.

KENTUCKY.

Bowling Green, 5, GO.
Carrollton, 12.
Covington, 12.
Dot, 30.
Fancy Farm, 18.
Frankfort, 16.
Knottsville, 17.
Lebanon, 8.
Lexington, 10, 16, 18.
Loretto, 16.
Louisville, 22, 27, 28, 3, 9, 15, 16. 17.
Maysville, 16.
Morgantown, 2.
Nazareth, 23.
New Haven, 10.
Newport, 20, 28.
Paducah, 4.
Russellville, 7.
Saint Joseph, 30.
Springfield, 16.
Versailles, 14.
Victoria, 22, 14.

LOUISIANA.

Baton Rouge, 13, GO.
Grand Coteau, 7, 15, 17.

LOUISIANA (con'd.)

Lafayette, 23, GO.
Mansura, 25.
Morgan City, 8.
New Iberia, 9.
New Orleans, 28, 5, 12.
Pineville, 20.
Saint Gabriel, 26.
Shreveport, 8, 17.

MAINE.

Bangor, 19.
Oldtown, 28, GO.
Portland, 28, 2, 19.

MARYLAND.

Ammendale, 30.
Annapolis, 28.
Baltimore, 23, 28, 30, 4, GO. 8, GO. 13, 14, 15, 17, 18 19.
Cecilton, 19.
Centerville, 30.
Chapel Point, 26.
Cumberland. 1.
Davidsonville, 16.
Ellicott City, 14.
Forest Glen, 20.
Forest Hill, 29.
Frederick, 18, 19.
Hagerston, 21.
Ilchester, 19.
Leonardstown, 17.
Montrose. 21.
Mount Saint Mary's, 15.
Newport, 8.
Pomfret, 15.
Saint Mary's. 23.
Woodstock, 28.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Adams, 17.
Amherst, 10, GO. 17.
Boston, 21, 27, 28, 30, 1, 2 3, 4, GO. 7, 8, 14, GO 16, 17, 18, 19, GO.
Cheshire, 19.
Chicopee, 12.
Fall River, 25, 15, 19.
Gloucester, 21.
Holyoke, 24, 29, 30, 19.
Hopkinton, 19.
Hudson, 28.
Hyannis 17.
Lawrence, 30.
Lowell, 16, 17, 19.
Malden, 30.
Maynard, 14.
Monsoon, 18.
Newburyport, 12.
North Abington, 25.
North Adams, 7.
North Brookfield, 19
North Chelmsford, 19.
Northampton, 13.
Pittsfield, 29.
Salem, 14, 19.
Springfield, 29.

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MASS. (con'd.)

Waltham, 18.
Westfield, 30.
Winchester, 6.
Worcester, 25, 14.

MICHIGAN.

Beacon, 21.
Chelsea, 21, GO.
Detroit, 21, GO. 16.
Dollar Bay, 16.
Escanaba, 25.
Grand Rapids, 6.
Grosse Pointe, 15.
Hancock, 24.
Houghton, 24.
L'Anse, 21, 18.
Lexington, 23, 19.
Manistique, 30.
Marquette, 21.
Mount Clemens, 5.
Mount Pleasant, 5.
Newport, 10.
Petoskey, 17.
Pontiac, 21.
Port Huron, 1, GO.
Saginaw, 28, GO. 10.
Wyandotte, 23.

MINNESOTA.

Carrollsville, 21.
Collegeville, 29.
Duluth, 7.
Fairfax, 17.
Faribault, 23,
Graceville, 17.
Hastings. 17.
Le Sueur, 9.
Minneapolis, 2, 16, 17.
Red Wing, 12.
Robbinsdale, 14.
Rochester, 20. 17.
St. Paul, 21, 25, 26, 28, 30, 6, 8, 16, 17.
Springfield, 12, 15.
Stillwater, 12, 17.
Wabasha, 5.
Winona, 22, 17.

MISSISSIPPI.

Canton. 18.
Chatawa, 16.
Jackson, 11.
Maxwell, 24, 13.
Muldon, 16.
Pass Christian, 7.
Sulphur Springs, 13.
Tucker, 26.
Vicksburg, 12.
Yazoo City, 13.

MISSOURI.

Arcadia, 15.
Cape Girardeau, 12, GO.
De Soto, 13.
Farmington, 7.
Florissant, 6.
Glencoe, 30.
Hannibal 7.
Independence, 23.
Joplin, 23.
Kansas City, 5, 15, 16.
Kirkwood, 7.
Marshall, 13.
Moberly, 24, 17.
Monett, 5.
Norborne, 25.
Normandy, 24, 17.
Saint Joseph, 21, GO. 23, 6, GO. 15.
St. Louis, 25, 26, 27, 2, 3, 8, 9, 10, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19
Saint Paul, 19.
Seneca, 16.
Ste. Genevieve, 24, 26.

MONTANA.

Arlee, 26.
Living-ton. 5.
Saint Paul, 21.

NEBRASKA.

David City, 8.
Helena, 16.
Lincoln, 21, 28.
Minden, 28.
Omaha, 12.
O'Neill, 23.
Prague, 16.
Rulo, 16.

NEVADA.

Carson City, 30.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Franklin Falls, 3.
Keene, 15.
Manchester, 14, 15, 17.
Salmon Falls, 28.

NEW JERSEY.

Asbury Park, 28, 1, 13.
Atlantic City, 27.
Burlington, 28.
Camden, 25, 12.
Cape May. 17.
Convent Station, 19.
Elizabeth, 20, 19.
Englewood, 29.
Jersey City, 22, GO. 27, 17.
Macopin, 19.
Millville, 12.
Montclair, 22, GO.
Moorstown, 20, 16.
Morristown, 21.
Mount Holly, 23.
Newark, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30, 6.
Orange, 22.
Paterson, 29, 1, 19.
Rutherford, 17.
Short Hills, 28, 19.
South Orange, 19.
Summit, 18.
West Hoboken, 28, 19.

NEW MEXICO.

Albuquerque, 20, 19.
East LasVegas, 15.
Santa Fé. 16.
Socorro, 22.

NEW YORK.

Albany, 20, 5, 19.
Amsterdam, 24, 19, 15.
Andover, 17.
Arcade, 14.
Attica, 28.
Averill Park, 28.
Avon, 10, GO.
Babylon, 19, GO.
Bath. 13.
Binghamton, 23, 8, 12, 14.
Blauveltville, 1.
Brewster, 3.
Brooklyn, 21, 25, 26, 28, 30, 1, 2, 6, 11, GO. 12, GO. 13, GO. 14, 15, 16, GO. 17, 19.
Buffalo. 23, 5, 6, 13, 14, 17, 18.
Camden, 19.
Canandaigua, 19.
Cape Vincent, 21.
Cazenovia, 20.
Clayton, 12.
Clayville, 19.
Cohoes, 30, 2.
Coney Island, 1.
Corning, 10.
Cornwall, 9.
East Quogue, 22.
Ellenville, 8.
Far Rockaway, 25.
Flushing, 29.
Fordham, 12.
Frankfort, 21, 19.
Galway, 6.
Glen Cove, 28.
Glens Falls, 24.
Granville, 15.

NEW YORK (con'd.)

Great Neck, 19.
Greenport, 3.
Haverstraw, 30.
Horse Heads, 18.
Hudson, 16.
Huntington, 12.
Ilion. 16.
Jamaica, 19.
Jamestown, 16.
Java Center, 12.
Johnstown, 6.
Keeseville, 17.
Kenwood, 14.
Kingston, 24, 29, 3.
Little Falls, 19.
Livonia Station, 1.
Long Island City, 12, 14.
Mamaroneck, 2.
Middletown, 23.
Mount Kisco, 23.
Nanuet, 22, 19.
New Brighton, 15.
Newburgh, 22.
New Rochelle, 25.
New York, 20, 21, GO. 22, 23, 24, 25, GO. 26, 27, 28, 29. GO. 30, 1, 3, 5. 6, 14, GO. 15, 16, 17, 18, GO. 19.
Nyack, 30.
Ogdensburg, 22.
Olean, 8.
Oneonta, 30.
Oswego. 20, 26, 16, 19.
Oyster Bay, 29.
Peekskill, 29 19.
Plattsburg, 28.
Port Chester, 19.
Port Henry, 29.
Poughkeepsie, 20, 21 GO. 2.
Rochester, 30, 9, 12, 16.
Rosebank, 19.
Rye, 28.
Sag Harbor, 23, 17.
Schenectady, 24.
Sing Sing, 24, 10.
Stapleton, 2.
Syracuse, 20, 24, 29, GO. 3, 18.
Tarrytown, 19.
Troy, 28, 30.
Utica, 28, 17, GO.
Waddington 21.
Wappinger's Falls, 29.
Watertown, 13, 14.
Waverly, 15.
West Troy, 19.
Whitehall, 29.
White Plains, 21, 19.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Charlotte, 21, GO.
Raleigh, 25. 15, 17.
Wilmington, 14, GO.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Bismarck, 9.
Elbow Woods, 28.
Fargo, 27.
Sidgerwood, 14.
Wheatland, 23.

OHIO.

Canton, 20, 17, GO.
Carey, 10.
Carthage, 14.
Cincinnati, 7, 16, 17, 19.
Circleville, 19.
Cleveland, 26, 29, 6, 12, GO, 17, 19.
Columbus, 22.
Cresk, 6.
Dayton, 21, 26, 12, 17, 19.
Dungannon, 21.
East Liverpool, 28.
Elyria, 19.
Fairport Harbor, 19.
Fremont, 1.
Gallipolis, 6.

OHIO (con'd.)

Hanoverton, 14.
Lancaster, 13.
Lima, 2.
Louisville, 28, 14.
McCleary, 1.
Mount Saint Joseph, 25.
Mount Vernon, 25.
Newark, 21, 19.
Piqua, 17.
Portsmouth, 15.
Reading. 15.
Salineville, 21.
Sandusky, 23, 15.
Shawnee, 19.
Shepard, 19.
Steubenville, 21, 12.
Tiffin. 19.
Toledo, 24, 10.
Warren, 17.
Wyoming, 18.
Youngstown, 22, 28, 19, GO.

OKLAHOMA TER.

Pawhuska, 28.

OREGON.

Mount Angel, 21, 12.
Portland, 21, 25, GO.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Alleghany, 25, 12, 19.
Altoona, 30, 19.
Athens 21, 15.
Bally, 13.
Beatty, 23, 16.
Bently Creek, 18.
Bridgeport, 19.
Bristol, 10.
Brookville, 14, 17.
Butler, 17.
Carbondale, 8, GO. 17.
Carlisle. 17.
Carnegie, 13.
Chest Springs, 18, GO.
Clarion. 20.
Derry Station. 19.
Doylestown, 15.
Dudley 19.
Dunmore, 23, 7.
Easton, 17.
Ebensburg, 10, 18.
Erie, 28. 15.
Freeland, 19.
Germantown, 19.
Glenside, 16.
Harrisburg, 15, 16.
Hazleton, 25.
Herman, 19.
Hinton, 19.
Hollidaysburg, 30.
Honesdale, 29.
Houtzdale, 12, 13.
Jermyn, 1.
Johnstown, 22, 17, 19.
Kane, 6.
Lancaster, 2.
Latrobe, 29.
Lebanon, 29, 12.
Littlestown, 21, 5.
Loretto, 26.
Lucinda, 15.
McKeesport, 24.
McKees Rocks, 19.
McSherrytown, 17.
Mauch Chunk, 10.
Meadville, 10.
Media 14.
Minooka, 17.
Mount Carmel, 30.
New Derby, 16.
Norristown, 19.
Overbrook, 18.
Parkers Landing, 26.
Philadelphia, 20, 23, GO. 24, 27, 28, 29, 30, 1, 3, 10, 12, 15, 17, 18, 19, GO.
Pittsburg, 21, 24, 26, 29, 13, 17, 19.
Plymouth, 8.

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PENN. (con'd.)
Pottsville, 29, 30.
Reading, 29, 8, 13.
Renova, 19.
Ridgeway, 17.
Saint Clair, 30.
Scranton, 22, 28, 7, 19.
Shamokin, 29.
Sharon Hill, 19.
Sharpsburg, 19.
Towanda, 13.
Tyrone, 18.
Villa Maria, 17.
Wayne, 12.
Wilkesbarre, 23, 24, 28, 30, 8, 16.
York, 6, 8, 15.

RHODE ISLAND.
Newport, 30.
Niantic, 22, GO.
Pawtucket, 21, 26, 29.
Providence, 29, 12, 16, GO. 17, 19.
Rumford, 26.
Valley Falls, 19.
Westerly, 13.

SOUTH CAROLINA.
Charleston, 30.
Ridgeland, 19.

SOUTH DAKOTA.
Lead, 4.
Mitchell, 28.

TENNESSEE.
McEwen, 11.
Memphis, 25.
Nashville, 12, 16.

TEXAS.
Austin, 13, 15, GO.
Denison, 21, 8.
El Paso, 13.
Fort Worth, 26, 8.
Galveston, 5, 14.
Houston, 20, 15.
Murphy, 16.
San Antonio, 16.
Sherman, 13.
Victoria, 12.
Waco, 16.
Wylie, 18.

UTAH.
Park City, 27.
Salt Lake City, 28, 16.

VERMONT.
Burlington, 21, 29.
Pittsford, 14.

VIRGINIA.
Abingdon, 22.
Alexandria, 18.
Cape Charles, 9.
Fortress Monroe, 23.
Lynchburg, 15.

VIRGINIA (con'd.)
Newport News, 19.
Norfolk, 29, 16.
Portsmouth, 29.
Richmond, 26, 12.
Roanoke, 21, 19.
Staunton, 16.
West End, 5.
Wytheville, 18.

WASHINGTON.
North Yakima, 23.
Seattle, 2, 3, 12.
Spokane, 25, 13.

WEST VIRGINIA.
Grafton, 15.
Harper's Ferry, 12, GO. 17.
Huntington, 19.
Weston, 21.
Wheeling, 21, 30, 12, 15, 19.

WISCONSIN.
Bayfield, 28.
Bay Settlement, 14.
Chippewa Falls, 12.
Cooperstown, 12, 13.
Fond Du Lac, 17.
Foxlake, 12.
Glenwood, 9.

WISCONSIN (con'd.)
Green Bay, 28, 18.
Hartford, 21, 1.
Jacksonport, 13.
Janesville, 5.
Keshena, 12.
Mendota, 17.
Merrill, 4.
Milwaukee, 20, 26, 27, 1, 5, 9, 10, 16.
Monches, 30.
Northport, 17.
Oshkosh, 5.
Portage, 27.
Prairie Du Chien, 28, 29.
Racine, 8.
Reedsburg, 18.
Sheboygan, 15.
Thompson, 8.
Tomahawk, 30, 15.

WYOMING.
Cheyenne, 2.

CANADA.
Lebret, 13, GO.
Quebec, 7.

FOREIGN.
Kingston, Jamaica, 29.
Spanishtown, Jamaica 6.

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The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation from the Central Direction from September 20 to October 20, 1896.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.		Date of Diploma.
Boise City	Old Mission, Wyo.	Sacred Heart	Church	Oct. 9
Boston	E. Boston, Mass.	Assumption	"	Oct. 9
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Transfiguration	"	Oct. 6
Cleveland	Norwalk, O.	St. Mary's	"	Oct. 20
Dubuque	St. Anthony's, Ia	St. Anthony's	"	Sept. 29
Erie	Bradford, Pa.	St. Bernard's	"	Oct. 6
Galveston	Orange, Texas	St. Joseph's	"	Oct. 17
Kansas City, Kan.	Atchison, Kan.	St. Benedict's	College	Sept. 29
" " Mo.	Lexington, Mo.	Immaculate Conception	Church	Oct. 6
La Crosse	Chippewa Falls, Wis.	Holy Ghost	"	Oct. 20
Marquette	Newberry, Mich.	St. Gregory's	"	Oct. 1
Milwaukee	Muscoda, Wis.	St. John's	"	Sept. 29
Monterey and LosAngeles	Redlands, Cal.	Sacred Heart	"	Oct. 17
New Orleans	New Orleans, La.	St. Alphonsus'	"	Sept. 29
New York	Dunwoodie, N. Y.	St. Joseph's	Seminary	Oct. 12
" "	New York, N. Y.	St. Ignatius Loyola's	Church	Sept. 23
Omaha	North Platte, Neb.	St. Patrick's	"	Oct. 20
"	" " "	Nativity	School	Oct. 20
Oregon City	Corvallis, Ore.	St. Mary's	Church	Oct. 20
" "	Montavilla, Ore.	Precious Blood	"	Sept. 23
Pittsburg	McKees Rocks, Pa.	St. Francis de Sales'	"	Oct. 4
Providence	Providence, R. I.	St. Joseph's	Hospital	Oct. 9
St. Louis	Fredericktown, Mo.	St. Michael's	Church	Oct. 17
Scranton	Great Bend, Pa.	St. Lawrence's	"	Oct. 9
"	Little Meadows, Pa.	St. Thomas'	"	Sept. 29
Syracuse	Syracuse, N. Y.	St. Patrick's	"	Sept. 29

Aggregations, 26; churches, 22; seminary, 1; college, 1; school, 1; institution, 1.

NOTICE.—We shall print no more lists of letters with Intentions. Extensive as they are they are never complete, partly because so many letters containing Intentions come without any address, and partly because we do not mention places from which Intention letters come that are acknowledged in any other way. As the publication of this list has nothing to do with recommending the Intentions, but serves merely as a convenient way of acknowledging them, we shall henceforth acknowledge such as reach us from Directors or Secretaries on the proper blanks, provided a stamp be enclosed.

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5. Troy pilgrimage leaving West Shore Station.
6. Troy pilgrims in procession of Blessed Sacrament.
7. Troy pilgrims at Calvary.
8. Utica pilgrims at Stations.
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10. Utica pilgrim group, after services.
11. The Blessing of the Bell.
12. A sermon in the Ravine, Sunday, August 30.
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16. An afternoon group in the Ravine.
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24. View from the Shrine Hill down the valley.
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New York, March 25, '96.

To the Editor:

Please inform your readers that I have an absolute remedy for Consumption and all Throat, Chest and Lung Diseases; also for Loss of Flesh and all Conditions of Wasting. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have already been PERMANENTLY CURED.

So proof-positive am I of its power, that to increase its usefulness and make known its great merits, I propose to SEND FREE, TWO BOTTLES, to readers of your paper who will write me their Express and Postoffice address.

Most sincerely,

T. A. SLOCUM, M.C.

Dictated by T.A.S. 183 Pearl St., N.Y.

We take the liberty of publishing the Doctor's communication in full for the benefit of our readers. Nothing could be more philanthropic. When writing, please state you have read his letter in this paper and greatly oblige—The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

The New York Recorder says: "Knowing his remedy as he does, and having unbounded confidence in its beneficial results, based upon experience, the great Chemist considers it his duty—a religious duty which he owes to humanity—to donate his infallible remedy. There can be no mistake in sending for these free bottles—the mistake will be in overlooking the generous offer. Mr. Slocum is without doubt the most eminent Chemist in America. He holds thousands of testimonials endorsing his System of Scientific Treatment from sufferers greatly benefited and cured.

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